THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF

JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL

1810 — 1898

By

William Belmont Parker

ENTERING the House when Buchanan was President, Morrill died in office as a Senator during the Presidency of McKinley, after the longest continuous term of service in our legislative history. He was one of the founders of the Republican party, a Republican of Republicans, a New-Englander of New-Englanders, sagacious, faithful, and incorruptible. Long known as "the Father of the Senate," he was the author of the Morrill Tariff under Lincoln, of the Land Grant College Act, and of a mass of useful legislation.

He knew the great men, he shared in the great movements of his long day, and in his biography appear the figures of Webster, Sam Houston, Lincoln, Fessenden, "Thad" Stevens, Sumner, Andrew Johnson, Greeley, Grant, Edmunds, Sherman, Blaine, and a score of others. Based upon his own diaries, journals, letters, and memoranda, the book has an immediate and authentic reality.

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JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL

By

WILLIAM BELMONT PARKER

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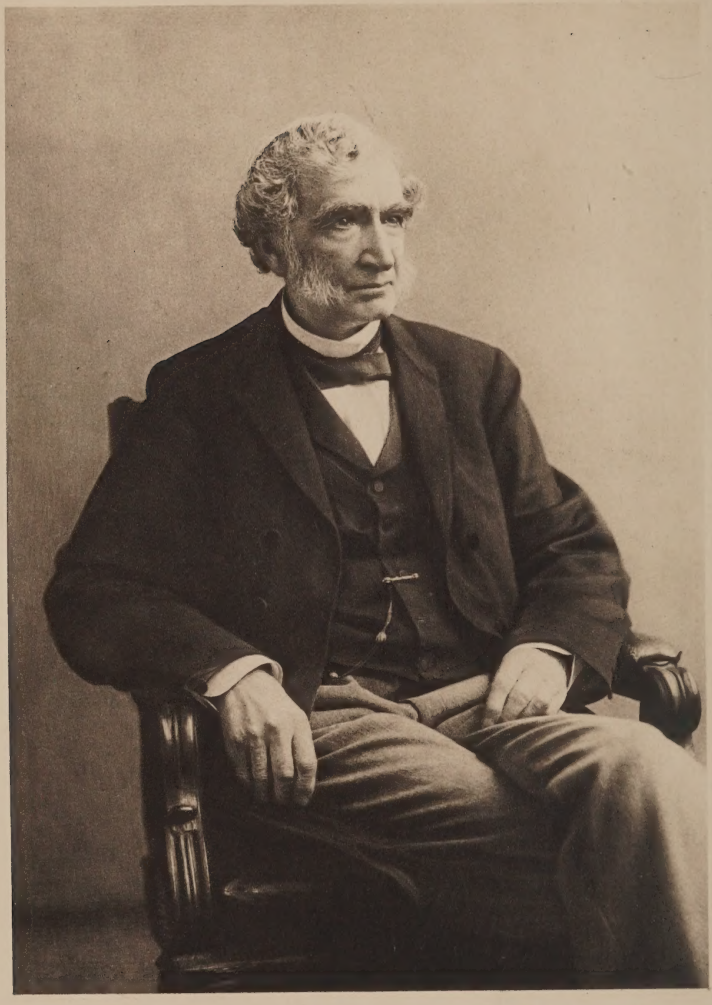

Justin S. Morrill

THE LIFE
AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF
JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL

BY
WILLIAM BELMONT PARKER
Corresponding Member of The Hispanic Society of America
Author of "The Life and Letters of Edward Rowland Sill,"
"Argentines of To-Day," "Peruvians of To-Day," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

MY WIFE

WHOSE HAPPY HERITAGE FROM A LONG ANCESTRY OF
NEW-ENGLANDERS HAS MADE EASIER FOR ME THE
PORTRAYAL OF THE SUBJECT OF THESE PAGES

PREFACE

THOUGH he has been dead these twenty-five years, there are yet living many who remember the venerable bent figure of Justin S. Morrill in the last period of his life. A visitor to the Senate to-day, as he sits in the gallery and gazes down upon the seat Morrill occupied so long, will need no great exercise of the imagination to recall across the intervening years that tall, spare, stooping form, see him the center of deference and regard, and hear once more his mild, persuasive accents. Again he may hear in fancy the voice of the guide describing the aged Senator to curious visitors as an embodiment of his country's history, as one who might have seen every President from Madison to McKinley, who had in fact seen most of them, and had lived through all the wars of the Republic — the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the war with Spain. He may hear again the eager narrator recounting the long record of the "Father of the Senate," unbroken from his first election to Congress in 1854 for more than forty years to 1898, and follow the rising accents of the recital as the cicerone from the past tells of the great part the aged Senator had played in the half-century of his public life, of his share in founding the Republican Party, in writing the long array of tariff bills, in creating the Land Grant Colleges, in resisting every attack upon the national credit, in building the Library of Congress.

Not less ardent or enthusiastic would be the imaginary narrator's story of Morrill's private life, of his restricted youth in the Vermont village, of his limited schooling, his apprenticeship in the country store, his first ventures away from home, his gradual climb to independence, his happy marriage, his long devotion to the people and the place

where he was born. A New-Englander of the New-Englanders, a Puritan, incorruptible, sagacious, modest, frugal, faithful to duty.

With such materials at hand might not the biographer be expected to present a portrait in glowing colors, touched with glints from historic scenes and lighted with flashes from famous personalities? Perhaps so, but one may be sure that no highly colored presentment would ever pass the cool, ironic regard of the subject himself, who had an unerring eye for exaggeration or "buncombe," and would have recoiled from anything but the soberest narrative. So the biographer has taken refuge in the surest of all methods of attaining a truthful representation of an essentially truthful man. He has admittedly "played safe." He has chosen the prudent course, but he has secured at the same time the incomparable advantage which autobiography always has over biography. He has left the great Vermonter as far as possible to tell his own story in his own words.

For the materials — letters, diaries, memoranda, sketches, and random notes — to enable him to piece together this record, he owes his grateful thanks to the members of the Morrill family and to many of their friends — to Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Swan, Mr. Elmer E. Morrill, Professor George W. Benedict, the Honorable James M. Tyler, to the officials of the Harvard College Library, to Mr. Charles Moore of the Library of Congress, and to Mr. Henry M. Lydenberg, of the New York Public Library.

W. B. P.

WASHINGTON, D.C.
January 31, 1924

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JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL

CHAPTER I

HIS ORIGIN AND YOUTH

THE generation that remembers Justin Smith Morrill in the flesh is fast disappearing. He is known to the present as the author of the Morrill Tariff in the Civil War, as the member of House and Senate whose term of service exceeds that of any other in our legislative history, as the defender of a sound currency, and as the father of the land grant colleges.

He was born in the village of Strafford, Vermont, on the 14th of April, 1810, a New-Englander of New-Englanders.

"I shall go home," he wrote from Glasgow after a tour of Europe in 1867, "more than ever thankful that God permitted me to be born and have a home in America, and in New England rather than in any other part, and in Vermont rather than even in any other State of New England." His loyalty to Vermont never lessened. He took pride in her history, her beauty of mountain, stream, and valley, and in her people of whom he was himself so splendid a specimen. He used to repeat with pleasure the retort of one of his constituents who, to a stranger's sneering question, "What they managed to raise way up there in Vermont?" answered "Men, sir."

He might well take pride in the men of Vermont — a tall, stalwart, deliberate, enduring type. And such were his own family — he was himself full six feet tall, and of a long-lived stock: his grandfather lived to be ninety-three, his father to

be seventy-four, one of his brothers to be ninety-six, and he himself to be eighty-eight. The Morrills were plain people; to a friend in Philadelphia he wrote in 1872, "My sympathies are all for the workingman, being one myself and with all my kith and kin of that sort"; and in an address to young men when he was eighty he said, "I was brought up on a farm and know something about how to plant corn, to pull flax, and to dig potatoes." "The escutcheon of my family," he wrote in his later life, "was a blacksmith's hammer, and for many years my father worked twelve to fifteen hours a day." As he grew older he took increasing pride in this "escutcheon," it was in fact the sign of three generations; his grandfather, his father, and at least one of his brothers were blacksmiths. An autobiographical memorandum contains the phrase "being myself the son of a hard-handed blacksmith, the most truly honest man I ever knew." It was entirely creditable to him that on occasions he remembered that the blacksmith's forge had associations with distinction: "Demosthenes," he said in his speech at the University of Vermont Commencement in 1893, "was the son of a blacksmith and we all know that Webster was the son of a small farmer."

With such sentiments it was not in Morrill's nature to concern himself greatly over matters of genealogy or questions of descent. Yet his origin was one in which he might well take a modest satisfaction. The family was English. His earliest ancestors in this country seem to have settled first in Salisbury, Massachusetts, later removing with the opening of new lands to Chichester, New Hampshire, and finally settling, near the end of the eighteenth century, in the town of Strafford, Vermont, then in its infancy.

The record of the Morrill ancestry and the lines of descent afford a large field for research and conjecture. To those who are curious in such matters, the Morrill, Batchelder, Hunt, Huntress, and Clark genealogies will give an abundance

of material for study, though it is to be feared the records are not all of impeccable accuracy. It appears, however, that Morrill's grandmother, Mary Batchelder, was directly descended from the Reverend Stephen Bachiler, an English Nonconformist minister, born in 1560, who came to Massachusetts among the early settlers and not long afterwards founded the town of New Hampton, New Hampshire. The line of descent runs: Reverend Stephen; Nathaniel; Nathaniel, 1630; Stephen, 1675; Stephen, 1701; Nathaniel; and Mercy, who married Smith Morrill. This grandmother of Morrill's was named, after the custom of the times, for *her* grandmother, Mercy Clark Longfellow, who is described as a remarkable woman, of unusual charm and distinction and of the best New England stock, in which appear strains of the Greenleafs, Somerbys, Longfellows, and Dummers.

To the new town of Strafford came, in 1795, Smith Morrill, with his five sons, Joseph, David, Daniel, Nathaniel, and Stephen — bearing a fine array of Biblical names and, as they showed a few years later, a fair measure of martial spirit — and set about earning his living by the work of his hands. Here four of the sons made their homes: Nathaniel, the father of the future Senator, set up a blacksmith's shop and married Mary Hunt, a woman of superior character and education which she bestowed in full measure upon her eldest son Justin Smith Morrill. He seems, in fact, to have been especially indebted for his spiritual endowment to his mother and his father's mother, Mercy Batchelder Morrill, who is referred to with great respect by her friends and relatives. It is of her father that Morrill wrote, in his eighty-seventh year, "Nathaniel Batchelder, my Great-Grandfather, served in the Revolutionary War; he was in Capt., afterwards General, Henry Dearborn's Company, at the battle of Bunker Hill, he took part in several campaigns and died at Bennington after the battle in 1777. He had two sons and

four sons-in-law who served in the Revolutionary Army. His wife was Mary Longfellow; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the sixth generation from William and I, Justin S. Morrill, am the seventh, so the poet was my third cousin."

The martial history of the family was not confined to Revolutionary times. They played a part also in the War of 1812. Morrill himself has told part of the story in his account of the town of Strafford in the "Historical Gazetteer" of Vermont:

At the time of the invasion of Plattsburgh (September, 1814) the town of Strafford sent forward some of her best citizens as volunteers. Hon. Jedediah H. Harris was captain of a Light Infantry Company, and at Burlington drew and receipted for arms and rations for the whole squad, although some, as regimental officers out-ranked him, and all preferred to carry guns. Hon. Daniel Cobb, although lame with a crooked knee, was a prompt volunteer, and when about to embark at Burlington for the place of conflict, it was suggested by the party that he, being lame, had better not take a gun. He replied, "I shall need it more than any of you. Good G—d! the rest of you can run!" And when he went to receive his equipments, the quartermaster, seeing his limping movements, again remonstrated with him, saying, "You can't march or run with such a load." Cobb replied, "I didn't come to run; I came to fight." On this incident, remembered by the late Senator Collamer, he got his land-warrant.

Smith Morrill, then between sixty-five and seventy years of age, and quite lame, went with a two-horse team to carry baggage and those who could not go on horseback. At Burlington he wanted a gun as much as either of his four sons (Joseph, Nathaniel, Stephen, and David), who were all on the spot; and when told it would be necessary for him to remain to guard the team and other horses and luggage, the disappointment showed itself in the old man's tears.

On Sunday, there being then no telegraph to transmit the fact of the battle having taken place, Elder Aaron Buzzell was preaching in the old red Baptist meeting-house, and during the service he observed one of the brethren gliding and whispering from pew to pew. Elder Buzzell stopped short in his discourse and inquired,

"Brother Brown, what do you want?" "I want," said Mr. Brown, "a horse to go to Plattsburgh." "Take mine," instantly responded the Elder, and went on with his sermon.

The news, when it came, though less sanguinary than some of the fire-eaters may have desired, was of a very satisfactory tenor. The warriors of Strafford had arrived at Plattsburgh too late to engage in actual fighting, since the British forces had already been repulsed and were withdrawing, but were able to take part in the pursuit of the enemy, and so returned as victors. The Morrills had played their full part in the episode, a part which probably led not long afterward to Nathaniel being made commander of one of the regiments of State militia from which he drew the title which stuck to him all his life of "Colonel Nat."

The Vermont into which, twenty years before the Plattsburgh "Invasion," Smith Morrill and his sturdy sons, joining in one of those sporadic, miniature migrations that were characteristic of American life for at least a century, moved from New Hampshire, was the scene of greater stir and activity than it has known at any later time. It was still in its youth as a State, for it had been admitted to the Union only four years before, and was receiving the full tide of immigrants who came to share in founding the new towns under the encouragement of the officials of the new commonwealth. The status of semi-tutelage as "New Hampshire grants" and the threatened possibility of annexation to New York both had passed and given place to the eager, expansive life of a full-fledged member of the Federal Union.

Nathaniel Morrill was a boy of only fifteen when the family settled in Strafford, but it was a time when youth comes to maturity in long strides, and it was no great time before he saw and seized on the possibilities of a dam across the Ompompanoosuc River which flowed down the lovely valley which had already invited a number of settlers.

There he set up a blacksmith's forge, joined with a neighbor in building a dam, and with the power from the river was able to add to his forge a triphammer, a grindstone and a blower with which he contrived to manufacture axes, hoes, and scythes to supply the farmers of the neighborhood. "My father," wrote the Senator in reply to an inquiry, "was rather more than a village blacksmith. Having a triphammer shop he made and sold scythes and hoes at wholesale as well as retail and always employed journeymen and apprentices. But he was also a fair farmer, owning a very good farm near by, although he personally only attended to the feeding of his sheep and cattle and to the work in haying time." The blacksmith's shop seems to have possessed the traditional fascination, for it was recalled many years later by a contemporary who describes a frame — still to be discovered by the curious, though now in ill repair — in which to shoe oxen. It had a windlass at one end to which the rope, tied round the horns of the ox, was fastened. Then as the windlass turned, "the ox," sagely observes the chronicler, "was sure to trudge slowly into the frame."

More than eighty years later, when Morrill had become "the Nestor of the Senate," the dam and the water rights drew from him an interesting letter. It is addressed to Mr. Royal A. Hatch at Strafford, Vermont:

> I have a letter this morning from my brother Amos who says that his man, Mr. Fulton, refuses any longer to work in the shop for the reason that there is no water to run the blower, and he also states that you deny his right to any water and that you are ready to commence a lawsuit to test the matter.
>
> I am surprised at your taking this ground. My father had enough water to run a triphammer, grindstone, and a blower which took a great deal more water than the present one does. And you may remember that I paid you between eighty and ninety dollars of my share of the repairs to the dam several years ago. It was always understood that my father had a right

to one third of the water. You have entirely changed the demand for water by changing the work that was originally intended to be done on your side of the dam.

If you have any doubt about our right to the use of water, I should hope you will commence your suit at once so as to have the matter tested as to whether you have an exclusive right, or whether my father paid his part of the expenses of building the dam and had the use of the water all of his lifetime without any authority of law or not.

In 1806, when he was twenty-six years old, as has already been narrated, Nathaniel Morrill married Mary Hunt. They settled down in the homestead not far from the forge and there lived out their lives. Of this union there were born ten children of whom five died in late or early childhood. The remaining five lived to a ripe old age. Their paths diverged and they became widely separated, but the family bond held firm and they kept up those desultory communications common in most families until death closed their ranks. The eldest boy, Justin Smith, was born on the 14th of April, 1810, when his father was thirty years old. He, at least, and probably the younger children also, was born in the homestead, a substantial house of the old-fashioned colonial type. The kitchen is of an earlier period than the rest of the house and has a low ceiling, as Morrill had reason to remember. After he had got his full height of six feet, he said, "As I enter my father's old-fashioned kitchen I always stoop as I pass under the clothes poles, and if I didn't I may as well acknowledge I should get a thwack across my noddle or leave my hat like Absalom suspended among the brambles of old clothes, dried apples, Feetings, dried pumpkins, *et id omne genus*."

The house is still standing on a gentle eminence — a many-windowed, two-story, wooden dwelling, painted white with green blinds and shaded by spreading maple trees in accordance with an established New England tradition.

Here lived Amos, the third son, born May 24, 1820, who remained all his life in Strafford, and succeeded to his father's forge and blacksmithing business; Sidney Smith, born on July 25, 1815, being therefore five years older than Amos and five years younger than Justin, removed in early life to Fulton, New York, where he became a jeweler and died, respected and venerable, in 1911 at the great age of ninety-six. Wilbur Fisk, born August 26, 1826, the youngest son of the family, was drawn to the West, where he became a dentist and passed the latter part of his life in New Albany, Indiana. Edna, the only sister who lived to grow up, married Ephraim Carpenter, a merchant, of Troy, New York, and on his death went out to Indiana and settled beside her youngest brother.

Justin spent his infancy, and, with the exception of brief absences, his boyhood also, in the homestead at Strafford. We have all too few references to those early years either in the family correspondence or from the pens of observers; the way of life followed in the Morrill house seems, however, to have been very like that in the other better-class houses of the village; and it is clear that Morrill, like most men of attainments, owed much to his mother. One of the rare accounts of his early life, written by a neighbor after he had become famous, contained a sentence about her. "She was," said the writer, "an estimable woman, of more than average intelligence and social culture, of ladylike manners, of excellent wifely and motherly qualities, on the whole, an excellent female citizen, a helpmeet for her husband, doing the head and hand work of the family household personally, and not by proxy." How this characterization struck Morrill we don't know, but his younger brother read it with something like indignation, and wrote the Senator: "Nor do I like to have my Mother described as 'on the whole, an excellent female citizen.' Among her numerous qualities were her wit,

good humor, and pacific disposition, especially shown when you and father wrestled with politics at the table. Her kindness is ever before my memory and in my heart. This one prompting you inherit from her and is the keynote to your elevation."

Fragments of reminiscence in Morrill's letters and speeches add other lines to the picture: In an address which he gave to Vermont farmers when he was a Senator, he said, "The most distinct scientific rules imprinted in boyhood upon my memory in relation to the dairy were from my mother, who would insist that I should do the churning, in Summer, in a cool place, and in Winter, in a warm place; while I sometimes wished the venerable wooden churn dashed into a still warmer place, and often insisted that it was time for me to be away to school, but, owing to that best of mothers, I had to fetch the butter. Ever since, I have found that, whatever task is in hand, it is well to stick to it until it is finished."

Among his notes to correct a biographical sketch of him which had been printed is this jotting: "My mother induced me at an early age to read through the Bible. Some of the books of the Old Testament I found a little tedious, but the Book of Job and the history of Joseph and his brethren, of Noah, of Absalom and of David and Goliath were so attractive as to demand a second reading and sometimes a third."

There was probably a touch of maternal ambition in the names which Mary Hunt gave to her eldest and youngest sons, for whom the traditional Bible names were laid aside. Justin, we are told, was named for Justin Smith, a learned and capable physician, and Wilbur Fisk for a scholarly minister who became the first President of Wesleyan University. The family formed a frugal, industrious, and eminently simple household, like most American households of the time where all the work of the house was done by the members of the family and every one had his full share of

daily tasks. The principal hardships to the growing boy were lack of leisure and lack of books. To the first he alluded in a speech to college students made when he was eighty years old: "I do not think the education of boys should be hampered with these practical labors at the time they are gaining their education. I know it was a great disadvantage to me that I could not go to school, for I never have been to school since I was fifteen years of age. To obtain the little education I have, it has cost me many evenings, Sundays after church, and scraps of time that could be devoted to it, involving far more labor than it would have necessitated if I could have been sent to proper institutions of learning to have acquired a liberal education." The lack of books he set about supplying as soon as he began to earn money and as long as he lived found in his library one of his most solid satisfactions.

CHAPTER II

THE TIME AND THE PLACE

The world into which Justin S. Morrill was born in the month of April, 1810, was a world in ferment and struggle. Europe was still convulsed by the great contest with Napoleon which had consumed blood and treasure beyond calculation, but had swept away also accumulations of tyranny, restriction, and abuse. The combat was entering upon its last phase: though Pitt was gone, his policy lived; England was pouring into the war the streams of gold that her Clives and Hastings were drawing from the hoards of India, while she was training in the Peninsula the legions and the leader who should make Waterloo possible. Everywhere in the older civilizations wars were reducing the number of workers, increasing the demand for labor, stimulating invention, spreading new ideas, and breaking down the power of privilege and tradition.

America was likewise experiencing ferment and change, though the forces at work were not identical with those in action abroad. The spirit of nationality released by the War of Independence had grown apace: the consciousness of a great destiny had seized upon the imagination of her leaders, and, both in the War of 1812 and in the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine, they were asserting a new sense of power and of national dignity. Her people were not merely inspired, they were inflamed, intoxicated with the possibilities before them. They became a nation of pioneers; they overran great stretches of territory; men dreamed of private domains, and often realized them, as large as whole counties or even minor kingdoms of Europe; adventurous spirits

pushed their way into the most inaccessible regions, crossed rivers and mountain ranges and penetrated to the Pacific. The older communities were stirred by the same leaven. Massachusetts and Connecticut saw new towns founded; the regions of Vermont and Maine, long held back by their semi-dependent status, were rapidly filled by new settlers; Vermont was made a State and admitted to the Union in 1791, and Maine followed in 1820.

A similar new access of energy surged up in the social, intellectual, and religious life of the Nation. The old bonds of Puritanic restraint were broken; social experiments were ventured upon in all directions; new forces began to appear in politics, and in religion a widespread liberalizing movement set in, marked by sporadic revival movements and the great schism in New England when Unitarianism swept over the Congregational churches.

The time was electric with change. The transformation from colony to nation, though formally completed still left much to do in essentials. Many were still living who had seen the First Continental Congress and veterans of the Revolutionary War were to be met in every village. Washington had been dead but eleven years. Madison, the third of the great Virginian dynasty, occupied the Presidential chair. The first steamboat had passed up the Hudson but yesterday, and mails were still being carried by stage and postroad. Those who were to give the chief luster to American letters — Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Holmes — were all in their infancy. The slavery question had not yet spread its poison of disruption in the national veins; Garrison was a mere child, Sumner and Greeley were yet unborn, and Lincoln, who was to slay the dragon, was still in his cradle.

It might well be supposed that, however powerful and stirring such world-wide social, economic, or religious move-

ments might be, they would have little or no effect upon a remote country hamlet such as that of Strafford in which Morrill grew up. The ocean billows of national or international politics, religion and thought, would, it seems, leave scarcely a ripple mark on those quiet and secluded shores. True it is that communication was slow, imperfect, and difficult; the Boston papers were belated, and when they came brought but dim reflections of the world's affairs. But we perhaps exaggerate the benefits of copious daily drafts of miscellaneous "news." It may well be that fewer facts more deliberately ruminated and more earnestly discussed contributed to better digested and more tenaciously held opinions. It would be a mistake to infer any intellectual torpor or social inferiority in even the remote New England village of a century ago. Its people would themselves have been the last to admit any such inferiority.

Certainly in the account which Morrill wrote of the early settlers of Strafford after he had been in Congress there is no hint of the "fathers'" inferiority:

> The early pioneers of any country, starting with the idea of hewing down the forest to make homes and habitations, are naturally strong and enterprising men and often of a high order of intellect. The first settlers of Strafford were conspicuously of this sort, possessing a large share of brain power, plenty of muscle, and they lived long, unfolding wit and wisdom and much originality of character. To delineate a part of these characters only would be neglecting many more quite as worthy, but to fully embrace them all would fill a moderate volume. Little more than mere mention of their names, with a few incidents, will be attempted, but these will recall many reminiscences, among those who knew the parties and many quaint anecdotes of more value than those here recited which have been current among the people of Strafford for nearly three quarters of a century.
>
> Among the notabilities which should be embraced in this pioneer list, not including all, are such names as Colonel Gove,

Samuel Eastman, Jonathan and Abel Rich, Leonard and Freeman Walker, Deacon Moses Brown, Esq., Ben. Preston, Colonel Asahel Chamberlin, Elijah Beaman, Moses Sanborn, Captain John Powell, Willard Carpenter, Elder Aaron Buzzell, Smith Morrill, [Solomon Huntress], John Rowell, Samuel [1] and Levi Root, Henry Blaisdell, Frederick Smith, sen., Levi Bacon, sen., Silas Alger, Rev. Joab Young, Samuel Bliss, sen., the Barretts, Ben. Tucker, Ebenezer White, sen., Rev. Hadlock Massy, Rev. Jordan Dodge, Philip Judd, Peter Pennock, and Reuben Morey, now living, who has voted at every Presidential election since the foundation of the government, etc., etc.

Of Abel Rich, as of others, many anecdotes still live. He had a droll wit, and prolonged the sound nasally of the last word of every sentence immensely. Attending an evening conference meeting where the minister was faithfully performing his duties by pressing various inquiries, he was asked whether or not he had got religion and he answered, "Not any to boast of, I tell ye-e-e." Paying court to a girl, he offered himself, but she asked for a little time to consider the matter. "Take," said he, "take to all etarnitee-ee-ee" — and he never went to see her more. It was his practice always to go to church on the Sabbath, and he long held the office of tytheing man, carrying with him a long rod, to the great terror of whispering boys and girls. When the revivalist Birchard was holding a protracted meeting in town, he went, and after listening to one discourse he came out very indignant and said, "I have heard there is talk of a mob-b-b. If Birchard should be mobbed and I was the only witness, I would forget it before morning-g-g, that I would-d-d."

Elder Aaron Buzzell, Free-Will Baptist, long preached acceptably to the largest church in town — performing the marriage ceremony for all that were to be married and attending the funeral service of nearly all that were buried. He was a "Bible and Dr. Watts" preacher, knowing each almost by heart. His sermons and prayers were original and peculiar. His arguments and illustrations, unlettered as he was, were often curiously apt and forcible. He was also full of lively humor, as well as of pious song. Everybody loved him because they felt that one of his aphorisms might be truly applied to himself: "There is no greatness without goodness and no goodness without greatness." He

[1] Brother of Governor Erastus Root, of New York.

declined any salary and only accepted the voluntary contributions of his people, which were never overabundant and sometimes rather deficient. The year 1806 was a season of revival in his church as well as of early and late frosts. The crops were nearly all cut off, and he was sorely pressed to supply, by his limited farm and stray jobs of tailoring, the daily wants of a large family of boys and girls. One Sabbath while in the midst of a sermon, he indulged in one of his appeals to the church for a proper support. Said he, "Brother So-and-So says, 'Go on, Brother Buzzell, you are doing a good work. I'll pray for you.' Sister So-and-So says, 'Brother Buzzell, we are all rejoiced at your success here this winter and we all pray for you daily.' Now, my brethren, when my children are starving for bread I would give more for a half-bushel of good sound corn than for a hundred such prayers. I have thrashed this subject so long that I am afraid you will prove to me that I have been only thrashing old straw."

The presentation of the Harris library to the village in 1883 gave Senator Morrill another occasion to recall the early elders of the place.

I am aware [he said] that we have had in town a few men of rather rare, perhaps eccentric, character, whose reading appeared almost exclusively confined to one book, but that one the Bible and the best. I refer to Abner Hall, Abel Rich, and my grandfather Morrill. It was difficult to read any verse in the Old or New Testament that Mr. Hall could not tell from what book and chapter it came. The old proverb of 'beware of the man of one book' was very applicable, for they were all addicted to Biblical controversy, full of humorous cranks and quiddities, and did not so much appreciate the history and sublimity of its great chapters and the beauty and force of the English language displayed, as they did its hooks upon which to hang arguments, but they obeyed generally its simple laws and Christian ethics, which at least made them, in all their dealings man with man, upright and downright.

Then, as now, Vermont was divided into two parts by the mountains that split the State lengthwise from north to

south, so that the western half, fronting on Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Hudson River, faced toward New York and drew its intellectual guidance thence, while the eastern half, bounded by the Connecticut River, faced toward Boston both in fact and in opinion. Both sections were largely wilderness where game was plentiful and where bears, foxes, lynx, marten, and other wild animals were to be found; tillage was limited, but sheep flourished, and in favored districts horses and cattle. During the long winters hunting, trapping, and lumbering were the chief outdoor occupations, while within spinning-wheels whirred and looms clacked with the women's work of making homespun for the family clothes. Winter brought abundant snow, and with the snow comparative ease of travel. By snowshoe and sleigh miles were lightly covered, and convivial parties in the wide, low-beamed houses, warmed by vast hearth-fires of wood, made up for the imprisonment of spring and fall when the wretched roads, deep in mud, sometimes blocked even the stages and the great wagons of the storekeepers with their six-horse teams.

It was a pastoral and village community; the eastern counties had no large towns, nor have they yet, but their people were almost wholly of native stock, of sturdy character, self-reliant, and accustomed to find their way through difficulties. There is a passage among Senator Morrill's papers in which he writes of Vermont as a true son of the Green Mountain State should — a passage of genuine feeling:

> As the seasons change, all the birds of passage are apt to take wing and seek more congenial places of resort. Even men become migratory and run for life in large flocks to cooler or warmer latitudes: some for health, some for pleasure, and all to empty overloaded pockets. I have noticed, however, that the robin,

that loyal and sensible bird, sometimes chooses a thick grove of evergreens for its winter home in New England and scorns to quit even temporarily the land of the Puritans for any change of climate. So, many Vermonters, equally loyal and sensible, find a local paradise in every valley and upon every hill-top, where the homestead is decorated by rollicking brooks and tree-arcaded roadways, ancient orchards, and fragrant clover-nooks, the well-tilled fields and the giant sugar maples, and where a virtuous, thrifty, and hardy race, untempted by other attractions, find few occasions to quit their quiet surroundings even for health or pleasure. Stable as their mountains, summer or winter, here they are never unhappy. With the thermometer annually ranging from 30 below zero to 95 above, why should Vermonters seek a change of air? True, some of our young ones, who don't know any better, fly away, but it does not seem strange to us, who have summered and wintered here that all who do not live in Vermont should wish to go there.

Strafford is not in itself extraordinary among Vermont villages, but has many counterparts, as everybody knows who has dipped into New England town histories. There are many which have more striking surroundings and present more magnificent views. None of the heights about it rise to the dimensions of mountains and its charming valley sinks nowhere to the depths of a gorge: it is a pleasant village consisting of little more than a single street that winds along the course of a modest stream on which has been imposed the mouth-filling and resounding title, out of all proportion to its size, of the Ompompanoosuc River. The contrast between the narrow stream and its sonorous name, reverberating like a Roman triumph, has diverted many visitors to Strafford as it did Vice-President Colfax in 1871. Coming from the broad prairies of Illinois with their great rivers, he found something deliciously amusing in the rolling syllables. "The Om-pom-pan-oos-uc," he wrote, "which" — evidently repeating a Strafford phrase — "is sometimes such a rough old fellow in the Spring!" The little river

where Morrill had bathed and skated as a boy and always regarded with affection is only twenty miles long from its source in the hills north of Strafford to its mouth where it falls into the Connecticut in the town of Norwich.

Strafford lies in the County of Orange which is about midway of the State, north and south, and is on the border of New Hampshire, close to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. The township of Strafford is large, fully seven miles square, and the town in reality consists of two villages — the Upper Village, Strafford, formerly known as the Upper Hollow, and the Lower Village, South Strafford, about two miles farther down the valley. The Upper Village was the birthplace and remained the home of our hero. From his birth until to-day it has remained, in spite of all the changes and vicissitudes which have visited the rest of the world, a quiet hamlet, with a mild ebb and gradual reduction of population, but essentially unchanged in its larger features as is the farm land, the little river, and the enclosing hills which condition its life. When Morrill was born, the village consisted of about twenty dwelling-houses, two stores, a tavern, a meeting-house, blacksmith's shop, carpenter's shop, a lawyer's office, and a doctor's dispensary. Such it remains; for the years have treated it kindly. Travelers still reach it by stage, for no railroad has approached nearer than eight miles to this home of repose, as if even Commerce in its march, like Time and Change, meant to pass it by and leave it at peace.

Here Morrill spent his boyhood; here in his maturity he built his house and here he so firmly fixed his affections that no other spot ever drew him away.

It would be strange [he said to his fellow-townsmen in 1883] if I did not take a deep interest in the town of Strafford. I was born here. Here to me even the stars, the planets, and the moon seem to shine more brightly than elsewhere; and here has been my

JUSTIN S. MORRILL'S HOUSE AT STRAFFORD, VERMONT

home until that age has been reached when I cannot fail to realize how soon I must join the great company of those *who were and are not.* Whatever may be the number of our living townsmen, that of those who have gone to their final rest is much greater.

> "All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom."

The work of our ancestors is finished, but our town will live forever, and may not something more from us be hopefully expected?

It has long been regarded by men as most fortunate to have been born in a city, notwithstanding that leaders of cities often hail from rural districts; but I have had an abiding affection and respect for my native town and for its citizens. More or less attracted, sometimes, when away from home, by a greater stir of business, by railroad accommodations, or by a more abundant society, yet, never forgetful of the old home, and that here are treasured the dust of my father, of my mother, of sisters, a brother, and of my eldest son,

> "Where'er I roam whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

Whoever passes over the chief highway of the town, along by our pet branch of the Ompompanoosuc, however he may regret to find the road declining from its ancient stage-coach breadth to that of a one-horse road, and looks out for miles upon the charming landscape, upon the well-tilled and fertile farms, upon the two quiet villages nestling in the valleys, upon the tall steeple of the old, time-honored town-house, wherein we are now assembled, the architecture of strong-willed and strong-handed men, elevated, as the house is, upon a site fairly eclipsing in beauty even the historic mounds of the aborigines, cannot fail to recognize the fact that the town, even with all of its New England competitors, possesses, in its varied and heart-winning scenery, unsurpassed attractions. Like yourselves, I am familiar with all of its borders, and do not forget that almost every hill-top was once the home of some citizen whose history — noted for marked character, wisdom, or wit — has found a lodgment in all of our memories, and still enriches and embroiders our daily conversation.

Among the names of the old settlers whom we fondly call our fathers, there is scarcely one around which does not cluster many gems of story and anecdote, bring to mind a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy."

This was no chance or isolated expression of his affection. In a Journal of travel which he kept in 1841, he wrote some verses which, whatever their faults — and, as the footnote which he added shows, he was not oblivious of them — are an evidence of genuine feeling for the place:

MY NATIVE VILLAGE

My native village! where the tall
Steepled church, and round green hill,
Sundays, holidays, all recall,
The school-house, green, pond and the mill.

'Tis a lovely spot — my birthplace,
No *one* dingy craft o'erruns thee,
Each neighbour with neighbour keeps pace,
The road like religion is free.

The hills! I know them all, and one
I feign it knows me, for my name,
Where *last* each night shines bright the sun,
On tallest trees is *carved for fame!* *

* Will it be credited that I have omitted some worse verses than the above?

Among these scenes and under the eyes of some of the elders he had described, the boy learned his a, b, c's with the children of the neighbors in the village school — a little red brick building which stood only a few rods from his home, and of which he had vivid memories half a century later:

The flat, square-roofed schoolhouse had got to be very old, and out of repair, though the inside was newly whittled over every winter by the jack-knives of the larger boys in attendance. The wide fireplace, where the largest green logs were hospitably entertained, I well remember, as it was also used by the schoolmasters to season their birch switches by running them through the hot

ashes between the andirons. The house was planted where the village was expected to grow up, but the village pushed off in another direction, and it became necessary to build another more centrally located. The district, therefore, put up, with the aid of the masons, a two-story brick schoolhouse, the wonder in 1820 of the surrounding towns.

Before the school opened, usually the first Monday after Thanksgiving, the boys were to be rigged out in their winter suits of homespun, fulled cloth, made up by a woman tailor, and the girls in red or claret pressed flannels. For the first day in this bran-new schoolhouse my bran-new suit had been provided. Of course I started early, not so much to study arithmetic and geography as to have a good time with my fellow-playmates, sure to be there. As there was a mill-pond just in the rear of the schoolhouse, covered the previous night with ice, very glare and rather thin, the boys must all have the luxury of a slide and mark it with the nails in the heels of their boots. I bravely went in for my share of the sport. Some poet, was it Wordsworth? writes:

"The ice was thin
They all fell in,
The rest ran away."

I was not among the "rest" and so had to go home and hear what mother said about it. She asked how deep was the water, and when told it only came up to my arm-pits, "Oh," said she, "then there was not much danger of your being drowned, but don't go there again, and you must go to school to-day in your old clothes, for your new ones will not be fit to put on before to-morrow and I fear they will cockle and never look so well again. Aren't you sorry?" I couldn't answer, but of course I was, and a certain part of that pond never after afforded pleasant memories.

Another reminiscence, tinged also with bitterness, takes its place with this, though it may have a still earlier origin:

Little boys are not prepared to suffer and they have no philosophy that satisfactorily submits to the loss of a pet dog or the disappointment of a rainy day that keeps them at home when otherwise they might have been present at a muster of the militia or had a view of the elephant and other monsters of a menagerie.

In 1817 President Monroe visited New England. He was, though a Virginian, an enthusiast in favor of American manufactures, and came clad in homespun. While at Boston he was urged by Colonel Amos Binney, then a federal office-holder, I believe, to visit Strafford to view the copperas works, just started and of which Colonel Binney was one of the largest shareholders. There was not much to be seen except the rusty heaps of ore and beautiful green crystals of copperas as they hung upon the branches of the beech when lifted from the vats, but the President was persuaded and came. The journey was made in a carriage-and-four, and was necessarily slowly made, and more so in consequence of the many town receptions on the way. It was the "era of good feeling" and all parties united in doing honor to the President. It was an event and the people made the most of it, but there were few newspapers in those days and the mails were carried in the most primitive way, often only on horseback, and the news of the President's coming barely preceded him by a few hours, yet that was sufficient to call out most of the oldest as well as the youngest inhabitants.

In my father's house there were then but two children, myself and a sister five years older, who lived until her fifteenth birthday and died. I well remember her large and lovely brown eyes and her constant care of me.

As the only boy then of my parents and living in the village, they felt bound to dress me in the latest style of the village. My pantaloons and jacket were made as one garment, but decorated with abundance of buttons. The white starched neckcollar, wide-spreading over the shoulders, was finished with a ruffle. My head, like those of four or five other boys, was covered with a stiff, bell-topped, red morocco hat. That seemed to be the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, and thus we marched on foot from Strafford to the village, two and a half miles away, nearest from the Copperas Works, then called Lower Village or Lower Hollow.

The people lined the highway and waited some hours for the Presidential party. Waited, in fact, until it began to rain, and then, when the carriage of the President came, it passed through the village or as far as the crowd of the townspeople extended and returned. The President looked out of the carriage window, bowed along the way, and departed. The great festival was over. But the little boys in the rain with red hats had to trudge

home, two and a half miles. It was not good for the boys and bad for the hats, which were by no means waterproof. Thin, and built on pasteboard, they not only changed color in spots, but some wilted in spots. This might have been endured, but the jeers and laughter of other boys who failed to daze the road in the morning with the cardinal head regalia, was misfortune "rubbed in" and altogether too much for juvenile philosophy. The older pedestrians on our way home, however, prevented any breach of the peace. It was at all events a great day for the people of Strafford and for Colonel Binney, but not so for the red-hatted boys.

He continued to go to school in the little red schoolhouse until he had passed through the limited range of studies then offered and was ready to go to the Academy at Thetford ten miles away, where the children of the well-to-do families went to finish their education. That he was a boy of promise is clear from this, but it is emphatically recorded by one of his contemporaries that "he was not noted as being a very bright boy." The only evidence available upon his character as a student is that after attending Thetford Academy for one term, he went for another term to Randolph Academy which seems to have been regarded as a step higher. Both were, however, country academies in small towns, of which it would be unreasonable to expect much. The boy's scholastic attainments could hardly have been extensive, since he left school when he was fifteen, and there is no evidence that he was acquainted with the classics, nor with either French or German. It is on record, however, that he was ambitious to go to college and besought his father to send him.

I desired to obtain a college education, but my father said he was unable to send all his boys to college and felt that he ought to give all an equal chance. Upon my mentioning the matter to Judge Harris, he said that, by keeping school in the winter, I could doubtless work my way through [college], but he thought

I might as a merchant be more sure of an independence. He did not offer me any other aid until he offered co-partnership three or four years later, and so my school days ended.

His schooling though scanty was far from contemptible. He recalled in later life that he learned Spelling and Writing in the Common School and Reading as far as the American Preceptor and Scott's Lessons.

In penmanship, or chirography, as Allison Wrifford, the teacher, liked to call it, I won the prize he offered. No grammar was taught at school, but David Cobb, the lawyer of the town, offered to hear recitations in Lindley Murray and I had lessons in parsing Pope's "Essay on Man." At Thetford Academy the Preceptor, Mr. Fitch, drilled us in compositions and required accuracy in punctuation as well as in grammar. My father's house held few books, but Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" happened to be one and I was soon familiar with "My Uncle Toby." Judge Harris had a miscellaneous stock of books and allowed me to borrow anything he had, such as the History of England, Scott's and Cooper's novels, the "Federalist," and Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia."

I had no other schooling beyond that already indicated, save at writing schools and a term at book-keeping by double-entry, but my Sabbath days (save the hours at church) and evenings with a tallow candle were early and late devoted either to study or general reading.

Meantime he let slip no opportunity to broaden his knowledge. "You may remember," he wrote to Judge Barrett, " that while you were at Dartmouth, you gave me helpful assistance in starting me in French. Of course I began to buy books as soon as I was able to pay for them, and it has taken a long time and much labor to obtain whatever has been of any real value to me in the way of a moderate education."

It is clear from the sequel that Judge Harris's suggestion that "I might as a merchant be more sure of an independence," was one of the determining factors in Morrill's career.

Two scraps of memoranda confirm it. The one reads, "Engaged as teacher in the so-called Tyler and Robinson District at $11 per month, but concluded to go into Hatch's store." The other relates that "While at the Randolph Academy, Royal Hatch of Strafford called and urged that, at the close of the term, I should engage as clerk in his store, which, with the approval of my parents, was consented to by me, though $11 per month was offered me to teach a District School and board round."

The decision must have been a deliberate one and based on the longer outlook, for it involved a present loss. The school would pay eleven dollars a month, but the store paid only board. There is no doubt of the practical wisdom of the choice. The boy had already given proof of some business ability, for he has left a fragment of record saying, "In the Spring of 1823, with my older cousin, carried on the sugar orchard of Sam McMaster, and in 1824, one of my father's with Hampden Skinner, where we invited troops of girls and boys on the so-called 'sugaring-off days.'"

The six months during which he worked for Royal Hatch may easily have been an experimental period, for at the end of the time he left Hatch's store and began to work for Judge Harris, the leading storekeeper of the village. This employment was for a two years' period and to be paid for at a fixed sum per year, forty-five dollars the first year and seventy-five the second. There was nothing invidious or menial in the post: on the contrary, it was probably the most enviable employment open to any boy in the village. As a means of education it afforded a very fair substitute for academy or college.

The general store in small communities, during the quarter-century when Morrill was growing up, was not merely an emporium or a shop; it was an institution. It was the chief meeting-place for the neighborhood, the focus of

village interest, the center of news, and the forum for discussion of all topics under heaven. It was no accident that some of the leaders in American public life served for a time in country stores. Lincoln owed much to the education he gained as a storekeeper in New Salem, Illinois; Levi P. Morton, like Morrill a son of Vermont, afterwards Vice-President of the United States, and Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, mastered many of the lessons of finance keeping country store. The place which these general stores filled in the community, especially in small and remote settlements, has been admirably described by one of Lincoln's biographers:

> The frontier store filled a unique place. Usually it was a "general store," and on its shelves were found most of the articles needed in a community of pioneers. But supplying goods and groceries was not its only function; it was the pioneers' intellectual and social center. It was the common meeting-place of the farmers, the happy refuge of the village loungers. No subject was unknown there. The habitués of the place were equally at home in discussing politics, religion, or sports. Stories were told, jokes were cracked, and the news contained in the latest newspaper finding its way into the wilderness was repeated again and again.

There was no essential difference between such a store as that in which Lincoln gained so useful a part of his training and that where Morrill spent his early manhood. There were differences in local customs and in the emphasis laid upon topics of conversation, but these variations were superficial and slight.

Instructive, entertaining, and undoubtedly valuable as the work in the store was as a stage in Morrill's education, it was only incidental and mere background to the real force and presiding genius of the place. This was "Judge" Harris, the owner of the store, a substantial, successful man, one of the most considerable figures of that part of the State, and a

genuine formative power in the life of his young assistant. The association, begun in 1825, rested on still earlier acquaintance, for Judge Harris and Morrill's father were friends and neighbors, and was destined to last as long as life. Morrill never spoke of his older friend without affection and became his executor at death. So powerful and prolonged was the influence he exerted over the boy's career and character that we are fortunate in having a brief account of him in Morrill's own words, though written many years later:

> Honorable Jedediah H. Harris came from New Hampshire at an early age — married Judith, daughter of Reverend Joab Young, and was frequently honored by Strafford, and by the large constituency of his county and State, in places of public trust and responsibility. He was representative in the State Legislature of 1810, '11, '12, '14, '18, '19, '20, and '21; member of the Constitutional Convention of 1814; member of the Council of Censors of 1827; assistant judge of the county court in 1821 and '22; State Councilor in 1828, '29, and '30; and led the list of Presidential Electors in 1845. By his last will he left a fund to found a library, which was accepted; and it was voted by the town that it should be called the "Harris Library" — now containing about eight hundred volumes.
>
> Judge Harris commenced business as a merchant — actively and sagaciously following it for many years, and interested as a partner all his life — but for nearly thirty years he devoted the most of his attention to farming of which he was passionately fond, and wherein he particularly excelled. He was, perhaps, one of the best-informed practical farmers of the State. His taste was exhibited by the only file of papers he took care to preserve, which was the old "New England Farmer." His house was long the seat of a generous and widely extended hospitality, and, while he lived, his counsel was more sought after by his townsmen in matters of business, and in reconciling differences, otherwise leading to litigation, than all others. Retaining in his memory the entire political history of the country, of both men and measures, from the period of early boyhood, as a ready political controversialist, he rarely met his peer. When he spoke in public,

always brief, he exhibited great force, clearness, and pungency of wit. He was delightful in conversation — full of repartee, and abounding in a large fund of anecdote. By all those who knew him it will be conceded that he had about him the unmistakable elements of greatness. He died March 8, 1855, aged nearly seventy-one years.

At the expiration of the two years' service to which he was bound, Justin had spent two and a half years as junior clerk in a store and was now nearly eighteen. In this heyday of youth, at the very age for new scenes and new experiences, he gladly joined his cousin Jedediah Morrill who was going to Portland, Maine, to make his way in the world. What precisely were the ideas, motives, ambitions, or desires that led Morrill to leave Strafford remains uncertain. Whether he thought he was making his final farewell to the home of his boyhood; what emotional factors conspired to play a part in his decision, or whether it was inspired solely by the desire to see the world and become a successful merchant, we do not know. He set forth, in the immemorial way of youth, with letters of recommendation in his wallet, his mother's blessing on his head, and in his pocket his father's parting gift — a Spanish silver dollar, which no emergency ever led him to change and which he left among his special treasures when he died. It remains still, carefully wrapped and marked: "One Spanish Mill Dollar (1787) given to me by my father Nath'l. Morrill in April, 1828, as I was starting for Portland, Me. to seek my fortune. J. S. M."

It deserves to be added that Portland in those days offered an excellent place of training for a merchant. It was a lively port, full of foreign as well as domestic commerce, and gave the young Vermonter opportunities to see all the processes of merchandising and exchange to perhaps better advantage than many a larger place.

Of his life in Portland, Morrill is the best chronicler:

At the end of two years [he wrote] the service with the Harris firm was closed and I went to Portland, Maine, where I had an uncle, Dr. Jacob Hunt, a brother of my mother — taking with me recommendations from Judge Harris, Judge Cobb, and Dr. Pierce. My uncle introduced me to Daniel Fox, a man of some wealth engaged in the shipping-trade with the West Indies, and I began at once as his book-keeper. But thinking that my training pointed more to a wholesale and retail mercantile business, my uncle found a position for me with Jeremiah Dow, of Portland, then in the dry-goods business, where I remained between two and three years.

Here, as the store was not kept open evenings, I found valuable time for reading and study, taking books from a circulating library, buying some, and borrowing from Mr. Codman, a near-by attorney, who kindly lent me Blackstone's Commentaries, the introductory chapter of which I still remember as a model of good English. To the home of Dr. Hunt, who resided in Saccarappa, a near suburb of Portland, I was a frequent Sunday visitor, going out to Parson Bradley's church and then going home with some of the family. Dr. Hunt was an Old School physician and well read in Scotch philosophy (Stuart's), general English literature, including such authors as Milton, Addison, Sam Johnson, and Goldsmith. His stock of readable books were at once placed at my disposal and I soon became an anonymous contributor to the newspapers. Dr. Hunt was a lover of humor, and when he found any witticism in the contributions of his nephew appeared pleased. These boyish communications to newspapers had their first start at Strafford. It was glory enough for a mere tyro to see his papers in print and sometimes to hear them read aloud by those who were wholly ignorant of the authorship.

In the autumn of 1830 I returned to Strafford on a visit to my parents. The sudden death of Colonel Ralph Hosford, a merchant in partnership with Messrs. Latham and Kendrick, at South Strafford, made it necessary for the latter, who resided in Thetford, to employ some one to sell out the stock in trade and close up the business. My name was favorably mentioned to them by Judge Harris, and they offered me terms that induced my acceptance after obtaining a release from my Portland engagements.

In the early spring of 1834 Judge Harris proposed to me to form

a partnership in trade under the name of Harris & Morrill. He furnished $2500, as cash capital for which the firm paid six per cent annual interest, and the profits of the business were then equally divided. Our customers soon furnished large additional sums to the firm at six per cent annual interest, which enabled the firm to pay cash for merchandise instead of buying on the usual credit of six months — a very considerable advantage.

The firm was prosperous, as was, it seems, almost the rule in those days of rapid growth and ebullient activity. When Harris & Morrill opened their doors, Jackson was in power and the tide of expansion was running at its full. Immigration poured in, deluging some of the older communities and surging out to the new lands of the West. Those were days when new communities were springing up in Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan as they did half a century later at the opening of the Indian lands of Dakota and Oklahoma. The populations of Western States were being doubled from year to year. In the sixteen years between 1821 and 1837, Michigan's population increased twentyfold, and that of Illinois grew from 60,000 to 400,000. The prosperity that burst into bloom over the whole country justified John Quincy Adams's description, "as large and liberal as the indulgence of Heaven has ever granted to the imperfect state of man upon earth." Vermont shared generously in the national prosperity. Her population when she was admitted to the Union in 1791 was 85,000, which had grown in 1810, the year of Morrill's birth, to 217,000. In 1830, when he began business for himself, it had swelled to 280,000 and was still increasing at more than a thousand a year in spite of the numbers who were drawn off by the lure of the newer lands of the West and the furor of the development of the prairie.

Thus, under cloudless skies and under conditions extraordinarily favorable, before he was yet of age, Morrill began

his career as a merchant. His youth, his inexperience, and the fact that everybody knew him with the familiarity of village life were attended by disadvantages; there was the usual disposition to trade on youth and intimacy. But Morrill, with all his urbanity, which one feels he must have inherited, for he never seems to have been without it, and, as was said of him at the end of his career, was never known "to show anger or enmity toward any person," was nevertheless of an unyielding firmness. He established a fixed rule of credit to which he adhered with Spartan rigidity, and which, together with his unfailing courtesy, was probably the most potent factor in his success. His business, like that of his fellow-merchants, was chiefly done on credit, but he required all book accounts to be settled at the first of January of each year and any unpaid balances to be put into six per cent notes with a fixed term.

The store was well placed in the heart of the Lower Village where the roads met — the most conspicuous and accessible point in the place. It was also the most convenient to the mine at Copperas Hill, a mile and a half away, where copper ores had been discovered in 1793, and where, at this time and for some years afterwards, from fifty to two hundred workmen were employed. In the absence of railroads, when all forms of transportation were costly and freight from Boston was hauled on six-horse wagons at $1.25 a hundred pounds, many local industries flourished which were doomed to perish when the lower-cost products were more readily distributed. As Morrill once remarked in a rare reminiscence of his early days, "Near my town was a copperas mine, large enough to supply mankind, I might say, but to get the product to Boston cost more money than to bring it across the Atlantic." Meantime, however, in the thirties it cost still more to bring Lake Superior copper to Vermont and the local interests flourished. The general store in a town like

Strafford was an anticipation in miniature of the great department stores of to-day. It was the general provider, mart and exchange for the community. Everything was to be found there and every sort of trading was done, from cash sales to the most primitive sort of barter. It was one of the best training-schools for an economist that ever were devised; here one was brought face to face with the basic processes of production, distribution, and exchange; in fact the storekeeper was the god of the machine who directed the entire manifold performance. The general store was more than that; it was the center of the common life, the clearing-house for news and gossip, and the forum for public debate.

This was the sphere in which Morrill moved as the presiding genius for the next seventeen years. Undoubtedly it was a narrow and restricted life that he led during this period. The daily routine of trading, much of it petty, the many blank hours; the walk to and fro on the village street where every rut and stone was familiar; the daily greetings and conversation with men whose every response and reaction could be predicted with a high degree of certainty; the closed circle of landscape, interests, and occupation would have become oppressive if not intolerable to a less calm and equable nature. But he had grown up in that atmosphere of unhurried and moderate activity. He loved the place and the people; he loved the shrewd play of their minds in a trading contest; he loved the familiar if limited harmonies of the village sounds, whose deepest tones were given by the strokes of his father's triphammer at one end of the little town and his uncle's at the other. In all the customary interests and diversions he took his part; he attended church in the bare, square meeting-house on Sundays and the infrequent meetings of the Lyceum, when they came, at the same place. He loved books.

His talent as a merchant was undeniable and it grew with

exercise. His first journey to Boston to purchase goods for the firm, in the spring of 1831, had demonstrated his soundness of judgment, and it appears that he continued to make the customary half-yearly visits on which he was entrusted with the purchases for all the stores in which he and his partners became interested. The business expanded until at one time the partners were operating four stores, one in Strafford, two in neighboring villages, and one in Derby Line, eighty miles away on the very border of Canada.

In the spring of 1840, he joined with his old friend and partner Judge Harris and N. S. Young in forming a new partnership under the name of Morrill, Young & Co., and at this time moved up to the Upper Village, taking over Judge Harris's old store in which he had worked as a boy. The spot was full of memories for him; it was close to the house where he was born, and there he continued as long as he remained in business. There also, in the close vicinity, he built his house and had his home as long as he lived. So careful, methodical, and prudent a merchant could not fail to prosper. As the years went by, he added to his accumulations, so that by 1848 he felt that he had acquired enough to live on and he sold his interest in the store preparatory to withdrawing entirely from business.

CHAPTER III

ENTRANCE INTO POLITICS

When he retired from storekeeping Morrill was only thirty-eight. He was still a young man — far younger than he felt. For twenty years he had been immersed in business; he had now finished that stage; he had reached a turning-point, and he felt, as many a man does, as if the turn were the end of the journey. Absorbed in the great concerns of winning a competence, first nurturing, expanding, and developing his business, then disposing of it, he had thrust into second place and shut his eyes to that deep prevailing love of politics which he shared with all Americans of his time. Two forces had combined to bring about this result: one was a positive shrinking from the vulgar and self-seeking struggle for office; the other was his admiration for Judge Harris — upon whom, it is clear to his biographer, the younger partner, however unconsciously, had modeled himself. The Judge was preëminently a man of affairs and a landowner who, when he turned aside from storekeeping, found his greatest satisfaction in directing a great farm and making it the best farm in the State. But Morrill's prevailing bent was neither to business nor to farming, but to books and public affairs. In thinking that he could be content to follow the way of life taken by his guide and mentor the Judge, he was mistaken. But it is pleasant to consider him for a moment as he rested and contemplated a quiet future.

His early ambition fulfilled, a competence won, his friends and neighbors about him, he felt he had settled down in peace and comfort to enjoy a well-earned repose among flowers and books. He had reached his happy haven and

was at rest. It is a pleasing achievement, seldom aspired to in our hurried and eager life and still more seldom attained, but redolent of the spirit of an earlier day and not far from the Horatian ideal, reuttered by an English poet two hundred years ago:

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire."

It may well have seemed to him that his race was won, and the remainder of his life was to be securely devoted to serenity. "I had," he said, "a taste for agriculture." So he settled down to the quiet life of tilling a small farm, rearing a few sheep, improving his orchard, growing his flowers, and browsing in the library which it gave him so much pleasure to gather and increase.

The sequel was to prove that he knew neither himself nor his times. He was as much mistaken as Lincoln when he retired from Congress in 1849 convinced that his political career was over, or John Quincy Adams at the close of his Presidency. His greatest service was still to be done and his real career was before him, and though he might thrust it behind him, politics was his dominant interest and would not be subordinated. It is difficult for those of our time who take our politics lightly to realize how grave and absorbing a matter it was to the men of Morrill's day, especially in rural communities. The intensity of political feeling was noted by all visitors. De Tocqueville marvels at it.

The cares of politics [he writes] engross a prominent place in the occupations of a citizen in the United States; and almost the

only pleasure which an American knows is to take a part in the government, and to discuss its measures. This feeling pervades the most trifling habits of life; even the women frequently attend public meetings, and listen to political harangues as a recreation from their household labors. Debating clubs are, to a certain extent, a substitute for theatrical entertainments: an American cannot converse, but he can discuss; and his talk falls into a dissertation. He speaks to you as if he was addressing a meeting; and if he should chance to become warm in the discussion, he will say "Gentlemen" to the person with whom he is conversing. . . . If an American were condemned to confine his activity to his own affairs, he would be robbed of one half of his existence; he would feel an immense void in the life which he is accustomed to lead, and his wretchedness would be unbearable.

So much was in the air which Morrill breathed in common with all his fellows, but he had in addition spent twenty years in training; for the general store was not only a school of life but a hot-bed and training-school for politics. It had fostered and nourished in him that political instinct which he had inherited and had unconsciously prepared him for a great part on the stage of public affairs. If his experience had something in common with Lincoln's experience in the country store at New Salem, it had also significant differences. The Vermont community was homogeneous, sober, restrained, less given to horseplay and more addicted to argument. Along with tales of Indian fights, encounters with bears, wild-cats, wolves, and other wild animals were stories of the War of 1812 and old memories of the Revolutionary War, for Vermont was a frontier State and had its full share of warlike traditions — a thing which helps one to understand a certain anti-British prejudice which appears in some of Senator Morrill's utterances. How valuable a forum the store at Strafford was appears in the memorial address of Morrill's successor in the Senate — himself a Vermonter and familiar with the scene.

The store was the place of common meeting [said Senator Ross]. There the leaders in the community gathered and discussed the history of the State and the Nation and all important and current events. . . . Among the great questions thus considered were the Missouri Compromise in 1820, the memorable debate . . . between Hayne and Webster in 1829–30; the nullification ordinance of South Carolina in 1832 . . . the annexation of Texas and War with Mexico in 1846. . . . All these arose just before and during the time Mr. Morrill was engaged in business. He entered into their discussion and became more or less of a leader among his patrons.

There is no doubt that these daily discussions, inevitable under the circumstances, would have inspired political capacity and inclination in even the dullest of men and matured the convictions of the most neutral. But Morrill was neither dull nor neutral. He had long since, whether he knew it or not, been an influence in the political counsels of both town and county. Though he had schooled himself to put public office out of his mind and had never been, nor, so far as we can tell, ever expected to be, a candidate for any office; though he considered himself immune to that sort of ambition, he was certainly mistaken. A truer instinct was guiding his steps and determining his course.

It is plain to one who looks back over his whole life that the interest in politics was one of the deepest springs of action throughout his youth as well as his later life. Among the fragmentary autobiographical notes left among his papers are the following tell-tale jottings: "I saw Pres. James Monroe in 1818 at Strafford Vt. when I was 8 yrs. old"; "I called on John Quincy Adams on the 4th of July, 1831, at his house in Quincy, Mass., and then on the same day heard him deliver a 4th of July oration at a Church in Quincy. Afterwards saw him at Washington while he was a member of the House of Reps. probably in 1841." The third of these revealing glimpses of the past reads: "Elijah Paine was U.S.

Senator of Vt. from 1795 to 1801, when he was made Judge of U.S. District Court of Vt. and held the same until 1842. I often saw him while he was judge. He always was dressed in the old continental style, with breeches, long black silk stockings, silver buckles at the knee as well as silver shoe buckles. He always called himself one of John Adams's midnight judges, having been so appointed by Adams on the last day of his Presidential term."

When he was in Washington in 1841, which was apparently his second visit to the capital, the fascination of Congress kept him in the city for days after he had planned to go. "House of Representatives adjourned until Monday. . . . This will adjourn my departure . . . for I cannot go until I have seen more of the 'Wisdom of the Nation.'" He haunted the Senate and the House.

During these formative years, his first great disappointment, the deprivation of a college education, from which he never wholly recovered, nerved him to continual endeavors in study, in writing, and in speech to supply the lack, as later it inspired his long-sustained efforts to make a college training accessible to the sons of artisans and farmers. Nor did he ever forget the other loss of his boyhood, the thwarted desire for books, and half a century later touched upon it with a note almost of pathos when presenting a library to his native village:

> . . . It may be asked what will the town profit by a library? . . . Ask the boy, taken perhaps by his parents reluctantly from the schoolhouse to the field or the workshop at the age of fifteen, feeling, as I once felt, as though youthful ambition and hopes had been nipped by an early frost and who now at least requests a chance to read the Life of Franklin, or of Columbus, or of Andrew Jackson or of Abraham Lincoln: Ask him. Reject the Town Library, and his modest request may be denied. Behold, as his hopes are postponed, the answer, on his robust face, in the quivering lip.

Though it was years before he conquered the feeling that his prospects had been blighted, he kept himself resolutely at work to make up his deficiencies. "When but a boy-clerk," he said, "in a store in this village, I started, in 1827, a subscription for a town library, with shares at two dollars each. There were, I think, about fifty subscribers. The capital was, however, too limited to flourish for any long period, and finally the books went out, like the doves from the Ark of Noah, never to return." After his return from Portland and when he was in business for himself, the spirit of emulation was still strong upon him, and in 1831 he joined with N. S. Young and other young men in starting a debating society of which he was the main support and stay as long as it lived.

Meantime his journeys to Boston and New York, his constant contacts with men and affairs, and the growing harvest from his reading increased his prestige and influence among his neighbors. Almost imperceptibly he became a representative man and was frequently chosen delegate or committeeman to the local conventions. "I was always ready," he said at a later time, recalling this period of his life, "to make a speech or write a political platform resolution, and after a time they began to expect them from me."

For several years at least before he retired from business, he was bearing a part in local politics, though as a plain citizen and without a thought of office-holding. As early as 1844 he was Chairman of the Orange County Whig Committee.

He was early made a bank director, and in the panic of 1837 was one of the committee sent to Boston to represent the Vermont banks. In 1841 he undertook what was then an extensive tour of the West. It occupied three months and carried him to the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago,

Cleveland, Detroit, and Buffalo. He kept a journal on the way in which he set down the daily experiences of travel and his reflections on men and manners. These on his return he amused himself by transferring into a leather-bound volume which he supplied with an index, and a title-page reading:

WANDERINGS AND SCRIBBLINGS

OR

A Journal of a Journey South and West

IN

May, June, and July.
A.D. 1841

By JUSTIN S. MORRILL

"We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the *West*."

T. Moore

STRAFFORD, VT.
1841

The care which the author bestowed upon his little book is a sign of its value to one who would understand him. It reveals much of his mind. We have already alluded to his visit to Washington which he found the most interesting of all the stopping-places and where he made his longest stay. Besides the halls of Congress which always fascinated him, he went to the races, visited Mount Vernon, and looked at the public buildings. The changes which have since occurred give his notes a flavor of history.

May 28, 1841. Came on to Washington this day. Put up at Brown's among a perfect jam of political dignitaries, and others

who would be could they get the consent of a sufficient number of their neighbors on sundry small bits of paper, or that of the president on a larger piece of parchment. But all this goes like kissing — by favor, by'r lady. Got a room with only three beds — two were used by a brace of North-Carolina members; as I never occupy but one bed or two chairs! Strolled about the city. The public buildings for the departments are yet unfinished, but when completed will make an imposing appearance. Southern jealousy, and southern cupidity, refused the northern granite, and they have used the dull-brown, horrible sand-stone for the Patent Office and Treasury building. In point of beauty and durability the granite is far the superior — while in cost there is little difference. But granite does not grow in old Virginia!

Who has not heard of the overshadowing influence of the "executive," and the close-connexion said to exist with the House of Congress. But, after a walk on a hot day from the President's mansion to the capitol, I confess I was far from discerning the close-connexion — but really believed they were at a "magnificent distance" apart. The capitol is a credit to the nation. The architectural proportions are superb. The interior is arranged very ingeniously and with great solidity. The sculpture, the paintings and costly trappings are worth a look. The variegated marble columns of both the Hall and Chamber I find no fault in going to Virginia after. They are superb, and such as no other spot on the globe can furnish. The grounds, nature and art, have nearly made perfect. The collection of shade-trees, plants and flowers is quite handsome. There were two elegant-water-fountains; and there is one awkward monument in front, erected to the memory of the "braves" who fell at Tripoli. It is curious and costly, but it ought to have a lettered sign, "this is a monument."

June 2, 1841. Posted off for world-renowned Mount-Vernon. In a short time we crossed the boundary into Virginia, on the worst roads I now remember ever to have seen — where they were travelled and there was a possibility of making a road. Gullied here, sandy there, no bridges anywhere, big or little, and dust everywhere.

The land is poorly cultivated — we only see here and there a negro hut. The roads being chiefly without fence of any sort —

not even "Virginia Fence" — when any place becomes utterly impassable it is mended by driving out into the grass or through the woods around it. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to take the right track on account of the many places where travellers have found it necessary to make these 'shun-pikes.' Our negro, 'George,' however, seemed "at home" and said this was very good road in Virginny.

At last, right in the woods, we came to the Porter's lodges of Gen. Washington. They were almost in ruins. From this to the mansion we found the road worse — which before we had thought intolerable. We now approached the sainted spot. The buildings were all only white-washed, and much time-worn as a matter of course — including a few negro huts, showing here and there a black-face. Tut, the body servant of Washington, is dead. For many years he was always sent for to fill a conspicuous place in all public celebrations by the citizens of Washington city, and he rode at such times the horse last used by his master. There is now one negro (the gardener) who feels proud of having come onto the estate just twenty months after the death of Washington, and he told us of it at least twenty times.

The blackened brick walls of what was the gardener's house told of a fire that destroyed it some years back. All about the grounds visitors were to be seen walking in groups, paying homage to the great and good man who bid adieu to the world more than forty years ago. The kitchen-garden was full of weeds; the fence on the old ivy-clad brick-wall was rotted down and had been removed. Tall grass alone filled the front yard. The shaded walks among the venerable trees, the walls, and solo-paths were not kept clean. We went to the summer-house, (all hacked with letters of the alphabet variously disposed and supposed to be the initials to the names of many very impertinent people,) which commands a noble view of the Potomac; and, if Washington were now to look forth again, upon this vast estate, this view only of all that remains would be the one that would not give him pain. There is no change in that fine river. It winds and glides along as smoothly as at the close of the 18th century, when no steamboat had made a ripple upon its bosom.

The tomb, but lately erected, is down in the edge of a wood, near the water-side. It is built of brick, with two iron-gates, through which may be seen a plain marble sarcophagus, with the

simple word Washington cut on the outward end, surmounted by the Eagle, and our national coat of arms, and the record of the toast given by —— just after the death of Washington at a 4th of July:

"Washington! first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

This was put there — not by the Nation, not by contemporaries, nor by kindred, but "by a marble and stone cutter of Philadelphia." By its side is a plain sarcophagus of the same size inscribed "Mary Washington."

In the flower garden we found some aged flowering plants, that had evidently been handed down from the time of Washington, lemon and orange trees, sago and century plants, box — that beautiful fringe and edging of nature — in any quantity and of all ages, and very many uncommonly fragrant flowering bushes, nameless to me but not to the negro, who perpetrated many botanical names which smacked strongly of the Guinea-Man.

There are 1200 acres of land, extending for four miles, and yet, with a gang of slaves, the place does not yield sufficient income to keep it in repair. The young man who went around with us said that Bushrod Washington expended $12,000 a year upon the estate while he was there, above the income.

I have paid my sad pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington. Am disappointed. At present it is a disgrace to the whole country.

He continued his journey westward chiefly by stage and steamboat. Both afforded a fair mixture of discomfort and delight. After leaving Washington he noted that the taverns were "execrable," and that "the negroes all seemed to belong to masters . . . governed both by avarice and poverty. . . . Paid for a seat in the U.S. Mail Coach on the National Road to Wheeling, Va. . . . The best horses and the best long road I have ever met with. The prospect, though, of an all-night ride in the fore-end of the coach is somewhat of a drawback." His worst misgivings were fulfilled and in the morning he notes: "Having become careless of consequences during the night (for I did not get a single slumber) I find my head and forehead all bruised and swelled up. . . .

It is not safe to lean against posts drawn by six horses. They jostle a body and a body's head."

"Wheeling," he remarks, "is a dingy, coal-dust-covered town" which is caused by "the exclusive use of coal, which delivered here costs four cents only per bushel." From here onward his journey was made almost wholly by steamboat, for, as he writes, "Western life on the rivers seems to be all steamboats," and, he might have added, attended by vicissitudes. He left Wheeling on the 12th of June, steaming down the Ohio, which he notes "is a beautiful stream, . . . clear and full of fish as well as steamboats, . . . with banks very steep and high," as is natural, since "the regular rise every spring is from forty to fifty feet." Yet the steamboats were constantly going aground. Hardly a day passes without its entry of this kind. June 12th, "We got aground once to-day. Delayed 1¼ hours; June 15th got aground and hung for half an hour."

Sometimes it was more serious. The next day he records a midnight alarm. "In a moment I heard the cry, 'All forward, men!' There was tremendous confusion and I made for the deck. . . . I found we had *blown up!* . . . Up at any rate on to a *sand bank*. . . . We stayed 'blowed-up' fifteen hours." On the 23d, after leaving Louisville, "At one o'clock we find ourselves on 'Cumberland Bar.' All hands are working at the spar and capstan to lift her nose off, but we are getting all the while deeper into the sand. The cable . . . has broken. . . . All the rival boats go by. . . . *Laus Deo.* At last, after 31 hours, we are loosened."

Near Louisville he had an experience with a slave boy which he narrates lightly enough, but which tended little to weaken his abolitionist convictions:

> At the half-way place our driver, a negro boy, drove past the switch. He was a slave. The other car coming up put us to the trouble of "backing out." Loss of time necessary, one minute.

This enraged the little brief agent, and he let off a volley of oaths at the Darkee. *Darkee* said, "there was nobody there to see to the switch, and he didn't *keer*." Here was rebellion in the egg. It was too much for a man who held the bag and took *a bit* from every passenger. So he advanced with his little, stinted brain boiling hot, which if it was all mercury would hardly be too much to fill the glass bulb of a thermometer, and began to cuff wooley-head hitherward and thitherward, as our singing-master would say. Wooley-head told him, "he hadn't better touch him; nobody should whip him as wasn't his master." He put out his hands to keep off the blows, or to prevent any more. At this the slender-headed and slender-leg'd agent betook himself to a stout whip, with which he lashed, until the lash flew off, and then struck the poor half-clad object until he, himself, was almost out of breath. I could not tell what the great offense was, although I had seen it all, which call'd forth such a measure of punishment; but I saw the agent was rousing himself for another *lick*. The steam was up, and he turned the butt end of his whip and struck the friendless boy with all the ferocity his strength allowed. Happily such hornets have their stinging tempers placed on weak frames, and their lack of power — not their dispositions — sets a limit to their mischief. Wooley-head was used to such a hand, (here *use* is said to make a difference,) and he stood doggedly immovable, although the pain must have been great. I could stand it no longer. So I told our little man, the agent, with the air of one having authority, if the boy refused his duty *not to whip him*, but to report him to his master. This had the desired effect. The agent, either finding he was like to be worsted, or that I had espoused the side of the boy, at once desisted.

Now it strikes me I have done more for the "amelioration of the conditions of the slave" than any abolitionist of my acquaintance, notwithstanding some of them have "spoke in meeting," some take the "Emancipator," some sponge their neighbors' books, and some have given twenty-five cents to a lecturer. I saved this darkee from further beating. John Quincy Adams got Cinquez *et als*. clear, and I got Jim clear. Now John Quincy will have credit for his effort, but as for me, why, even Jim did not, and never will, thank me. The "A. S. society" will not give me a vote of thanks. In two hours after this, when I returned, the

same black boy was driving the car and *singing his negro songs,* as happy as if his hide was not all ridged over with stripes.

One of Morrill's purposes in making this journey was to visit his cousins, the Annises, who lived near Aurora, Illinois. He found them after a long journey by steamboat and stage-coach and describes his visit:

July 4th, Sunday. Blackberry Creek. Arrived at Cousin Prudence Annis's last evening at dark, who knew my voice, and was very glad to keep me after crying a bit as women will do, they say, for joy. In a log-cabin, among the woods, hogs, horses, and cattle, to say nothing of prairie-wolves and rattlesnakes, they seem to live upon the cream of creams, the best of the best land in the world. Butter 6¼ cents the pound, pork 3 cts., milk free as water, fowls wild or tame the cost of a charge of lead and powder, deducting the sport. Cattle here are fat very early. All this in consideration that you will dwell here. Forty-five acres of corn and enough of wheat, etc., to make out a field of 90 acres in one close, stretches out in front of Mr. Annis's log-cabin, gently descending to what they call here a slew (slough.) It has a look that would do eastern hill-bound eyes good to behold. Yet such fields or larger are no marvel here.

They plough and cross-plough, then only cut out the weeds with the hoe, and the corn is finished, until harvest which comes any time in the fall or winter, as they choose. But the wheat has to be cut at the proper moment. This is either thrashed out forthwith in the field or stacked. Barns hardly used at all. In stacks or in the chaff they can keep wheat until they choose to send it to market.

Here all live on "claims," which pass perfectly secure under the broad shield of Lynch-Law. That is, any person may run a plough around any unclaimed land he can find, and this will give him a good claim against all others, except the General Government, to whom he has to pay $1.25 per acre when they call or when the land sale comes off. The claimants all come into a bond with a high penalty to assist each other to all their rights. They have a committee who make a final decision of all disputes among themselves. They proceed in a very summary way to oust all jumpers — those who claim on top of an old proprietor. But

when a single individual has appropriated all about him, evidently for speculation and not to live upon, they will not hesitate to jump on to him. They settle all division-line disputes.

At a land-sale no stranger dares to bid against these pioneers — commonly called squatters — who appoint one of their number to bid off all the lots in such a precinct, watching him in breathless anxiety all the while to see that he is faithful and makes no blunders. He then deeds to each man his claim. Should he refuse to do this, his life would want insurance. If a speculator should run the price up higher than $1.25 per acre, his only alternative would be to refund the excess and redeed the land, if it had been struck off to him, or suffer the penalties to be awarded by Judge Lynch, whose decisions an hundred brawny hands and clubs stand ready to enforce without stint or delay.

Morrill fell in with the ways of the place, revealed himself in the new light of a sportsman, and showed unexpected skill at shooting birds on the wing.

We go in a lumber-box waggon — lady Prudy on the back seat. The horses are trained not to be frightened, and so I shoot all the game within gunshot. I may proudly say that to-day, for I have not missed whether on the wing or at rest. Have killed quails, mourning-doves, red-wing blackbirds, plovers, etc. (omitting the plural in the second and fourth.) On the prairie this is fine sport. The birds and flowers are singularly beautiful.

The pleasure of this first visit led to a better knowledge of the west and especially of Illinois where he made some investments in prairie lands.

After he had given up storekeeping, though he still retained business interests as director in one or more local banks, and various ventures in which he was associated with "Judge" Harris in addition to his farm, he was able to give increasing time to public affairs. It was to this period that he referred when he said: "Then I realized that public questions must have a little more serious study. I had always had in my library all that I could afford, but now political economy had some attention besides other litera-

ture. I attended State, County, and Town political meetings, but always refused to take any nomination for office."

He was steadily growing in breadth of outlook and in knowledge, and forming his convictions on public questions so that they were based on the solid rock of principle. Many things aided in his development, not least the local "Literary Society" which he attended faithfully and which afforded him a field where he might try his wings as author as well as speaker.

No one could live in Vermont, certainly not in any of the four southeastern counties, without being interested in farming. Orange County and Strafford in particular was an almost purely agricultural district and remains so to this day. Morrill had been familiar with farming from his infancy; all his dreams of the quiet, studious, contemplative life had a farm in Strafford as their setting. By 1847 he had given such thought and attention to farming as to be chosen by his fellow-members of the Orange County Agricultural Society to deliver the address at their October meeting — evidently an unusual production, for it was published at the request of the society and has been preserved. It has the same qualities that were to mark his later addresses in Congress and out — sound common sense set forth in old-fashioned diction and illuminated by illustrations from the classics. Two brief sections, on Sheep and Fruit, will suffice to give its flavor and serve also to show where his strongest interest lay.

SHEEP

It is important to obtain that breed of sheep best suited to the climate and pasturage. In Saxony and Spain the value of the fleece is mostly sought, but in England the carcass, or the mutton, is considered most important. To obtain a fine, heavy fleece, and also the largest carcass, is perhaps impossible. But some approximation to this has been reached, as is evident in the South-

Down breed. These advantages might here, it is thought, be combined and brought to a higher perfection than they have been. The practice of *breeding in and in*, as it is termed, is as fatal to the sheep as to any other animals. If the farmer is satisfied with his stock, he should select males of the same breed from a different family for the use of his flock. The Romans made some pretensions to skill in breeding sheep, according to one of their poets, who says —

"Is wool thy care, let not thy cattle go
Where bushes are, where burs and thistles grow;
Nor in too rank a pasture let them feed:
Then of the purest white select thy breed."
[*Dryden's translation.*]

The disfavor of black sheep still continues, and the injunctions relative to pastures might be followed with profit. Damp pastures are said to be most frequently visited with the hoof-rot. Sheep require a large range of pasturage, and no man's avarice or ignorance should tempt him to overstock his farm with sheep. Diseases and death among the flock, it is true, will teach them their lessons in a short time if any choose that road to learn.

FRUIT

It will soon become a question whether the railroads, now piercing through Vermont, shall carry fruit *up* or *down;* whether we shall obtain the choicest varieties of apples, pears, plums, and grapes from other States, or whether we shall seize the opportunity to cultivate them for home use and also to send abroad. Our soil and climate encourage us to do the latter. Who is there with mouth so dead to the taste of the innocently tempting fruit-garden that will not plant *one tree?*

The skill in grafting and inoculating trees is now so well established, as almost to dispute scriptural authority, that "grapes cannot be gathered of thorns, or figs of thistles." But the art is no modern invention. Even in the time of Virgil, he says:

"The thin-leaved arbute hazel-graffs receives;
And planes huge apples bear that bore but leaves.
Thus mastful beech the bristly chestnut bears,
And the wild ash is white with blooming pears
And greedy swine from grafted elms are fed
With falling acorns, that on oaks are bred."

Most farms have orchards, but unless they bear good fruit they "cumber the ground." Improving fruit trees is neglected by many who cannot patiently wait for the growth of grafts, or new trees. This course will be pretty sure to hand down crabbed and unthrifty orchards to set "the children's teeth on edge, even to the third and fourth generation." Some do not cultivate the best varieties of apples because they have heard that among these are shy-bearers. It is believed, however, that these trees, which "keep a Sabbath on alternate years," may, with proper care, be made to furnish fruit every season. To do this it is only necessary to place what all trees require — a peck of lime around the base of the tree early in the summer, and stable manures in the same manner during the fall, and then to be thoroughly dug in and covered up. Those who have practiced this have no barren trees, and do have those which bear abundantly.

No more grateful luxury can be offered the guest — no article is more indispensable to the requirements of the table — and no crop promises a more "golden and ruddy" harvest, in purse and basket, than the fruit of the well-cultivated orchard. *Eden* is no longer to be lost, but rather won by a display of fruit.

His political activities and influence continued to grow, though he still looked on himself as an amateur or volunteer, and as far as one may judge, still had for his model his old friend Judge Harris — a man of affairs interested in politics only as a good citizen. But by 1848 he had become a member of the State Committee of the Whig Party and supported General Taylor with zeal and confidence. In June he wrote from Boston to a friend at home: "Depend upon it Old Taylor is bound to run like a prairie fire. I was at Faneuil Hall Friday night and never witnessed even there so large an assemblage or so much enthusiasm. All of the best men in Massachusetts will come in. None but the transcendentalists will stay out."

By 1850 he had become a man of weight in the local councils of the party. For a decade he had been contributing to the party papers, and always acceptably; now he was looked

to for authoritative statements of creed and practice. He had thoroughly found himself: he was a Webster Whig, a Free-Soil Whig, but no fanatic, in favor rather of compromise, reason, and accommodation.

The year 1851 was what is called an "off-year" in politics; there were no elections of importance, and though beneath the surface the issues and the candidates for the Presidential campaign of 1852 were being determined, this activity hardly stirred the public mind and had little interest for any but those who were in the inner councils of the party. In this quietly prosperous year Morrill, who had now passed his fortieth birthday, took the long-premeditated step of marriage. His house, which he had begun in 1848 and had built under his own eye, on his own plans, was now finished and awaited the mistress whom he had long desired to install there.

In this, as in all the major decisions of his life, Morrill had moved with the serene judgment and deliberation that marked his nature. The social life that he had enjoyed had not been rich nor varied. In so far as it exceeded the experience of his brothers and sister and the neighbors in Strafford, he owed it largely to Judge Harris and his family. In this household, the sole representative that the village contained of the larger world, and the only one that had contacts with cities and books, men and affairs, Justin was a favorite from his childhood. That the Judge saw the promise of the boy goes without saying, and it is certainly more than a coincidence that the only time he ever spent away at school — a term at Thetford Academy and another at Randolph — were the terms at which Judge Harris's daughters were enrolled among the students. Recalling those early days, Morrill wrote in 1835, "The daughters, Marcia and Janette, attended the village school until they were a dozen or more years of age, and then were sent, as I chanced to have been,

to Thetford Academy in 1824 and in 1825 to Randolph Academy where we were all introduced to General Lafayette as he passed through the State."

The Harris household, of which Morrill was almost a member, not only in his boyhood, but, in consequence of his partnership with the Judge, throughout his entire career in business and until the Judge's death in 1855, was one of those ample, generous homes from which an old-fashioned, hearty hospitality radiated like sunshine. "The friends and acquaintances of the family," to quote Morrill again, "grew to be large — the arrivals and departures almost rivaling a well-patronized hotel — and those who came and went were always greeted with good cheer. As Marcia and Janette became old enough to enter society, the 'Harris girls' as they were called, were for some years perhaps the ruling belles of the State. . . . Janette [who was about two years younger than Morrill] was married to Portus Baxter, a man of marked character, one of nature's noblemen, who died here in Washington in 1868, leaving four sons with their mother."

The friendship of childhood was never broken. In 1882, when he had reached the highest point of influence and authority as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he wrote Mrs. Baxter acknowledging a remembrance of his seventy-second birthday and recalling their friendship which, he said, "has had a growth of more than half a century"; and added, "Let me thank you, amid all your cares, for bestowing a moment's attention upon the awkward boy you tried to teach how to dance in 1826."

Many as were the reasons he already had for gratitude to that friendly household, another and a greater was added when he met there the lady who was to become his wife. Among the visitors to the Harrises in 1847 (?) was a distant connection, a Miss Ruth Barrell Swan of Easton, Massachusetts, then about twenty-seven, a slender, graceful, soft-

voiced young woman whose serious gray eyes and Puritan charm made complete conquest of Morrill's heart. Miss Swan was the daughter of Dr. Caleb Swan, an honored and eminent physician, of Easton, Massachusetts. The courtship moved deliberately while Morrill built his house and further reduced his business interests until the 17th of September, 1851, when they were married at the bride's home in Massachusetts and came back to Strafford to settle.

While the happy pair were settling in their new home political conditions were growing more serious. The effects of the Clay Compromise of 1850 which defeated the famous Missouri Compromise of 1820 were seen to be at best dubious, if not positively ill. Designed to end and set at rest the disturbing questions of free or slave territory, among its earliest consequences was to split the Whigs into Compromise and anti-Compromise groups, which was almost to say into Southern and Northern Whigs — a cleavage full of menace for the future. The fact was, the blessed word "compromise" had lost its efficacy: it was no longer a word to conjure with. The slavery issue would not down, but loomed ever darker, and more ominous. It is significant of the esteem in which Morrill had come to be held that in this time of doubt and incertitude he should have been chosen by his party to represent them at the convention of 1852 to nominate a candidate for the Presidency.

This convention, which was held in Baltimore in June — two weeks after the Democratic Convention in the same place which had nominated Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire — was in many respects notable. It was the last full convention of the Whig Party; for it was followed by the death within a few months of both the great leaders of the party, Clay and Webster, and within four years by the dissolution of the party itself. Webster was a candidate

before the convention, and the bitter disappointment which he met there undoubtedly hastened his end. Morrill's letter of June 13th to his wife gives a hint of the differences that divided the party and a glimpse of Webster:

> All this ink of many shades comes out of one inkstand and it is strongly indicative of the different shades now prevailing in the Whig Party. Each section is struggling for its favorite with unwonted vigor and in some instances rather rancorously for the ultimate harmony of the party. I hope I shall be back on Saturday night, but there will be so many contested seats and other contested and more knotty questions that I despair of our convention being able to despatch business in less than a few days.
>
> My position just at this moment made it the agreeable duty of the Secretary of State to invite me to dine yesterday at five o'clock. The courses were numerous and the cooking fully equal to that of Mrs. Morrill of Putnam. Webster was superb. Mrs. Webster the second, far better-looking than I had supposed; Miss Page, a niece from Boston, charming. The wine of all sorts very fair. But the greatest treat was to hear Webster talk at his own table unreservedly. He is graceful in all his movements and his information gathered from all directions and from every source immense and exact.

In spite of the fact that the Massachusetts delegation which presented his name was composed of eminent men and was headed by Rufus Choate, the most distinguished orator of his time save only the candidate himself, Webster received only twenty-nine votes out of two hundred and ninety-three. But, owing to the even balance between the other two candidates, President Fillmore, and General Scott, the Webster delegates for a long time held control. For five days the deadlock continued, the strain becoming intensified as it appeared that the division was sectional — Fillmore's support coming all from the South, and Scott's all from the North. When the deadlock was at last broken and Scott nominated, it was a divided and disorganized party that went out to face inevitable defeat.

Morrill had shared in every stage of the struggle. Webster had been the idol of his youth; and he never found another to replace him. In recalling these events at a later period he said:

> . . . Webster was not a man who diminished when you came close to him. He remains in my memory as the strongest embodiment of noble appearance, as well as noble intellect and accomplishments. At the time I speak of he had made his 7th of March speech, committing himself to the compromise measures. Though it was near the end of his life, I saw no sign of physical decay. He would perhaps drink too much wine, as was the habit with a good many of our public men in those days, yet there was something antique and Roman about him, even when you could see the signs of indulgence.
>
> I first saw him in the Senate in 1836, again in 1840 and 1848, and several times in succeeding years, but never was so fortunate as to hear him speak there at length. On one occasion, at an all-night session at which I was present, Webster, tired and sleepy, sat resting his head on his hands, and a fellow Senator signaled him out for praise. Webster still sat bent over his desk, but when he heard himself pronounced a statesman, an orator, a philosopher, a poet, he half raised his head and in a low, gruff voice interjected, "Enough! enough!" and so we all thought. . . . I heard him make a speech in the campaign of 1840 at Orford, New Hampshire. He was ill, and spoke very briefly, and, as I remember, said in conclusion that the election of General Harrison was as certain as any event could be not yet determined. I heard him also once in Baltimore and years later in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Here it was like Burke's appeal from the New to the Old Whigs — an elaborate personal vindication for remaining in the Cabinet of John Tyler.

The Baltimore Convention nominated General Scott and adjourned; Webster's hopes were shattered: the delegates returned to their homes, and the election followed, bringing so crushing a defeat to the Whigs that they never rallied. So overwhelming was the disaster that even New England voted Democratic, only Vermont and Massachusetts sup-

porting the Whig ticket. Morrill never forgot it, and all his life labored to avert dissension in the Republican Party.

By this time he had come to a place of trust and confidence in the councils of the Whigs of his district. Though he was yet but little known in the State at large, his reputation had crossed the mountains, and as early as 1852 his friend E. P. Walton, editor of the "Montpelier Watchman," wrote him, "When we get a Western Governor you are to be Lieut. I have settled that." His labors, first as a member of the County Committee, then as a member of the State Committee, his long services on innumerable committees on resolutions, his steady, enthusiastic support of the party nominees at election after election without a thought of office or reward, had given him such prestige and weight that when an emergency occurred he was the natural choice to meet it.

In 1853 Walton again approached him, this time with the suggestion of the Senatorship. To this he replied on March 14th:

> Your letter of the 12th inst., opening with the question, "Are you a candidate for U.S. Senator next fall," has just come to hand. Frankly and at once I am not. Therein I hold myself lucky, as I shall not tax the wind of my friends to blow me up, nor the gas of my enemies to do that same in a less gracious manner. Having disposed of myself I will say this much about others: Judge Collamer I have no question would, if the case could reach him judiciously, punish as a very audacious and heinous offense any attempt to bring forward a candidate against him." . . .

In 1854 the Honorable Andrew Tracy, member of Congress for the Second — Morrill's — District, on the eve of the local convention, after only a single term, declined to run again. The decision seems to have come as a complete surprise to the party leaders, and they turned spontaneously to Morrill. He has told the story himself:

In 1854, when I was forty-four years old, some of my friends came to me to say that I might go to Congress if I desired. I replied that if my county was solid for me I would enter the canvass, but otherwise I would not, as I did not want any struggle. The leaders, at a meeting held at the court-house, agreed to stand by me, and I went into the convention and was nominated with practical unanimity. I was a candidate on the regular Whig ticket, but there was a rival candidate, who as a "freesoiler," took away many votes from me and I squeezed through by a narrow margin of less than one hundred votes.

In fact, his actual plurality was only fifty-nine!

It is safe to say that no party to the transaction — nominators, candidate, or voters — had the least idea that they were starting a career in any way notable — least of all that it was destined to outlast all similar careers in American legislative history.

CHAPTER IV

ELECTION TO CONGRESS

THE election was not without its surprises. Hitherto as a rule, the nomination of the dominant party — always, whatever its name, the conservative party — had been tantamount to election, as, in fact, it has remained in Vermont politics to the present day. But 1854 was a year of political upheaval. The Whig Party was in the throes of dissolution; the blow it had received at the Baltimore Convention in 1852 by the acceptance of the 1850 Compromise was a fatal one; the Nebraska Bill brought forward by Douglas in 1854 gave it the *coup de grâce*. That disclosure of the unscrupulous disposition of the Southern leaders destroyed the last hope of accommodation; it crystallized the anti-slavery sentiment of the North; it inflamed the struggle in Kansas, which in turn set the Free-Soil enthusiasm ablaze and forged the weapons for the Republican Party which was about to enter the lists.

Meantime the position of the Whigs was precarious; their ship was going down before the new vessel which was to save them was launched. To prudent, far-seeing men the Free-Soil organization seemed merely a temporary expedient that lacked the essentials of a solid or permanent party. They waited for a solution. Although Maine gave a lead when Whigs, Free-Soilers, and anti-slavery Democrats united to elect Fessenden to the Senate, New England Whigs as a rule continued undecided — a perilous position which resulted generally in party defeat. How hazardous it was appears from Morrill's experience. He had entered the canvass on the understanding that there should be no struggle for the

nomination. Every effort had been made to secure unity and agreement. His nomination by the Whig Convention on the 4th of August was greeted with general approval; an article in the "Montpelier Watchman" shows how attractive a candidate he was and how he appeared to some of his contemporaries:

A few words as to Justin S. Morrill. He is our friend; we have known him long and intimately and known him always, not merely as one of the best Whigs and the best of men, but as a Whig whose heart was always right on the slavery question. His letter below contains nothing new to us on this subject and nothing new to those who have known him well. But more. Justin S. Morrill is a genuine specimen of the Green Mountain Boys, the son of humble but honest and intelligent parents; by his own integrity and intelligence, he early won the confidence of the Honorable Jedediah H. Harris, of Strafford. By him brought up for the mercantile business, he has long been ranked among the most honorable, accurate, and successful business men of Vermont. With a rare taste for literature, his literary acquirements are excellent. Few men are better fitted for public service by acquaintance with history, especially political; and rarely have we found one so rich in quotations or so felicitous in illustrations. As a speaker, he is good, though little practiced; as a politician, liberal, honorable, and modest, always preferring to help his friends rather than himself; as a man, upright; in his habits, pure; in his manners, a gentleman; and withal, one of the cleverest fellows in the world.

But it was soon made plain that the fierce Free-Soil sentiment was not to be placated: his nomination was followed by a demand for a statement of his views on slavery.

On August 29, 1854, S. Smith, of Hartford, wrote Morrill as follows:

In behalf of the men of all parties who earnestly desire to have the anti-slavery sentiment of this district combined and who are willing to waive all their party preferences and all their objections to the exclusive party character of your nomination and give you their cordial support provided that they can be assured

that you possess decided anti-slavery sentiments and are determined to act up to them, I wish to inquire of you relative to your views upon the subject.

On the same day, August 29th, Morrill replied, saying:

Your favor of this date is at hand, making inquiry of me touching my anti-slavery sentiments and whether I should adhere to the principles adopted at the mass convention at Montpelier on the 13th of July last.

I have not the resolutions at hand which were adopted at the convention on the 13th of July, but my recollection of them is that they were very similar to those adopted by the Whig Convention previously held at Rutland and, of course, might be expected to meet with my acquiescence. I have, however, no hesitation in saying that I am opposed to the admission of any more slave States to the Union and in favor not only of restoring the restrictions of slavery up to the Missouri Compromise line, but also of extending that restriction to territories belonging to the United States. I am in favor of a radical change in the Fugitive Slave Act by which trial by jury should be secured and the right of *habeas corpus;* and if this shall not be conceded, then I should be for unconditional repeal — leaving the subject to be provided for by the several States, where I think it belongs.

It may perhaps be proper that I should also state that I should be in favor of substituting money for the liquor rations in the Navy and for the annihilation of the groggeries in and around the Capitol at Washington.

Clear and explicit as Morrill's statement was, it did not suffice for the more zealous Free-Soil partisans, and a bolt occurred. The candidate of the bolters was O. L. Shafter of whom no more is known and he does not reappear in this history. He did, however, imperil Morrill's election, for the Democratic candidate, J. W. D. Parker, made a vigorous canvass, and, as we have already noted, the final vote was extremely close. The official figures were: Parker, Democrat, 5,848; Shafter, Free-Soil, 2,473; Morrill, Whig, 8,380.

The election over and the last battle won that the Whig

Party of Vermont was ever to wage, there ensued the long interval of fourteen months between decision and action which is so anomalous and futile a part of our political arrangements. Morrill did not take his seat in Congress until the 3d of December, 1855, but the long interim was by no means empty; it was filled, rather, with matters of great moment both to his political and his domestic welfare.

The year 1855 was a fateful one in our political history; it saw the organization of the Republican Party and the practical absorption by it of the Whigs, the Free-Soilers, and the anti-slavery Democrats. In the organization of the Vermont Republicans, Morrill had a part, and his gift for conciliation doubtless contributed to the amicable nature of the union which was never broken by schism and knew no more "bolting" candidates.

His public career was begun and went forward under good auspices, but his personal and domestic fortunes were not so happy. The year brought him, in fact, two of his greatest bereavements. On the 16th of January, his first-born son, a child in whom the hopes of his parents were centered, died, and left a void which was never quite filled.

The second loss was the death of Judge Harris. Through all the earlier part of his life Morrill had looked up to the Judge as a model; with the passage of time, the relation was, if not reversed, at least changed, to the measure that the Judge came to rely increasingly on Morrill's ability and judgment: finally he made his junior his executor. With the death of the Judge, Morrill not only succeeded to his place as the first citizen of the town, but to a position of still wider influence and put another of his early standards of success behind him.

A few days before the opening of Congress in December, 1855, Morrill arrived in Washington to begin his work as a legislator. He was not unacquainted with the city. "I came

to Washington City," he said afterwards, "a good while before I was in public life here. I was here at least four times in the forties and fifties." He used to tell how, on one of these visits, he had wandered out to the pasture behind the White House, which was then very rural in its setting, to look at the cows, and, finding a farmer-like man, apparently interested in cows like himself, he engaged him in conversation and inquired how one could manage to see the President; to which the stranger replied, "You see him now. I am the President." Apparently it was General Taylor.

His living arrangements were simple and easily made. Like most of his Northern associates, he found the boarding-house both convenient and suitable to his means, and was fortunate in being invited to join a congenial company. As early as October, Senator Foot had written him:

> We hope to have you of our "Mess" at Mrs. Curtis's on Capitol Hill during the session. The terms for a gentleman alone will be from twelve to sixteen dollars per week according to the size of the room. At the hotels the terms are much higher. We always find a congenial "Mess" at Mrs. Curtis's — comfortable rooms — nothing more — fair table and attendance, and as quiet as one may choose to be.
>
> I do not know that Fessenden will come here this session, but hope and presume he will. Perhaps Judge Collamer will go there.
>
> You will have no occasion to take anything with you except your wardrobe — books are plenty there.
>
> We shall be at the Astor House in New York about the 25th Nov. and stop there a few days, and hope to meet you there.
>
> Don't fail to be in Washington in season to be at the opening of the session. Every vote on the side of freedom will be needed in the organization.

The stage on which Morrill was to act his long and honorable part was not wholly distinguished. The floor of the House to-day presents often enough the aspect of a trade convention or a stock exchange; a recent writer has esti-

mated the per capita consumption of chewing-tobacco among Congressmen as much higher than the average even for the West and the South:[1] there is a freedom of behavior and a disregard of decorum not customary in any other national legislative body now extant. If this be true to-day, how much more was it true in the *ante-bellum* days when Morrill first took his seat? Then there were to be seen singular, picturesque, and uncouth types from the frontier, fire-eaters from the South, and pioneers from the West. General Sam. Houston of Texas was there, an old man. "He used to sit in the Senate," said Morrill, in his reminiscences of the period, "whittling a stick." And in another place, "One day I heard Mr. Spinner, afterward appointed Treasurer by President Lincoln, offer to make a wager that there were not less than three hundred loaded pistols in the hall and galleries of the House."[2] More than once in the ardor of debate a pistol fell from the pocket of the orator upon the floor of the chamber, and the correspondence of the time presents many a picture of the rowdy and bellicose aspects of the assembly. From the first the meetings of the House were marked by tension and disorder.

On January 10th Morrill wrote his wife:

> Such a scene as we have passed through you can hardly imagine. Mr. Cullen of Delaware, Mr. Bowie of Maryland, and Campbell of Kentucky have been very drunk and others a little drunk. We have kept good-natured, silly and noisy. One man, however, Mr. Sam. Caruthers of Missouri, a Border Ruffian and very clever fellow, made the most eloquent brief speech it has in my life ever been my fortune to hear. Extempore, not long and delivered with a rough physical energy that was absolutely sublime. I told him I only wished he had been on our side.

Twenty years later Morrill described the House and its

[1] Whiting in *Boston Herald*, February 27, 1923.
[2] *Forum*, October, 1897.

members in a paper which he read to his friends and neighbors at Strafford. Counting it a stroke of good fortune to find so substantial a piece of reminiscence from his hand, which not only portrays the men and the scenes in which he moved, but discloses his own mind, I have gladly included several passages from these recollections:

I took my seat in the House of Representatives on the first Monday of December, 1855, at the session commencing with the memorable struggle for the election of Speaker which terminated only after nine weeks, and upon the 133d ballot, by the election of Nathaniel P. Banks. Without any legislative experience on my part, never having held any office save once that of Justice of the Peace and once as town auditor, it was with some gratification that among my fellow-members there were others as green and accounted possibly rather bigger fools than myself.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise Act by the previous Congress had operated disastrously upon the Democratic Party in the North, without giving it any additional strength in the South. The opposition at the South had been considerably reinforced by the Know-Nothing Party — a pro-slavery party, but a Union party — and at the North Republicans, anti-Nebraska Democrats, and the Know Nothings had almost extinguished the Democracy, as the people were terribly in earnest that slavery should not profit, nor gain any new foothold, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, nor by any part of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. The policy of "Northern men and Southern measures" had been repudiated forever. The white men of the North were no longer to be bought and sold.

Party feeling on the slavery question was intense and was a wall of separation which kept asunder not only political parties at Washington, but divided society.

In the first part of the session the time was mainly spent in fruitless ballotings for Speaker, and in raising disorderly questions of order which the clerk declined to decide — for nothing was really in order except the election of a Speaker. Soon the disposition became almost universal to make personal explanations during the roll-call as each name was reached by the clerk, but instead of being personal explanations they usually ended in

more or less acrimonious attacks upon the candidates of the other party. The Know-Nothing or the American Party candidate was twitted about the oath by which he had bound himself, and Mr. Banks was not suffered to forget that in a recent speech down in Maine he had professed a willingness under certain contingencies to "let the Union slide." Whenever the candidate was gored so as to rise and explain, his tormentors seemed to enjoy it hugely. The men who were themselves at heart striving to sap and mine the Union turned up their eyes with grim-visaged horror at the want of patriotism of Banks, and he, I feel sure, must have felt disgusted at having so often to father a slip of the tongue sure to be branded by literary critics as coarse.

At length the candidates for the Speakership were put through a catechism, or a series of embarrassing questions, which all were required to answer. One of the supplementary questions propounded by Mr. Barksdale of Mississippi, who was afterwards killed in the rebel army, was the following: "Do you believe in the equality of the white and black races in the United States, and do you wish to promote that equality by legislation?"

To this Mr. Banks promptly responded: "So far as I have studied the subject, it seems to me to be the general law, that the weaker is absorbed or disappears altogether. Whether the black man of this continent, or any other part of the world, is equal to the white race, can only be determined by the absorption or disappearance of one or the other, and I propose to wait until the respective races can be properly subjected to this philosophical test before I give a decisive answer." The scientific fairness of the answer, dangling politically upon such a ludicrous and indefinite postponement, caused roars of laughter.

As a satire upon Mr. Barksdale's question, Mr. Kennelt, a courteous Union member from Missouri, proposed in addition the following: "I should like to know of each candidate for the Speakership, including my friend from New Jersey (Mr. Pennington), whether he believes in a future state or not? And then, provided he answers the question affirmatively, I desire to know whether he believes it will be a free or a slave state." This was felt as a palpable hit, and was angrily resented by Barksdale in some very hot words which were the next day withdrawn, when an explanation by Mr. Kennelt followed, and a duel was avoided — as Southern men, when the crisis came, had great skill in

avoiding. Mr. Pennington then made a witty answer to the theological question of Mr. Kennelt, saying, "I have been instructed by the (Westminster) catechism, that there is such a thing as a future state, and I pledge my friend, upon my honor, that I religiously believe it. I do not understand, however, that it is wholly a free state, nor yet, on the other hand, wholly a slave state. It is represented as divided into two states — a beatified state, and another state not quite so agreeable. The one I take to be a free state and the other a slave state. We are informed that these states are divided by an impassable gulf — not exactly a compromise line, I believe. We are frequently reminded, too, that one of these states is much the hotter of the two, and hence I take it for granted, as a matter of fair inference, that it is a slave state and lies on the south side of the line." All this was said to the infinite amusement of the House, but good temper did not by any means always prevail. Mr. Richardson for some time had remained silent. Mr. Giddings said: "I asked him (Mr. Richardson) how he would act if elected to the Speakership? But, more dumb than Balaam's ass, I could extract nothing from him."

Mr. Richardson could not quite stand this, and said: "Mr. Clerk, I am, it is true, like Balaam, while in the presence of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings). I let the ass speak." Our side of the House did not laugh so much at this sally as the other.

Twenty years ago there were always a few members who came into the House occasionally intoxicated and like most men under such circumstances were quite talkative and deeply impressed by their own wit. Mr. Bowie of Maryland and Mr. Cullen of Delaware, for example, in every night session were sure to be thus conspicuously happy. Both were large men, both able lawyers when sober, and gentlemen in many respects of high character. One evening at a late hour both full to the brim, and after both had claimed and occupied the floor to the distress of their friends, who could not prevail upon them to keep their seats or to sit down when they got through, each one discovered that the other was not in a fit condition to address the House, and, in the central area in front of the Speaker's chair, each one tried to prevail upon the other to retire, and spoke so loud in that strain and with such endearing, earnest embraces and gestures as to attract the attention of the whole House. The droll amusement

afforded was considerable and would have been greater, if the national spectacle had not been a sad one.

Doubtless a considerable number of the members from the South were fully bent upon the destruction of the Union at this time, but they held discordant views as to the mode and manner of bringing it about, some being for the perpetual disorganization of the House — saying, as Toombs said in 1849, "let discord reign forever" — some for peaceable secession, and others for a battle on the floors of the House and Senate. Mr. Brooks of South Carolina, who soon made his bloody assault upon Mr. Sumner in the Senate Chamber, was already fixed in the opinion which he held, and again avowed four years later, that the battle should begin in the House. "We are," said he, "standing upon slave territory, surrounded by slave States, and pride, honor, patriotism all command us, if a battle is to be fought, to fight it out here upon this floor." We became seared to these thrusts, and when McMullen of Virginia, a much weaker man, screamed out — "I tell you that when the North and the South sever the connection which now binds them together, the North will never take possession of this Capitol unless they pass over my dead body" — it was only received with jeers and laughter.

At last, under the adoption of a plurality rule, Mr. Banks obtained the highest number of votes, and then before the vote was announced commenced a struggle for a further vote to declare him by a resolution duly elected Speaker by a majority of the House. Much noise and confusion reigned. Those who did not mean to vote for such a resolution strenuously contended that it was absolutely necessary, and others held that the vote of the majority when adopting the plurality rule was sufficient, and, if not, that those who voted for it were now bound in honor to vote for a resolution declaring Mr. Banks duly elected. Howell Cobb of Georgia, elected Speaker in 1849 by the same rule, held the opinion that Mr. Banks was already elected. Mr. Aiken of South Carolina, who had received the next highest vote, asked leave to escort Mr. Banks to the Speaker's chair, according to the courtesy usual upon the election of Speaker. Mr. Aiken was the owner of a thousand slaves, and yet was much less of a firebrand than others who perhaps owned none at all, but who must show by belligerent fanaticism that they could be trusted at home by the so-called conservative party. This manly action

of Mr. Aiken rather checked the disposition to throw further obstacles in the way of the organization of the House, and a vote declaring that Mr. Banks had been duly elected Speaker was passed with little opposition, or by 155 to 40 irreconcilables. Mr. Banks was thereupon escorted to the chair by Mr. Aiken, Campbell, and Fuller, made his speech of acceptance, and was sworn in by Mr. Giddings, the senior member.

This was the first gust, the large pelting drops, that preceded the storm of 1861. For sixty years the slaveholders had regarded the exaggeration of State rights as the summit of statesmanship and the all-sufficient shield of slavery. Under the name of domestic institutions, wholly controlled by States, it was to be placed in the ark of safety, and, under home rule, bid defiance to the rapidly accumulating and crushing opinion of the civilized world. Meantime in Virginia, and in parts of the Carolinas, the system and its crops had exhausted the soil, and slavery was maintained with an alarmed and quivering tenacity mainly for its value in breeding human stock for the auction block. New slave territory had become indispensable to its longer prosperous continuance. There must be vent or slavery would be stifled in its home, and when the enlightened conscience of the North would no longer prostitute the power of the National Government to the extension of slavery — had taken its last unwilling steps in that direction — then the South determined to wreck the fairest fabric of human government the world has yet known and to trust to the ensuing anarchy for the preservation of their domination over the African race.

But, if there were workers for the downfall of the American Republic, there were fortunately a not less determined band who intended that these workers of iniquity should ingloriously fail, as they did fail in the forum of the legislative halls, in their appeals to the ballot box, and in their appeals to the God of battles. It may be of some interest to give some personal sketches of a few of the men, and of some incidents of the times not likely to be forgotten by any of those who witnessed them, and not likely to be learned by those who did not, except through the labor of some painstaking future historian of our country.

From Pennsylvania there were several members who became more or less prominent. Galusha A. Grow — named Galusha by

an old aunt who knew and was an admirer of Governor Galusha of Vermont — became noted at the next Congress for his encounter on the floor of the House, in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, with Lawrence M. Keitt of South Carolina. It was in a session protracted late into the night, and Mr. Grow, while walking near the right or Democratic side of the House, was rudely told by Mr. Keitt, with some profanity, "Go home, you black republican, to your own side of the House where you belong." To which Grow replied, "that he should go where he chose and that he obeyed no slave-master." Thereupon Mr. Keitt started from his seat and struck out rapidly and fiercely at Grow, who with equal promptitude warded off the blows and defended himself by striking back. The motions of both parties were as swift as the changes of a turning kaleidoscope, until Mr. Keitt fastened a hand into the neck-tie of Mr. Grow, when the latter appeared to have got in a blow which felled Mr. Keitt — both going down with Grow on top. At once the whole House was in a lively hurly-burly, and made a general rush for the central spot of the battle, which spread, though jamming, pushing, and striking out right and left, until there seemed to be no non-combatants left. Intervening seats were leaped over and the voice and gavel of Speaker Orr amid the general din resounded [the call] to order with as little effect as they could have had in bidding a tempest to be still. John Covode, a large-boned, quaint, old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, sitting in the rear seats of the Hall, seized a very large spittoon, brandishing it in both hands over his head, and pushed forward into the thickest of the mêlée — a veritable Roundhead against the Cavaliers — saying afterwards that he "thought he ought to have some kind of a *wee*pon in his hands." Barksdale of Mississippi — afterwards the rebel general already mentioned who was killed at Gettysburg — was in the surging crowd, hot for any fray, and probably received a hard thump from a fist belonging to one of the three Washburns then in the House. His faith was firm that he had a blow — he felt it — very good evidence of things not seen. His wig was torn or knocked off, and, while no hairs on his head were then standing up like quills to indicate the fretful porcupine, his wrath was ferocious, and he was ill-content to wait, with clenched fists and unclenched wig, until he could find where revenge most required him to strike. He suspected Elihu B.

Washburne, now our minister at Paris, though Cadwallader Washburn more likely gave the special provocation, and was striding towards Elihu, when he was taken by Burton Craige, a member about six and a half feet high from North Carolina, and led away to get quieted.

At last Speaker Orr directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to arrest those making the disorder, and this included nearly the whole House — one man against two hundred and forty. The Sergeant-at-Arms, therefore, with his ponderous mace, or the silver-bound Roman fasces, surmounted by the silver American eagle, marched into the crowd, when, curiously enough, this seemingly useless official bauble, useless for offense or defense, attracting general attention as the symbol of authority and of law and order, produced the miraculous effect of oil poured upon troubled waters, and the tumult subsiding, order was again restored.

Fortunately no knife was drawn and no pistol cocked; or the discreditable scene might have ended much more like a tragedy. Mr. Keitt had probably been dining out, and a half an hour after the conflict stepped up to the Speaker's chair in a hilarious, smiling mood, when Mr. Orr, who had presided with much dignity, met his gaze with the soberest face and said to him, as he afterwards told me, "You have behaved very badly." At the next meeting of the House, Mr. Keitt arose and made an apology, assuming the whole responsibility of the disturbance, saying that he was the aggressor, and, if any blow was directed at him, he was not conscious of having received any. This was held to be satisfactory, and, though the veracity of the statement about the blow was open to some doubt, no further notice was taken of the affair. If a blow had been acknowledged, "the code" would have required atonement in the field.

Mr. John Sherman, also of Ohio and brother of General Sherman, was a very young man, tall and slender and a vigorous and effective debater. He was not demonstrative, but was a man of undoubted courage. In drawing seats by members his name was drawn so late that he had to accept one on the Democratic side of the House, in the midst of the enemy's camp, and when his tall form arose and boldly championed the Republican side of questions in debate, the effect was rather startling. When he became a candidate, or was supported for Speaker in the 36th Congress, he was fiercely assailed for having signed with many

others a paper commending for circulation what was then called the "Helper Book," which he had never read, written by Mr. Helper of North Carolina with much zeal and some intemperance against slavery and slaveholders. Mr. Sherman was not much of an anti-slavery man, but firm in resisting the extension of the institution, and yet if he had committed a great crime his opponents could not have more ferociously denounced him. He came within two or three votes of an election, but got no further. Upon the resignation of Mr. Chase in the Senate, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Sherman succeeded him in the Senate.

Alexander H. Stephens, a member from Georgia, was a notable man: notable for his personal appearance, for his ability, and for his history. In his boyhood he was left an orphan, but friends helped him to the funds necessary to acquire an education which expenditure he afterwards scrupulously repaid out of his first earnings from his profession. Those who may have seen Bony Edson, called the Vermont "living skeleton," will have no difficulty as to forming a correct idea of the person of Mr. Stephens. He was tall, or rather was supported by very long legs, and did not have the appearance of having any flesh, but his skin appeared as if slightly tanned — possibly parboiled, and glued to his frame. When standing he was very erect, except that his head was slightly bent forward, and his bright black eyes were almost the only indication of the high order of his intellectual capacity. With his small head, small mouth, and thin lips, he looked like a boyish invalid escaped from some hospital. His voice was a strong soprano like that of a woman, shrill and sharp, and so different from any other in the House, that he rarely failed to be at once recognized by the Speaker even if his attenuated form did not attract notice. Whenever he spoke he was generally listened to because he surprised the House quite as much by his originality and independence of thought, by his mental vigor and learning, as he did by his remarkable personal appearance and voice. He had been regularly returned as a member from his District since 1843, and was revered by his people and by many in the South somewhat as a weird oracle.

One day in the House, Mr. Stephens came and sat by my side and in a chatty mood, among other things observed, "Your people are making a great fuss about the State of Kansas coming

in as a slave State, but you will all submit." Which, of course, I stoutly denied. "Why," said he, "you said as much when Texas was annexed — Massachusetts then was going to have a revolution — and yet you all submitted." But this time we didn't submit, and now Kansas is a free and prosperous State with a white population nearly as large as that of Georgia.

Mr. Joshua R. Giddings . . . was one of the old wheel-horses of the anti-slavery party in its most advanced positions. In 1842, for presenting some anti-slavery propositions of an extreme character, he was censured by a vote of the House, and, having promptly resigned his seat, was immediately returned again by his constituents. He was a tall and very large man with a strong will, absolute integrity, and fair ability. Although he was intensely hated by all pro-slavery men, he possessed the full confidence of all parties when he reported bills from the committee on claims. His word was law, and a claim favored by him was sure to pass, while any that he opposed had no chance whatever. He was a very genial, kind-hearted man, possessed of some humor, well stocked with anecdotes, and never lacked courage to face the tumult he sometimes excited or the threats of a hostile House. In a former Congress, when personal violence seemed imminent, Mr. Foot, then one of the members in the House from Vermont, came promptly and stood by his side. Those who may remember the imposing front, the eye to threaten and command of that whole-souled man, may well believe that Mr. Giddings, himself a giant, was not likely to be struck down with such a stalwart friend by his side. Once in the session of 1856, Mr. Edmundson of Virginia stalked across the front area towards Mr. Giddings evidently with the purpose of a personal if not murderous assault, when Mr. Giddings, shaking his fist, let fly at him the quotation:

> "Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
> And make your bondmen tremble."

The friends near Mr. Giddings pushed forward, and Mr. Edmundson, being possibly a little obfuscated, was taken back to his seat.

Scenes like these in the halls of Congress were plain indications of the intense feeling that animated even the calm-

est and most restrained of its members. The country behind Congress was no less disturbed. Serious men felt that the waters of the great deep were moving and events of portentous gravity impending. The signs of a terrible storm increased in number: the disruption of the Whig Party removed the last bond between the moderate Northern antislavery men and their Southern sympathizers; the Democratic Party was rapidly falling under Southern control and ceasing to represent anything but sectionalism; the division of the Methodist Church into Northern and Southern branches was ominous; finally the violence in Kansas, amounting practically to civil war between the Northern and Southern factions, gave the feeling that a vast explosion was imminent.

"There is but one feeling," a constituent wrote Morrill at this time, "that pervades this whole community; it is a feeling of fear, fear that the slave power will ultimately triumph, not only for Speaker, but on the Kansas question — but I hope not."

The speakership contest, already described on an earlier page in Morrill's own words, was the first struggle in which he took part. The issue was from the first tacitly and soon avowedly a sectional one, and there was precipitated a struggle not surpassed in bitterness and seldom equaled in length in our legislative annals. The rival candidates very suitably represented the rival forces. William Aiken, the Democratic candidate, was from South Carolina; N. P. Banks, the Republican, was from Massachusetts. The contest drew a clear North and South line. Every vote for Banks was a free-State vote; every vote but one for Aiken was a slave-State vote.

At the last, on the hundred and thirty-third ballot, after the contest had endured from the 3d of December to the 2d of February, Banks was elected and the Republicans

were filled with exultation, Morrill not less than the rest of the party.

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 3, 1856

MY DEAR WIFE:

I supposed you would get a telegram before my hasty scrawl of last night would reach you, but I could not resist the impulse to write to you first announcing our glorious triumph. Six years ago Toombs, Stephens, Clingman, etc., rejected Robert C. Winthrop because, although a gentleman, scholar, statesman, and a man of high qualifications for the Speaker's chair, he was not a pro-slavery man. He was not anti-slavery — he was national, even — for "our country however bounded." That is, not a disunionist, though Texas had been annexed. But *he* wouldn't do. *He* was from Massachusetts. Nothing good could come out of Nazareth! *Now* they are forced to swallow a man from Massachusetts not only, but one who has something more than the "smell of fire on his garments" — a man from "the strongest anti-slavery" furnace (district) in the Union! — Well, it is true that it was hard work to pour the medicine down their necks, but I verily think they needed it and that it will do them great good.

Tell your father we didn't "flunk out" as he predicted we should. Nevertheless it has been achieved only by the most arduous effort you can conceive. We had to meet able, adroit, bold, cunning, and reckless forces. They fought us at every step, and even after Banks was elected continued the fight, a portion of them, for two hours like graceless, bully blackguards.

The House and galleries were crowded to the utmost limit and such a noise, huzzas and cheers, as resounded in the lofty ceilings you can little imagine. The cordial grip of the hand went round like a chain shot on our side. On t'other side you saw the Waterloo in their faces. All was lost. The verdict was against them with costs. They must foot the bill. We tendered the plurality rule two months ago. As they are beaten, the delay and costs of continuance — not less than $300,000 — must and will be charged over to them by the country.

You see, my dear Ruth, that I am *chock full* of the subject and cannot write about anything else and must sing the same tune to others of my friends to-day. I know you will rejoice with

me that for once in forty years the North has exhibited something of manly strength. Alas for the hobbling cripples we have lost on the way — Dunn, Scott, Moore, Harrison, Haven & Co. — they may now call upon the rocks and hills to fall upon and hide them, and they won't call in vain!

N.B. Went to the President's Levee Friday. A great crowd there.

So much of the session had been consumed in the speakership contest that an extra session was unavoidable. During the next two or three months the tension of feeling only slightly diminished and afterwards rose to a more threatening level. In Kansas civil war existed; in Congress the feeling between Northern and Southern representatives was one of dangerous hostility. Sumner's terrific diatribe, "The Crime against Kansas," had been followed three days later by the murderous assault made upon him by Brooks of South Carolina, probably the most shameful episode in our whole Congressional history.

No other event did so much to fix the resolution of Northern men or to dispose their minds for war. Its reverberations were world-wide and far deeper than the South perceived.

The assault was committed on Thursday, the 22d of May; on the Sunday following, Morrill wrote his wife:

I have been to hear Dr. Sunderland to-day and he belabored brutes, border-ruffianism, and the downward tendencies of the times without stint or mercy. President Pierce was present. The sermon was a bold stroke at Congressional murderers, bullies, and black-guards. It pinched on Sumner's vituperative severity some, but was terribly severe upon half-civilized self-retributionists. The excitement here is intense. The Northern men are determined to submit to no further outrage, and scenes of great turbulence are expected. I shan't run, arm, nor kill anybody, and I don't intend to be whipt or shot. So you need not be under the least apprehension on my account.

A week later he recurred to the subject:

Sumner is now supposed to be nearly past danger. The feeling is intensely bitter and we expect for the remainder of the session scenes of turbulence. Many of our Northern men have arms. That evinces too much trepidation. No one from the North will bate his breath for fear of the bullies, however, and blow for blow in all cases is to be given.

The rest of the letter is worth including for the glimpses it gives of the home interests. Few of his letters of this period are without an allusion to "little Justin," whose loss weighed heavily on the hearts of the parents:

I am glad if Albert has found time to do anything for the burial ground of Mr. Harris. The flower from little Justin's grave I was glad to have, though crushed, like him, in the very hour of its beauty. I trust it looks pleasant and not sad to you when you go there and bring back all the precious memories that cluster round that dearest departed joy.

I have been half-inclined to go home for a week, but it is necessary for some to stay and Sabin has gone — Collamer too. It is not expected that anything will be done here for three weeks — the conventions drawing off members, so that the House will not have a quorum. Our folks in caucus rather agreed to stay, but I find they have left in large numbers.

How do the grapes get on in the grape house? — that is, have they blossom'd? I suppose you may have strawberries soon. They are plenty here. Does our bed thrive? Did the Elm at the summer house survive the winter? I saw it was hurt. How about the European Lindens, the Peony — (pi-ny), etc. How grows your stuff in the hot-beds? Any caterpillars on currants, on gooseberries or apple trees?

The Sumner outrage occupied the attention of Congress during much of the summer. On July 13th Morrill wrote:

We have spent all the week on Brooks and the debate has been rather hot, but we can't expel the "gallant nephew" from South Carolina. Herbert's jury are out since yesterday and not agreed yet. The Judge charged so as to clear him. The trial is little more than a farce. If he should be acquitted, as is most likely in the end, then I suppose we shall have the honor of his company

again in the House. Unless this district shows more of a disposition to enforce law here, I shall soon get ready to vote for a removal of the capital to Ohio or to some other free State. They fined Brooks $300 for the assault on Sumner, where if Sumner had beaten one of Brooks's negroes as bad they would likely have fined him $1000 and imprisoned him to boot.

While a committee of the House still had the outrage under investigation, Morrill rose to make his maiden speech on the admission of Kansas as a free State. It was the 28th of June. He had now been a titular member of Congress for more than a year and a half. Yet, owing to the anomalous arrangements governing elections and terms of Congress, he had not had an opportunity to address the House. The first, this was also the only speech he was able to present during the two years of his first term, and for this opportunity he was indebted to the accident of an extra session.

It was a conciliatory speech. With the extremists he had no fellowship. He had grown up in the school of Webster: to him the Union was sacred, inviolable. He did not contemplate its dissolution; he could no more excuse the violence of the fire-eaters of the South than the fanaticism of Garrison. After some modest opening phrases, Morrill said:

> I know, Mr. Speaker, that it is the custom of some . . . to deal in acrimonious philippics, and with studied forethought "to plant a thorn in the side" of some States situated North or South of a certain line, as if that were proof of true patriotism or elevated statesmanship. I have a scrapbook myself of "stubborn things," but I hope never to be provoked as far as to call and cull them from their hiding place. . . . Never do I intend to throw an ink-bottle across the map of the United States.

Continuing in the tone of conciliation, he next emphasized what was generally overlooked or ignored by Northern

apologists and declaimers — the share of Northern men in the responsibility for slavery:

The South has its sins quite the color of scarlet, but ought not to be made to bear these and the sins of the North also which are not altogether white as the wool. The South say — and I believe truly — that if they have slaves, Northern traders greatly aid in their introduction. The race of Northern traders is not yet extinct. If the slave power is increased, it is because Northern traders have largely contributed to that result. Northern doughfaces — the Buchanans — for the purposes of thrift and political ambition, have sneaked into the camp of the South and tendered from time to time various outposts of liberty and yet we heap the chief obloquy upon those who are merely the recipients of such disgraceful generosity. . . . As well taunt the receiver of stolen goods and let the thief go unrebuked.

His severest blows he reserved for the two Northern miscreants, President Pierce and the newly chosen candidate of the Democratic Party, Buchanan, who promised, if elected, to follow in Pierce's footsteps.

The present Administration must be held responsible for all present slavery agitation. Its chief is a Northern man. Its legal adviser, also the reputed wizard behind the throne,[1] is a Northern man. It has evinced great alacrity in plunging into seas of trouble; but not being a strong swimmer, cannot extricate itself. Now it is embroiled with Spain, with Central America, then with England, Denmark, and France — provoking hatred and incurable irritation abroad, without securing love or respect at home. Regarded with universal suspicion by almost the entire civilized world, it has also aroused the hatred and defiance of savages whom it everywhere persecutes. If we were in a war to-day, we have no nation that we could reckon our cordial friend, unless we except Russia, the conqueror of Hungary. The leading characteristic of the Pierce Administration is to have the biggest quarrel with the smallest Power; to do most when it says least, and least when it says most. . . . It blows the loud bugle, and then *faints*. . . . But most unfortunate of all has it been in its spas-

[1] Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts.

modic administration in Kansas. If the bill establishing the Territory was properly characterized by Colonel Benton as a "Shilly-shally, willy-wonty, donty-canty law," certainly never had law a more fit Executive. The only doubt is whether it is more grossly wrong when it will or when it won't — when it don't or when it can't.

When he turned to slavery he spoke in the tone of Webster, the tone of studied moderation. While expressing the profound condemnation of slavery that was universal among Republicans, he refused to be led into any condemnation of the South or any language that could be called provocative:

We say, from the clearest light we have from above, from history, from experience, from the combined testimony of good men of all ages, slavery is wrong. Our heart's best blood has no sympathy with it. And yet we ask no note of this. It is only as a political and economical question obtruded upon us, that we deal with it. We say, also, that we have no sympathy with that legislative atheism which denies and flouts the Moral Governor of the universe by its senseless attacks and jeers upon the "higher law." At the same time we have no purpose to interfere with the rights of conscience of other men, nor with the rights of States; but we do claim here, on all questions looking to the extension of slavery, where others claim the right to vote aye, the correlative right to vote no, and shall exercise it.

It was well received, as so reasonable and persuasive a speech deserved to be, and strengthened his position in Congress as well as at home. He referred to it modestly in a letter to his wife in which he adds another glimpse of the workings of the House:

I made my speech yesterday, but under unfavorable circumstances. The House had been a long time in session and all were anxious to come to the vote on the admission of Kansas. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages my friends here profess themselves entirely satisfied with it. It will be in the Globe of tomorrow and I shall forward a copy, my dear, for your criticism. But you must remember it is my maiden effort. Portions of it

kept the House in good humor, and I acknowledge I desire it may meet with your approval. . . .

To-morrow — having secured the previous question by a far better vote than I expected yesterday — the first question will be on the admission of Kansas as a State. I think we shall carry it by a close vote. The next business will be the report of the committee for the expulsion of Brooks. As it takes two thirds to do that, of course we shall fail. The discussion will be exciting. Then the Report of the Kansas Investigating Committee — who will give us many bloody facts — will come up. On the whole, considering the state of the matter we may expect a hot time.

Though there is no evidence that the speech made any stir, for he was not then, nor at any later time numbered among the orators — he lacked the voice, the action, the power of utterance, and the love of forensic combat to make him an ideal speaker or a leader of debate — yet this first speech made everywhere a good impression as a sound, competent, and dignified contribution to the discussion. It accorded with the views of his constituents and reflected the position of the main body of Republicans; possibly it added strength to the support of the bill, which passed the House on the 3d of July by 99 to 97, but was lost in the Senate.

Kansas and slavery were the real issues of the campaign of 1856, and before the close of Congress, which was kept in session until August 30th, the contest was in full swing. The Republicans had nominated Frémont and the Democrats Buchanan. Kansas and the slavery question were the issues, with the threat of disunion in the background. On these issues Morrill was in complete accord with the heart of Vermont which was emphatically Republican, and he returned to his home to find his reëlection assured.

The Presidential election of 1856 was one of the most momentous and excited in our history. The assault on Sumner, the destruction of Lawrence, the spreading and deepening

sense of the terrible possibilities involved in such events as these, gave a tense and anxious interest to the struggle. Southerners repeated on every hand that the election of Frémont meant revolution. Buchanan wrote a friend summarizing many letters he had received from the South: "They say explicitly that the election of Frémont involves the dissolution of the Union, and this immediately." In a similar vein, Governor Wise of Virginia wrote, "If Frémont is elected . . . this Union will not last one year from November next." [1] When the Republicans resorted to the cry of "Bleeding Kansas," the Democrats taunted them by saying that they were trying to elect their candidate by "shrieks for freedom." The phrase was immediately adopted by the Republicans as a new watchword [2] and was widely used. In Vermont there was hardly a contest, but great efforts were put forth to make the Republican majority as impressive as possible. The September elections for Congressmen rolled up a large vote. Morrill was reelected by over 8000.

Morrill's public life may be said properly to begin with his reëlection in 1856. His first term, like all first terms, was a novitiate, a test, a preliminary and experimental period. He had shown industry, and had been assiduous in his attention to the business of the House. Though his appearances on the floor had been few and brief, they had served to give him familiarity with the scene and the mechanism of legislation, to make him known to his fellows and to give them a taste of his quality. It was already clear that he was not to be brushed aside; when he had taken a position he would not lightly yield it. No man maintained the just claims of his State or his constituents with more spirit or firmness. In presenting the claims of two aged veterans, Zadok Thompson and Nathan Launsbury, he showed both tact and per-

[1] Rhodes, II, 209. [2] *Ibid.*, 220.

sistence, winning over the opponents of the payment by persuasive words. Not even a Southern opponent could continue opposition to paying a small pension to "a poor old man about one hundred years old." In sustaining the claim of the State of Vermont to be reimbursed for the expense of calling out the militia to preserve the neutrality of the country in 1838–39, he showed unyielding firmness. When a member from the South proposed to kill the measure by an amendment, Morrill appealed to the sense of justice of the House. "If any citizens of Vermont are entitled to bounty land under the present laws, certainly I do not think this House will be disposed to deprive them of it by such an amendment as this." And at a later stage in the debate he retorted effectually to his opponent, "Well, Sir, because the Government has delayed the payment of a just debt seventeen or eighteen years, they [the claimants] are not any less entitled to it." He gained the point and the bill passed. Two other issues destined to be important later had his attention. What appears to have been his first appearance in legislation was on February 28, 1856, when he rose in debate to introduce a resolution which contained the germ of his Agricultural College Acts:

> That the Committee on Agriculture be and they are hereby requested to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Board of Agriculture under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior; and also of establishing one or more national agricultural schools upon the basis of the naval and military schools, in order that one scholar from each Congressional district, and two from each State at large, may receive a scientific and practical education at the public expense.

The second question touched a more vital and living topic; it was one of the minor issues of the Presidential campaign. This was Mormonism and its polygamous practices. The Republican platform declared it was both the right and the

duty of Congress "to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism — polygamy and slavery"; but polygamy was destined to stir the feelings of the country many years later, even after slavery had ceased to be. The closing paragraph of Morrill's brief remarks suffices to show the temper in which he approached the subject. "There is no purpose," he said, "to interfere with the most absolute freedom of religion, nor to intermeddle with the rights of conscience, but the sole design is to punish gross offenses whether in secular or ecclesiastical garb; to prevent practices which outrage the moral sense of the civilized world, and to reach even those 'who steal the livery of the Court of Heaven to serve the Devil in.'" Perhaps he may have felt, as possibly his colleague Senator Edmunds did twenty years later, a certain sense of responsibility to attack and destroy the evils of Mormonism because its prophet and founder Joseph Smith, as well as his successor Brigham Young, was a native of Vermont.

With his reëlection he settled down to the work of a legislator and began that career which was no less notable for its consistency than for its length. Regarding his course from the end rather than the beginning, and seeing how year after year and decade after decade he maintained his interest and sustained his championship for the causes which first engaged his support, observers have been inclined to credit him with prophetic vision and preternatural patience. Perhaps a simpler explanation would be more just. It is hardly likely that Morrill, any more than others of his time, saw the end from the beginning. Nor is it necessary to credit him with extraordinary intellectual powers. What is likely is that, in entering upon public life, Morrill transferred to the larger scene the experience and the motives of the smaller one he had left, projecting into national affairs the habits and principles learned in the village. We shall probably understand

him better, both in his achievements and his limitations, if we think of him as applying to the great affairs of the nation the lessons of his country store, his farm and his house. We shall find him in his tariff theory and practice considering what would be for the best interests of the storekeepers and farmers — first of Vermont, and then of the rest of the country; in his educational programme he nationalized the needs of his own youth and of those similarly circumstanced; in his financial views he was governed by the rules he had applied in his business at Strafford; his policy on national buildings was simply an expansion on a vast scale of his course in building his own modest house in the place of his birth. He was no Webster with imperial pose and eagle eye sweeping his country's history in a great vision; no Clay mastering and guiding men with an instinct for control; no Sumner with a single aim pursued with fanatical devotion. From first to last Morrill was a moderate, believing in progress by gradual steps and distrustful of undue zeal, haste, and all forms of excess. Toward the end of his career, when he was the patriarch of the Senate, some one said of him that he spent more hours in his seat than any other member of the chamber. It was always the same. After his death a writer of a statistical turn of mind counted up his labors and found he had made over a hundred set speeches and had appeared in Congress by speech, resolution, petition, motion, or suggestion, 2477 times.

In spite of the election of Buchanan, which did not wear to his contemporaries the fateful and disastrous aspect that it has for modern historians, the Republicans came back to Congress with some of the spirit of victors. Though they had not won, their candidate had polled 1,341,264 votes and the Democratic success was that of a plurality, not a majority. Republicans looked confidently forward to victory at the next election. In this new spirit of confidence Morrill

shared and showed it in the increased energy with which he entered into the labors of the House.

An opportunity came for the use of his special training, when toward the end of the year a tariff bill, afterwards known as the Tariff of 1857, was introduced. The motive of the bill was to check the flow of revenue with which the Treasury was glutted — for the country was very prosperous — by reducing the taxes on imports. It was a very moderate measure, making as a rule only slight and unimportant changes and was generally acceptable, the only active opposition coming from the manufacturing States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey and from some of the wool-growers. Morrill was one of the very few Republicans who opposed it and this on the ground that it did not give sufficient protection to Vermont wool. On January 14th, he proposed an amendment increasing the tariff on wool; on February 6th, he returned to the charge and declared himself "in favor of a protective tariff," whereas "under the proposed tariff wool would be imported duty free." He must therefore oppose it, but "if certain amendments were agreed to he should vote for the bill."

This declaration he expanded into a formal speech in which he defended the general principle of protection and urged its application, not only to wool, but also to hardware, sugar, cotton, and American products in general: "I confess," he said in opening his speech, "that any bill which reduces our present enormous revenue must be a very bad one, in my judgment, if I cannot give it my vote. . . . An overflowing Treasury contains but one drop less of misery than an empty one. A surplus of money, or of health, oftenest seeks a cure by vicious and riotous dissipation. . . . Let us, then, all agree to curtail our revenue, and thereby check the imperial extravagance which is involving all branches of the Government." He cast a passing but a searching and half-

prophetic glance at business conditions. "If no revulsion should occur in the commercial world (which is not to be wholly unapprehended)" — the panic of 1857 was only half a year away — "it is probable that the reduction will not be so great as estimated."

Then he turned to the special interests of Vermont: "My constituents . . . are more largely engaged in the wool-growing business than in any other one pursuit which can be affected by the tariff. In 1850 there were 1,014,122 sheep in my State, producing 3,400,717 pounds of wool — my district contributing over one third of the amount."

To the argument that it was to the interest of the wool-grower to have free wool, he made a vigorous reply.

> But who is it, Mr. Chairman, that comes here and asks for the repeal of the duty on wool? Certainly not the wool-growers. Whatever they may think about it, they are at home feeding their bleating flocks, and protecting them from the wintry blasts; but the agents of the large manufacturers and importers are here, bleating like lambs, with persuasive tongues and curious figures, in favor of free wool, and disinterestedly endeavoring to protect the wool-growers from their ignorance and folly in not recognizing their benevolence. At their own cost they are here trying to prevail upon Congress to pass a law which, they say, will give the farmer a higher and more permanent price for his wool than he had ever yet received! "The Trojans feared the Greeks, even when they made presents." The Trojans had reason to fear a wooden horse, but here is quite as alarming an exhibition of the woolly horse.

He concluded his speech with a general argument for protection as a means of attaining true independence — "that we shall be independent in peace as in war. . . . Such articles, then, of primary necessity as there is any hope of successfully producing, should be waked into life — nursed into perennial vigor — by moderate and steady discriminations in their favor so long as their condition makes it proper, or so

long as there is a probable chance of ultimate success. I trust we shall be able to harmonize all interests by being just and liberal to all, and check the unprofitable accumulation going on in the Treasury. With these objects in view, I shall vote for such amendments as the line of my argument would indicate, and, if they are adopted, I shall then vote for the bill." On February 18th he took the floor again in behalf of the Vermont wool-grower and showed so thorough a knowledge of the conditions in Vermont and, moreover, stated his position with so much moderation and cogency, that he gained the day by a vote of 85 to 39.[1]

We have quoted thus fully from Morrill's first speech on the tariff because it marked the beginning and laid down the principles of a course that was maintained for many years and had a powerful influence on the fiscal policy of the country. It served also to fix the attention of his fellow-members on the representative from Vermont who stood so stoutly to his guns and so thoroughly knew what he was talking about.

Meantime he had given faithful and assiduous service to the Committee on Territories of which he was a member and had kept a jealous eye on both Utah and Kansas. On January 19th he moved a resolution asking the President to inform the House whether armed resistance was offered in Utah to United States officers, and on February 23d he delivered a formal speech on "Utah Territory and its Laws — Polygamy and its License," a sober but earnest indictment of Mormonism and its leaders. He denounced the "Church" for its practice of slavery, both of negroes and Indians, and for polygamy; he pointed to the general suspicion that it condoned or directed bands of assassins. Of the Indian he said: "However cruelly we may have treated the Indians . . . no party and no government in this country has for ages

[1] Morrill's amendment was lost, however, in the final stages of the bill.

sanctioned the idea of reducing the red man . . . to slavery. However bitter may be the ultimate fate of the American Indian . . . this is a dreg placed in the bottom of the cup by Utah alone."

Polygamy stirred him to greater depths:

Stealthily at first, but now openly, the practice of polygamy has become a deep-rooted and notorious institution of the Mormons. . . . Under the guise of religion, this people has established and seek to maintain and perpetuate, a Mohammedan barbarism revolting to the civilized world. It is polygamy in its most revolting form, including in its slimy folds sisters, mothers, and daughters, and in order that no element of cruelty and loathsomeness may be wanting, it includes facility of divorce . . . it is not enough to usurp the complete sovereignty over woman, and degrade her to the level of a mere animal; but the Mormons, when their appetites become sated, through the intervention or favor of their high priests, are enabled to indulge their caprice. . . . As well might religion be invoked to protect cannibalism or infanticide.

In speaking of the Danites, or Destroying Angels, believed to be employed by the "Church" as assassins, he contented himself with stating the evidence and enumerating the crimes:

The murder of Governor Boggs by Porter Rockwell, then and now a Danite . . . in good standing it is said, in the Mormon Church. The murder of Secretary Babbitt, for no known reason save that he was suspect of being an insincere Mormon, has been attributed to the same hand. The murder of Gunnerson's party — charged upon the Indians — is quite often placed to the account of the "Destroying Angels" as aiders and abettors. . . . Jacob Lance was slain, as is believed by many, by a Danite. . . . The horse of one of Colonel Steptoe's men came back from a short trip out of the city, with no rider in the saddle. The loss was never satisfactorily explained. Mr. Hartley, going out one day with Bill Hickman, a Danite, has not been heard of since. Many California emigrants have disappeared on the Utah route. . . . All these charges may be slanderous stories; but if they are, they are

lies with many circumstances tending to arouse suspicion . . . these Mormon prophets and apostles, if they do not mean anything . . . should be more wary about talking of *unsheathing the sword, fixing the place,* and the *shedding of blood in word and deed.*

It was a solid, weighty speech, and as it became widely distributed served as the armory for many an attack on the Mormon power.

Looming over this and all other questions was that of slavery: it would not down; it could not be ignored; its influence permeated every discussion. On March 4th, the day of Buchanan's inauguration, Morrill returned to the issue of Kansas which had smouldered since the session began. As a member of the Committee of Conference he reported disagreement with the Senate conferees on the reference to Kansas and moved that the House refuse to yield, but adhere to its position.

Two days later a new aspect of the whole question was forced upon public attention by the famous Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court. It had been long awaited and not a few forecasts of its terms had been made, but when it appeared and when it was seen what a position Chief Justice Taney, supported by a majority of the Court, had taken, the North was astounded. The popular version of the decision was "negroes have no rights which the white man is bound to respect." What Chief Justice Taney said was that negroes "were not intended to be included under the word 'citizens' in the Constitution and therefore can claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to the citizens of the United States." The doctrine was so repugnant to the feelings of Northern men, so inhuman, so stark in its brutality, that it produced an immediate and violent revulsion. Instead of putting an end to the discussion, as it was expected to do, it inflamed and exacerbated public feeling. To Republicans it was a clear

challenge, for if the opinion of Justice Taney were the law of the land the Republican Party had no reason for being. The party was founded on the proposition that Congress had the power to permit or exclude slavery in the Territories. If Congress had no such power, the basis of the party had gone. Morrill saw the situation as plainly as any of his colleagues and responded at once with energetic protest to the decision which he denounced as the work of a tool of the pro-slavery party. In a statement full of pungency and vigor, he called for a reform of the Court:

One of the earliest duties of the people — the holiest mission of the Republican Party — is to re-form the Supreme Court. Accustomed as we all are to reverence this Court — bowing as only good Catholics bow to their infallible Church — this announcement may arouse the latent conservatism of some Republicans, but when the liberties of this country are assailed and the forebodings of Jefferson have begun to be realized, it is no time for reserve. If the Supreme Court cannot be checked, no law of Congress, no article of the Constitution itself, will be of any force, only through the forbearance of that very respectable body of very old gentlemen who wear very long silk gowns. Concede the unlimited power of interpretation to the Court and laws and constitutions are but clay in the hands of the potter. Created a judicial department of the Government, it now claims jurisdiction over the legislative department and enters at last all political power in its own hands. Its sword of Justice is turned into a battle-axe to serve a party in the day of peril and to fight in the last ditch in behalf of slavery.

It has been studiously changed to do this very work. Politicians, not men learned in the law, are made to fill the places of Marshall and Story. Pro-slavery Senators have culled even the nominations of pro-slavery Presidents, so as to secure tools and tools only for the work in store. Thus, the Dred Scott decisions were made, not because the case required it, but because Democratic Senators had made a compact so to have it.

When Chancellor Walworth of New York had his name presented to fill a vacancy in this Court, pro-slavery Senators rejected him because they were afraid to trust him. When George

E. Badger had his name presented, he, too, although from a slave State, was rejected, because he, through Congress, had power over the Territories. But such a man as Clifford, void of any qualifications saving fealty to slavery, easily passes and for life controls our destiny.

Four of these judges have districts containing over thirteen millions of free people, while the other five have only about five millions of people. Two of the four have more work than all the other five. Is there any equality in this? Does it not demand reform?

If in the course of a merciful Providence some of these judges should be removed from a world of sin, it would become us not to murmur. According to the old proverb when death enters at one door there is an heir at the other. It will become us to look out for the heirs. Beyond this, the whole Court should be reorganized — younger blood infused — and distributed more properly.

During the summer and fall that followed, the country was in the grip of the great panic of 1857, which so far absorbed public interest and attention as to drive even Kansas and the slavery question into the background. Perhaps as a consequence, or possibly because the people were tired of agitation, the Republicans lost ground. The moral zeal of New England, stirred by the abolitionist agitation, discharged itself in various sporadic movements.

Although during the summer the slavery question had slept, when Congress reassembled the strife broke out anew with greater intensity than ever; as Lincoln said in the course of the Douglas debate next year, "When was there ever a greater agitation in Congress than last year?" How fierce the agitation was the records of the time make plain. The historian Rhodes says:

> It was moved [February 5, 1858] to refer the President's Lecompton message to a special committee of fifteen. This gave rise to a heated session, lasting all night. A violent altercation [referred to more at length earlier in this chapter] occurred between

Keitt, of South Carolina, and Grow, of Pennsylvania. Keitt was the aggressor, and it was commonly reported that Grow knocked him down; but the South Carolinian, in making an apology afterwards, said he was utterly unconscious of having received any blow. Stephens wrote: "Last night we had a battle-royal in the House. Thirty men at least were engaged in the fisticuff. Fortunately no weapons were used. Nobody was hurt or even scratched, I believe; but bad feeling was produced by it. It was the first sectional fight ever had on the floor, I think; and if any weapons had been on hand it would probably have been a bloody one. All things here are tending to bring my mind to the conclusion that the Union cannot or will not last long."

The political atmosphere of Washington was highly charged. Shortly after this affray in the House, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Green, of Missouri, had a controversy in the Senate, and each gave the other the lie. The Vice-President interfered with decision, and a personal encounter was prevented, but Green threatened to settle the affair five minutes after the Senate should adjourn. But no challenge was sent, and the following day both gentlemen made the usual personal explanations. Out of this affair, however, grew an agreement between Cameron, Wade, and Chandler, in which they asserted that in the event of any Republican Senator receiving gross personal abuse, they would make his cause their own and "carry the quarrel into a coffin." [1]

Nowhere was the Kansas struggle followed with keener anxiety than in Vermont among Morrill's constituents and he felt himself strongly supported in his steady antagonism to the pro-slavery forces. The feeling of Vermonters is very plainly shown in a passage in a letter which is all the more interesting because it is from Morrill's predecessor in Congress — Andrew Tracy:

> I agree with you fully as to the matter of being shot; or shooting some of the Southern swaggerers. Northern sentiment must be brought to sustain a man if he fights and to disgrace him if he declines, or dodges. No man should hereafter be sent from any free State who will not fight, no matter what else they can, or

[1] Rhodes, II, 297–98.

will do. No Northern man can now feel otherwise than chagrined, mortified, humbled even, by the course of events at Washington in this respect. Burlingame skulked shamelessly and Woodruff more so. If they are afraid to die and had rather be spit upon than risk themselves before a pistol muzzle, let them come home and better men take their places. I am for fight until Southern Vapourers have got enough of it.

A more moderate and more weighty comment was contained in the closing paragraph of a letter from Senator Collamer, the most eminent son of Vermont of his time:

Mr. Morrill, whether Kansas is admitted as a State or not, free or slave, the subject of slavery will be and remain a topic of agitation during our lives and much longer; and we shall have occasion for much talk, and I hope more reflection, than has ever yet been expended on the subject.

Yet in this, as all other controversies, Morrill maintained the courtesies of debate and never found it necessary to quarrel with his fellows from the South. This habitual courtesy, joined to his exceptional faculty for legislative business, his gift for clear statement, and the inevitability with which he was found in his place, led to his early appointment to important committees, first to that on the Territories, second to that on Agriculture, and then to that of Ways and Means, made by the new Speaker, Orr of South Carolina.[1] As this was then, as now, one of the most important committees of the House, the appointment carried with it recognition and distinction. "At last," he says, in a letter to his wife of May 29, 1858, "I am promoted by the Speaker to a vacancy in the Committee of Ways and Means."

Though it was a reward, it was also a burden which the Speaker was glad to lay upon capable shoulders. The House, like every other talking body, loves a skillful, painstaking

[1] Orr succeeded Banks who was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1857.

legislator. Such a man is always rare; for the membership is, in the nature of the case, made up chiefly of orators, politicians, agitators, and place-men, who for the most part lack both the faculty and the industry for bringing legislation to pass. But Morrill showed, from the first, that rare instinct and mastery of legislative affairs which arose from a long and successful management of business with the added poise and coolness which comes from having put business behind one. Always alert, wary, ready, he was never in a hurry. There is no evidence that he was a fisherman, but in his legislative career he gave a perfect example of the patient, adroit angler. For legislation is by no means the simple process that it seems either to him who sees it as the clash and combat of giants or to him who regards it as the direct registration of the people's will. It is a great drama, a play of moods, affected by weather, by accident, by sudden gusts of passion, by equally sudden and unpredictable spells of inertia. Many a bill has gone through the House in an hour of gloom or lassitude that in an hour of passion defied all the forces of the most powerful of administrations. There is, besides, the labyrinth of procedure in which the most unexceptionable of measures has many a time been lost — a labyrinth which many clever men have never mastered in years of service. For both the human and the mechanical windings of the way, Morrill had a prescient eye and possessed a gift for finding the channel. So, just as his neighbors in Vermont had formed the habit of coming to him to draw up their resolutions and shape their platforms for local elections, his fellows in Congress soon learned to look to him there for skillful phrasing, suave presentation, firm handling, and an even temper in debate.

He had also in a high degree the gift for making friends and securing the adherence of his associates. Though he was not convivial and was never described as a merry or jovial

man; though he did not draw men by sheer vitality — by the very gusto and zest of life like Douglas's or by gifts of jocularity and wit like Lincoln's or by smiling bonhomie like Blaine's — he was always able to summon loyal and able support.

The combination of these gifts helps one to understand the half-envious comments frequently encountered on his success in carrying his measures through Congress. Though it is too early to deal with the Land Grant College Act which deserves a chapter by itself, the first skirmishes in the enactment of that measure afford an example of his skill. On the 16th of December he introduced his bill in the House and moved that it be referred to the Committee on Agriculture of which he was then a member. The motion was defeated and the bill was sent to the Committee on Public Lands, which kept it for several months and reported it, as Morrill anticipated, unfavorably. Inasmuch as the House was Democratic, the outlook for the bill was dark, unless the majority could be divided. To accomplish this various motions were made; one to print and postpone consideration, a second to recommit to the Committee, and a third, made by Morrill himself, to take up a substitute amended to meet the more serious objections to the original bill and recommit that instead. The opponents of the bill now moved to lay it on the table, thus ending its career, but this Morrill and his friends were able to defeat and demanded the "previous question" which would cut off debate. Two days later, Cobb of Alabama, representing the opposition to the bill — here, as everywhere, in that period, sectional divisions appeared and a Northern measure, especially a Republican measure, was sure of Southern opposition — attacked it on constitutional and State rights' grounds. The sequel has been told by a careful student:

Mr. Cobb having finished, the rules now required the Speaker

to put to the House the pending motions. The first motion was Mr. Morrill's, to recommit the bill with his substitute to the Committee on Public Lands. Mr. Morrill evidently concluded that this was bad parliamentary tactics, as the adoption of "the previous question" enabled him to get a vote immediately upon the passage of the bill, and he asked permission to withdraw the motion, but opponents of the bill, angered at the cutting off of debate, objected, and the motion had to be put. Mr. Morrill then appealed to the friends of the bill to vote down his own motion, and in such good discipline were the supporters of the measure that the motion to recommit was voted down 105 to 93. The substitute offered by Mr. Morrill, which had never been before a committee, was then adopted, and the Speaker informing the House that the question was upon the passage of the bill, the bill was passed by a vote of 105 to 100.

In this way, through Mr. Morrill's ability in handling parliamentary procedure, a bill which had been reported unfavorably by its committee was passed eight days later with practically no discussion of the real merits of the bill on either side. It will also be noticed that the bill as passed had never even been considered by a committee and that the two speeches which the House was allowed to hear did not discuss the essential character of the measure.[1]

It is interesting to find Morrill, in his second term of Congress, referred to as having a large part of the House under "discipline," and there is no doubt that the passage of the bill against an unfriendly majority was a piece of very skillful tactics. The bill was, unfortunately, doomed to be long delayed in the Senate, and, even after it had passed there, to be vetoed by the President; but meantime all was well and the success of its first stage was greeted with praise and satisfaction by many throughout the North who were following its course, and especially by Morrill's friends in Vermont.

His constituents had every reason to be content with his record. Not only had he put forward his Land Grant meas-

[1] *Federal Aid for Vocational Education*, 7, 8. Carnegie Foundation.

ure which was popular among the farmers, but he had labored for an increased tariff on wool; he had defended the interests of his State at every occasion and continued to do so. On the 21st of January he rose to move that in the proposed legislation for the improvement of navigation on the Great Lakes, Lake Champlain should be included, and on February 15th, he took strong ground on a matter on which both the patriotism and the interests of Vermont were highly sensitive. About reciprocity with Canada, Vermont had always been jealous. She was both a rural and a frontier State, which is to say that the memories of the Revolution and the War of 1812 were kept alive long after they had ceased to smoulder in other parts of the country. The farmer of Vermont felt himself robbed by every pound of butter, every cord of wood, and every head of cattle that came across the border to be sold in competition with his own products. This gives the key to Morrill's attitude on reciprocity, both then and later, and is a factor in his views on the tariff. At any rate, on the 15th of February he introduced a resolution which, however illiberal it may seem to us to-day, undoubtedly reflected his own convictions and those of his constituents. The resolution which was read and by unanimous consent agreed to is in these terms:

> That the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to inquire into the expediency of abrogating the late so-called reciprocity treaty with Great Britain and whether the same does not operate disastrously upon the timber and grain-growing regions of the United States, as well as against American interests generally.

All this attention to the material interests of the country had not obscured his concern for moral questions: he continued to give thought to the problem of polygamy in Utah, and on January 4th introduced a bill "to punish and prevent the practice of polygamy in the Territories of the United States and other places," which was read and after some

humorous discussion referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Over all continued to loom the shadow of the slavery question.

As spring drew nearer, the desire to return to Vermont, to the wife he had left there and the infant son whom he had scarcely seen, grew upon him. His impatience showed in a playful letter complaining of the scarcity of letters, addressed with mock formality to Mrs. Justin S. Morrill, and beginning, "Dear Madam."

> I propose to visit the North at some time — I can't say when — and from what I have learned of your character I desire to solicit a correspondence with you as a prelude to a further acquaintance, in order that we may not meet as strangers. On my part you will not expect that carefully beautiful chirography which comes from those who know how to teach the young idea [Mrs. Morrill had been a school-teacher before her marriage], but I promise docility and hope for facility in imitating such *copy* as you may set. On these terms I beseech your favorable consideration.
>
> I may say that I am six feet high, nearly, a little bent, have some holes in my stockings (Mrs. W. will remedy all that) and keep my finger nails clean. My appetite is fair and I don't smoke.
>
> But fun apart — I fear you have not been well enough to write. I am waiting rather anxiously to hear. Even Louise [Mrs. Morrill's sister] don't come up to her promise.

And now the Congressional elections approached again. This time he wanted to be reëlected; for he had set his hand to two tasks which he wished to fulfill: his Land Grant College Act was still pending in the Senate and he had begun to prepare for a revision of the tariff. Yet he shrank, as he had done and continued to do all his life, from an active or importunate canvass. During his term he had done what he deemed proper to keep his constituents informed on the labors and achievements of Congress. He had purchased 17,325 copies of the important speeches of the session and

sent them to his constituents. Although the bulk of these were his own speeches on Kansas and Utah, there were forty-six other titles which he apportioned among the voters according to their tastes and preferences which he well knew. In this as in all that he did, he was thoroughly methodical as may be seen in the three volumes preserved in the Library of Congress which contain a register of voters in his district and a minute record of every document sent to each of them while he was in Washington. To some he sent Douglas's speeches, to some Henry Winter Davis's, to some Seward's, Wade's, Giddings's, Chandler's, Collamer's, and Dawes's. By these and other constant, thoughtful attentions, he kept in such friendly relations with the voters of his district that when elections came he had little cause for anxiety lest he be supplanted in their affections.

They reciprocated his interest in many letters which laid a heavy burden on one who conscientiously answered all his correspondents *in his own hand.* They gave thanks for documents — and asked for more. A naïve supporter in Guilford writes: "There was some of our prominent men felt rather hard toward you for some time from the fact that you sent documents to no one but R. B. Field. They said they presumed you thought there was no one in Guilford but Rodney Field. Such is human nature; we are all jealous of each other." He closes with an appropriate postscript: "N.B. Are there any copies of the Pacific Rail Road surveys? . . . I think they must be a very valuable book."

One wonders whether such eagerness for public documents still exists? Probably the greater abundance of reading matter has diminished the charm of these dry records, but in 1856 it was acute. Another writes, "I wish you to send me the entire Patent Office Report for 1857 . . . and I would like to have you likewise give Slavery the Devil." There spoke the heart of Vermont. It had an echo in the letter of George

Mason of Barnet — a letter worth preserving if only to show how independent of convention, alike in spelling and punctuation, a vigorous style may be:

BARNET, VT., *August* 21, 1856

DEAR SIR —

The news that the friends of Freedom in Congress have effectually prevented the application of the People's money from being appropriated to the payment of border ruffians and border ruffianism — is receaved here with perfect satisfaction and I might say with delight amongst the friends of Constitutional freedom — indeed when it is known that the American Congress will reather disband there wholl army than pay one cent to the demands of a wicked Slavery extention Oligarchy — it will be veiwed as a bright spot in the history of America — it will be receaved as a sure evidence that the constitution will be mentained and the Union preserved — the people will honer the names of those who have — *thus* — put a stop to the mad scheams and Suiciditcal policy of a recreant administration — we are full of hopes — that you will finish at the extra session — that good work which ye have so auspiciously begun — for the active part you have taken and well aimed blows you have dealt in this battle between Slavery and freedom accept of my highest regard and esteem

yours truly GEORGE MASON

These patriots wanted slavery lambasted and earnestly desired also that President Buchanan should not escape his share of punishment. "Was ever man guilty of penning such a lying document as the President's message on the subject?" [the Lecompton Bill] asks one. A citizen of Putney has no doubts: "He is a rotten-hearted old fogy. If Providence were not indeed long-suffering he would have received a just recompense . . . long ago." A mild letter almost heightens the effect: "I am sorry to say," writes a cautious voter, "that I think Mr. Bucanan [*sic*] less a statesman that he ought to be for a man of his years and experience." But the general tone is harsh: nearer the key is the indignant cor-

respondent who asks, "Is the Administration demented or mad with power? God save our country from the folly of our rulers."

Naturally enough, with such sentiments, when the time came they voted solidly for their representative. The election of 1858 gave a proof of his strength. Although there was some talk of rival candidates, this died down when the convention met, and in the first issues after election the "Burlington Free Press" could say, "In almost every town heard from Mr. Morrill's vote is ahead of the Republican ticket."

Morrill returned to Washington in December with the increased prestige of election to a third term. He was no longer a beginner, but was on the way to being numbered among the veterans. Length of service carries weight and gives influence in any association, but in Congress, where precedence and authority depend so largely on seniority, this is doubly so. The House especially is so huge an organism, so slow to move, that a new member has little power; in fact he must serve at least two terms in order to convince the body that he is to be regarded seriously as a member and not a mere transient sent to Washington by the accident of a single election. It is a penetrating remark that Blaine makes: "Except in a few marked instances the House has always been led by men whose reputation has been acquired in its service. Entering unheralded, . . . a clever man is sure to receive more credit than is really his due when he is so fortunate as to arrest the attention of members in his first speech. Thenceforward, if he be discreet enough to move slowly and modestly, he acquires a secure standing and may reach the highest honors which the House can confer."

Morrill had passed the early stages of such a progress and was now moving forward into a place of acknowledged leadership. He had formed friendships with the ablest men

of his party, Fessenden and Grimes, Collamer and Sherman, Colfax and "Thad" Stevens; he was assured of a lease of legislative life of more than two years; he was warranted in making a programme, and he planned to bring to fruition two measures — the Land Grant College Act and a revision of the tariff, both of which merit separate and full consideration.

CHAPTER V

THE MORRILL TARIFF

THE fashion which was set in the latter part of Morrill's life of describing him as a member of the "Old Guard," and as an uncompromising protectionist, tended to give a false impression. True it was that he belonged to the older and more conservative wing of his party and set his face like flint against new-fangled notions of finance and sovereignty; true also that he was an unwavering supporter of the doctrine of protection; but he was never an advocate of extreme high tariffs. Here, as in all else, he was a moderate, and he himself told in later life of the remark which Garfield made to him after joining the Ways and Means Committee, "I thought you were an extreme protectionist, but I find that in the hearings before the committee, you are fighting against too much protection continually."

The panic of 1857 had thrown not only the people but the Government also into financial distress. There was not revenue enough to meet the current expenditure and Buchanan's Administration was obliged to borrow money for daily requirements. The remedy proposed was threefold — to provide for the outstanding Treasury notes, to raise a loan, and to increase the revenues by raising the taxes on imports. The matter was referred to the Ways and Means Committee and, said Morrill, "I was made one of the subcommittee to continue the work of altering the schedules and producing an orderly protective tariff. . . . Associated with me were Henry Winter Davis of Maryland and William A. Howard of Michigan, the latter a cogent, clear person to express a case, while Davis was of all the men I have ever

known in public life, the most extraordinary orator. . . . We entered into the preparation of the bill with diligence. I wrote all the bill; the other two diligently conferred with me." It was a task of great labor, demanding patience, accuracy, and that detailed knowledge of goods and prices which few members of Congress possess — a task for which Morrill's early training had given him incomparable preparation. He and his associates labored upon it throughout the session and, as a letter from Davis shows, he at least continued to labor on it during the recess. It was already *his* bill. "I wish you all success," writes Davis from Baltimore on the 20th of August, 1859, "in your hunt for new facts and methods for the improvement of your bill. I fear I cannot add much to them, but I shall be only too glad to have the honor of doing battle for your work. It was rightly named [the Morrill Bill]: no one in the House of Representatives but you could have prepared it. . . . I suppose some intriguers will propose procrastination till after the Presidential election; but how can the imputation of faithlessness be met after such conduct? We *must* pass a bill in the House and force the Senate to accept or defeat it; it is sound policy — a necessity — nay, more — *honesty*. I feel confident you can strengthen your bill in more points than one by returning to the more moderate rates you, Howard, and I all preferred: and driving discontented and arrogant interests to present their extreme claims as separate amendments; if they fail, so much the better — they have gotten the best they could: if they pass, we have gotten the best we could. But passed in one shape or another it ought to be. We are now independent of Penn. Locofocos, and all rotten sticks."

It is a commonplace that no form of legislation is more difficult of enactment than a tariff measure because it touches every interest. Every Congressman feels obliged to give such a bill the closest attention lest some manufacturer

or importer in his district feel himself injured by its operations, and few are the manufacturers or importers who do not take direct steps to safeguard their interests — all uniting to make the life of the manager of the bill miserable until it is passed. Though at all stages Morrill had loyal friends, such as his colleague Davis, John Sherman, the acting Chairman of the Committee, and even Democrats like Pendleton of Ohio, who, while warning him that he should vote against the bill, meantime lent valuable aid, he was nearly exhausted by the strain, so that, as he says, "weary and worn with unending day and night labor on the Committee of Ways and Means," he longed to retire from Congress. Not less wearing than the preparation of the bill was the long task of steering it through the shoals and past the dangerous reefs of the parliamentary channel, where many an enemy takes his last revenge by discharging against it a hostile motion, or diverting its course into a dead-water where there is no steerage way. And there was the ever-present sectional hostility which was rapidly making of Congress a battle-field where the forces, soon to meet in arms, tried their skill in wordy battles to the applause and hisses of the crowded galleries.

The bill met its first obstacle when it was brought in by the Committee. On the 12th of March, 1860, Morrill rose and in the usual phrase addressed the Speaker, "I desire to report from the Committee on Ways and Means a bill to provide for the payment of outstanding Treasury Notes, to authorize a loan, to regulate and fix the duties on imports, and for other purposes." Under ordinary circumstances this formality would have been met with acquiescence, but the Democratic members were in bad temper over the Homestead Bill which had just passed to their discomfiture, and their general disposition to regard all that came from a New England source with hostility being intensified, they blocked

the way. The bill could not be reported; in fact it was not reported until a new rule of procedure had been passed providing that the reception of bills should not be obstructed. Under this new rule Morrill introduced his bill on March 19th with the somewhat curt announcement, "I am directed by the Committee on Ways and Means to report a bill," etc. He then moved a resolution that the bill be printed and a thousand extra copies made.

The debate that followed was earnest, acrimonious, and at times embittered. It was difficult in that epoch to conduct ordinary business because the accursed slavery issue was always at the speaker's elbow, coloring every motive and reading dark purposes into the most innocent remark. Although both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury had urged that such a measure as the Morrill Bill be passed, their followers in the House showed a great unwillingness to support it, lest it conceal some Northern device. As a rule Southerners were for free trade, and held it as a grievance, even to the extent of using it as one of the excuses for secession, that the North enriched itself at their expense through the tariff. Nor could it be denied that the present bill gave some ground for attack. It was undoubtedly devised with the intention of winning over the State of Pennsylvania by the iron tariffs and securing some of the Western States by the wool tariff. Its strongest support came from Pennsylvania and it justified the hopes of its sponsors in the election of the next fall. "Thad" Stevens, the most formidable parliamentary combatant on the floor, of whom Blaine remarks, "He had the reputation of being somewhat unscrupulous as to political methods," supported the bill with his habitual trenchant force. To divert the Southern members from their usual attack, he revived an ancient bogy, "British gold," that recalls the device of the "bloody shirt" in 1880 and 1884. He repeated a journalist's charge that

"the tariff of 1846 was produced by the gold of England," but "In 1850 . . . the Queen Victoria party was no longer in power here." It seems a rather creaky dragon to expose to daylight, but the monster was probably more intended for duty in the rural districts of Pennsylvania than in Congress.

Morrill, on the other hand, while he did not disdain in his set speeches to make use of the anti-British sentiment of Vermont, devoted himself in debate to the terms of the bill. As always, he was conciliatory and strove to win the Southern votes by a mild and persuasive address. To the objection that the bill was a protective measure he replied, "There are no duties proposed on any article for the simple purpose of protection alone," but rather, "following the great models of free trade, we have added a large number of articles not produced in the country and that cannot be produced here." Further to mollify Southern opinion, sensitive upon the lack of manufactures in the South, he added, "The average rates of duty upon manufactured articles are not higher, but rather lower, than they are now."

His set speech of April 23d, widely used as a campaign document in the succeeding fall, was not one of his great speeches because it touched too many subjects, but it was skillfully drawn. With the tone of explaining and excusing the errors of the Buchanan Administration, he succeeded in exposing its ineptitude and incapacity. He showed how the Secretary of the Treasury had underestimated the imports by over $150,000,000 and the revenue by $10,000,000, and how, while proclaiming that "the idea of increasing the public debt to meet the ordinary expenses of the Government should not be entertained for a moment," the debt had actually been increased by $47,000,000. Then, turning to the necessity for a revision of the tariff to provide revenue and meet the debt, he defended his bill as a moderate measure. He attacked free trade as a foreign, a British, doctrine.

"Free trade abjures patriotism and boasts of cosmopolitanism. . . . The most insidious scalping-knives we have to encounter are British free trade and British reciprocity." But for protection he had little to say. "The principles upon which the present tariff is founded do not necessarily raise the question of protection *per se*. Our manufacturers have made such advances that a revenue tariff, with proper discriminations, will be found, in most instances, all that may be required for a fair share of prosperity. No prohibitory duties have been aimed at; but to place our people upon a level of fair competition with the rest of the world is thought to be no more than reasonable. Most of the highest duties fixed upon have been so fixed more with a view to revenue than protection." Even the measure of protection now provided would soon be unnecessary; for "we have made more rapid strides in cheapening manufactures, and therefore lessening the necessity of incidental protection, than ever England made herself in any equal period of time. . . . The British tariff existing in 1842, with the difference of circumstances, was more discriminating and afforded more incidental protection than what we ask for America now. The pupil will soon overtake his mistress."

When he came to discuss the tariff on cottons he made a direct appeal to the South. "Many of the Southern States have really more at stake in cotton manufactures than many of the Northern, or than several of the New England States. . . . A tariff to them, in my humble judgment, is a more vital necessity, and far less burdensome, than to any other States in the Union. They have more to gain by it, and less to lose."

In spite of the fact that the Administration admitted the necessity of such a revenue measure and was, in theory at least, committed to the support of it, the course of the bill through the House was anything but smooth. Its opponents

adopted the familiar method of loading it with amendments calculated to nullify its provisions, so that when the time came for a vote on it, whatever virtue it had possessed was gone. But the Republicans felt that a tariff bill must be passed. How it was finally accomplished has been told by Morrill himself: "John Sherman was acting Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means when we had to bring it to a vote. He came to me and said, 'Have you a clear copy of the bill as you want it to be? If you have, give it to me and I will have it passed.' The bill was being considered in Committee of the Whole at the time, and I went to the Clerk's desk and had to write as fast as I could in order to get the enactment into its proper form. . . . At a favorable opportunity a motion was made to discharge the committee and resume the regular business. Then the bill was reported to the House by Sherman and moved as a substitute for the bill which had been under consideration in Committee of the Whole, and was passed under the 'previous question'" — which precluded debate. It was thus passed by skillful parliamentary tactics, the bill as finally voted never having been discussed — a parliamentary device to which Morrill was no stranger, but had availed himself of when his Land Grant College Bill was before the House.

Thus the Republicans were able to go before the country in the campaign of 1860 with a protective tariff bill passed in the face of Democratic opposition and blocked in the Senate by Democratic votes. The bill became one of the issues in Pennsylvania, the pivotal State in the great struggle; there Morrill went in October in response to the appeal, "Your tariff record will help us. All must be done that can be," and contributed to the victory which seated Lincoln in the White House.

It was the 10th of May when Morrill's bill passed the House, but months were to elapse and great events were to

intervene before it became law: the revolutionary election of 1860 which placed the Republicans in power and revealed North and South in utter division; the actual beginnings of secession, and the withdrawal of Southern members from the Senate, all came to pass before the measure was accepted in the other chamber and received Buchanan's signature on March 2, 1861. It is safe to say that, had the Democrats realized what perilous use would be made of the Morrill Tariff in the campaign, they would never have so relaxed their vigilance as to let it pass the House, but, confident of their complete control of the Senate, they thought it harmless. In fact, however, it supplied the conclusive argument in Pennsylvania where the tariff became the main issue, overshadowing even the Union and slavery questions, and confounded the Democrats by electing Governor Curtin and a Republican ticket.

In this crucial struggle which determined Lincoln's election, Morrill, as has already been intimated, took a not inglorious part. His tariff bill had made him a national figure. He found himself sought after for addresses and campaign speeches and within a short time had become one of the sights of Washington. It was not much later than this that a correspondent wrote to his paper in Boston:

> Foreign gentlemen visiting the House of Representatives always inquire for the author of the "Morrill Tariff," which they have been falsely taught by secessionists is one of the causes of the rebellion. Nor is there in the Capitol a better specimen of a practical, intelligent, industrious, and above all honest legislator, than is personified in the senior Representative from the Green Mountain State. . . . Mr. Morrill is yet in full vigor of health, rather tall, with what are called stern Roman features, a clear blue eye, brown hair, and side whiskers, and a very common-sense look. Those who find him unwilling to favor their individual interests in the adjustment of tariffs or taxes don't like him, but those who can appreciate his services in advancing the in-

dustry and in strengthening the finances of *the country*, look upon him as "the right man in the right place."

A special correspondent of the "Springfield Republican" made him the subject of one of her sketches:

Self-made men are usually more or less angular. Their strength obtrudes itself in sharp points, often more piercing than pleasant. We acknowledge that strong development only to deplore the lack of symmetry. Mr. Morrill has the bearing of a man who was born with the opportunity of liberal culture. He is tuned by temperament to the harmonies, not the discords of life. His voice in the House always commands attention. Men instinctively listen to that man who, with his own unaided hands, has unlocked the gates of honor, and without help won for himself the prizes of wealth and eminence. Dr. Holmes, who is so great a genius that it is a thousand pities he is so great a snob, says that "a gentleman can only be produced three removes from the soil." Before he writes his next drawing-room article for the benefit of the superficial and supercilious belles of Beacon Street, he should come and see how fine a fabric of a gentleman Vermont has wrought, in her crisp sunshine and crystal air, but one "remove" from her strong, brave soil.

Not all the portraits of the period were so flattering, for the Morrill Tariff was a cause of much disquiet and bitter resentment in the South, where it was recognized soon after the war began as a valuable means for raising revenue and as the basis for wide extension of fiscal measures. To a portion of the South, Morrill's name was anathema and some of the results were amusing. His own account of one incident was given many years later:

Early in the Civil War my picture was put forth by a rebel Virginia newspaper, with an advertisement offering a like reward for me, dead or alive ($25) that was usually offered for the recovery of runaway slaves, and they described me as a person who would sooner be suspected to have been the author of Yankee Doodle than of the infernal tariff of 1861. The picture was of course pleasing to the Old Masters of the South, being after the

Satanic manner of Hogarth's Jack Wilkes, but I have not learned that it has been made immortal by preservation in any of their historical societies. It will be for posterity to say, if posterity should ever trouble itself to say anything about it, whether or not the Vermonters made a mistake in not surrendering me for the $25 Virginia reward.

The description of him given by the "Richmond Examiner" may have been derived from the picture which has not been preserved.

He is the very embodiment of Yankee character. He looks *mean* in every fiber and lineament of his wretched body. Vulgarity, conceit, cowardice, and rapacity are stamped unmistakably upon his frontispiece. He looks as if he had been brought up on Yankee Doodle — a tune which could only become a favorite among a mean and sneaking people, and which would inevitably make any race so who were not so before. In looking at Morrill, the only matter of surprise to any believer in physiognomy is, that he has not been imprisoned for stealing sixpences or selling wooden nutmegs, instead of being the author of the more adroit and gigantic robbery of the famous Morrill Tariff Bill.

After Lincoln's inauguration and just as the tariff was going into operation, a fresh storm of attack broke out against the bill and its author. In two successive numbers, "Harper's Weekly" printed cartoons; one illustrating the effects of the bill at home, where it was shown as demoralizing the customs service, the other its ill effects abroad, where it was supposed to have estranged British feeling. There was a hint of truth in both pictures, just as there was in the other more far-fetched theory that the Morrill Tariff was a factor in the secession of Virginia and North Carolina. If it affected opinion in these States, it was to a negligible extent; it was there an excuse rather than a cause, and only important because it contributed to identify slavery and free trade as against freedom and protection, a collocation of which protectionists made great capital.

As to the effects of the Morrill Tariff abroad, these seem to have been more tangible. Motley wrote from London on March 15th:

I know, on the very highest authority and from repeated conversations, that the English Government looks with deepest regret on the dismemberment of the great American Republic. . . . At the same time I am obliged to say that there has been a change, a very great change, in English sympathy since the passing of the Morrill Tariff Bill. That measure has done more than any commissioner from the Southern republic could do to alienate the feelings of the English public towards the United States, and they are much more likely to recognize the Southern Confederacy at an early day than they otherwise would have done. If the tariff people had been acting in league with the secessionists to produce a strong demonstration in Europe in favor of the dissolution of the Union, they could not have managed better.[1]

The attack at home was evidently inspired by the hope that the new administration might be led to repeal or amend the bill. Many of the leading papers denounced it both in articles and editorials. In New York the "Evening Post," the "Journal of Commerce," the "Express," and the "Commercial Advertiser" united in an onslaught upon it. Some of Morrill's friends became alarmed, and Henry Winter Davis wrote him from Baltimore advising him to reply:

They hack away at our bill. I amuse myself every now and then by picturing your disgust at some of the attacks on it. But I am convinced it will substantially stand the test. I do wish you would write a few articles exposing the ignorance and falsehoods combined misrepresenting it, and publish in the "Tribune" or "Times," and let me know when they appear. It is essential something of the kind be done. Give people some accurate idea of the percentage of the duties on the main articles, the policy of the discriminations, and point out the few really bad points in the bill, so that the people may discriminate.

[1] Quoted by Rhodes, III, 315, 316.

Evidently Morrill took the advice seriously, for in the "Tribune" of March 27th there appeared an article in his unmistakable style, followed five days later by an editorial in which reappear some of the arguments and some of the very phrases he had used in the debate in the House. It made an effective reply, but, in fact, events were rapidly making all argument futile. Within a few days war began and the need for war revenue silenced discussion.

His way of life in Washington at this time was simple and modest. He continued to live, as he had begun, in a boarding-house not far from the Capitol. It was not until many years later, when he had become settled as a member of the Senate, that he took a house. At this time and for years afterward he was uncertain of his future and hardly expected to remain in public life. Meantime he found congenial mess-mates among other members of the House and the Senate. Neither then nor since have Congressmen made much use of clubs in Washington, and their social life, especially such as lived bachelor lives, was restricted largely to the intercourse of the cloak-room and the boarding-house. In this, however, Morrill was fortunate; his fellow-boarders included some of the choice spirits of the time: in 1861, for example, there were with him at Mrs. Shipman's boarding-house on Seventh Street, Fessenden of Maine, a man without a peer in the Senate; Grimes of Iowa, probably the ablest man his State ever sent to Washington; and Washburne of Illinois, afterwards Grant's Secretary of State for a brief period, and Minister to France. "The table," he said, in a passing reminiscence of one of his fellow boarders, "was always a season of enjoyment, and he participated in current topics of conversation with as much zest as he engaged in graver debate." Grimes and Fessenden were unusual men and in the highest degree companionable. Morrill al-

ways spoke of them with affection; they "were much together," he said.

I have seen them in my rooms repeat poetry to each other almost by the hour from Shakspere, Pope, and especially Burns. Grimes had a rough nature, but he was the ablest man that Iowa has brought forth. Fessenden surpassed any person I have known in public life as a legislator on his feet. What he said had nothing superfluous: every word fell to its place. He could say more in a brief time than any man of my knowledge. He had both moral and physical courage in an equal degree. His impetuous nature was often restrained by the fitness of things. You know that he and Mr. Sumner had agreed to disagree. Sumner had been elected to the Senate by a combination of the Free-Soilers and Democrats, and he liked to pick at the Whigs, of whom Fessenden was one. His speeches were generally written out and committed to memory, and his slanting shots would sometimes strike Fessenden, who said to me once: "If this were not an obituary occasion, I would skin that fellow alive." When he made his obituary speeches, Sumner did not forget that he had an insinuation to throw over to the Whigs. All that sort of thing was foreign to Fessenden's nature and made him angry. When I went up to the Senate, he said to me: "I want you on the Finance Committee." I told him I thought it would not do for two or more persons from New England to be on that committee. "By God," said he, "you shall come there."

There was all the greater need for good-fellowship and pleasant company in the hours of leisure away from the House; for the division between North and South had gone so far there as to leave little room for companionship within its precincts. During the period while Morrill's bill was under consideration there had been times when it seemed impossible for the hostile parties to continue together under the same roof. In some of his later memories Morrill recalled an episode which involved Thaddeus Stevens:

It was a standing rule of the House that members must speak from their seats. One day Mr. Stevens, while making a speech

that was very unacceptable to Southern members, had wandered into the aisle and far down toward the area in front of the Speaker's chair. He was at once loudly called to order by those he had offended, several leaving their seats and approaching him as if to drive him back. Whereupon some of our side of the House rushed up to his support. Being not far away, and thinking he might be unmindful of the rule, I got near enough to advise him to return to his seat. "I shall," said he, "when the Speaker gives the order; but I do not obey the orders of slave-masters." [1]

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence, but one of them, that of April 5, 1860, in which Lovejoy of Illinois, Potter of Wisconsin, and Pryor of Virginia were the chief actors, was so violent and dramatic that it has become historic.[2] Morrill who was present described it in a speech to his constituents fourteen years later:

In the famous scene in the House, when Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois set the whole House in commotion by one of his most violent philippics against slavery — in his heat, rushing from his seat and marching towards the other side of the House — Mr. Pryor, as well as other members, made the point of order, correctly enough, that Lovejoy must speak from his seat and that he should not come there in a menacing and ruffianly manner. Mr. Potter in the Globe of the next day was reported to have said, "You are doing the same thing." In a personal explanation Pryor wanted to know if he was to understand that any menace or offense to himself individually was intended. Potter responded that he "deprecated the shaking of fists on one side as much as the other, but I meant what I then said and I stand by what I said." To this Pryor replied: "The gentleman says 'that he stands by his language.' I am very glad to hear it. I understand him then to give me the liberty of construing his remark as I please. I will put what construction upon it I please and whether or not he stands by it the sequel will demonstrate." Mr. Potter said, "Let it demonstrate."

This was a pretty blunt beginning of the sequel. Mr. Pryor's remarks had been received with frequent derisive laughter upon the Republican side of the House, but, to use the current slang,

[1] *Forum*, October, 1897, p. 142.

[2] See Rhodes, II, 436–39.

it was evident he meant business. Pryor was a conspicuous figure in the House, being a tall, muscular man, with a rather small head, covered with very long black hair, and having a large, prominent nose. He was an orator of no mean parts and in fiery invective rarely equaled. He became a rebel General, but is now [1874?] a prominent lawyer in New York City.

Both Mr. Potter and Mr. Pryor were absent from the House the next day and for a week. No one could tell where they were, and even the civil authorities could not find out, but all understood that a duel or preliminary negotiations for a duel must be pending. Mr. Potter at length appeared in his seat again, followed by Mr. Pryor, and the belligerent correspondence was soon published. The sequel had been demonstrated, from which it appeared that Mr. Potter, as the challenged party, having the choice of weapons had selected through his second Bowie knives, not exceeding fifteen inches in length. To this [weapon] Mr. Pryor's second objected as barbarous and uncivilized, and was answered that the Bowie knife was peculiarly a Southern weapon, frequently used there in the field under the code and constantly resorted to for the settlement of personal difficulties. I do not quote the words, but this was the substance. The hostile meeting, therefore, did not take place, but both parties most likely went armed for some time, more or less apprehensive of a street encounter. I am very certain Potter was not long abroad defenseless, as all sorts of huge, grotesque Bowie knives were presented to him by those who admired his pluck.

Worn with labor, repelled by the turmoil of Washington, drawn by the peace and quiet of Strafford, and influenced also no doubt by the tradition of "rotation in office," Morrill made up his mind to retire from Congress. He said:

I had served six years in the House when I felt that I ought to decline further service. I was tired and I so told the managers, but they would not listen to me. Said they: "These are war times; we need you. Six years ago we elected you because you wanted to be elected. Now you must serve because we need you." The first thing done by the convention was to pass a resolution declaring that declinations would not be received, and I was renominated on the first ballot.

Renominated by a vote that overruled his declination, and triumphantly reëlected, Morrill came back to Washington, to find the atmosphere tense and every one's nerves on edge. The first efforts of Congress were to devise measures of conciliation and on December 6, 1860, the House formed the Committee of Thirty-three on which Morrill had a place and did yeoman service, for he was by nature a peacemaker. The committee showed wisdom and its labors deserved success. As one re-reads the history of the time he realizes with a sinking of the heart how, had all the House or a majority been imbued with Morrill's love of peace and willingness to be guided by reason, the bloodshed and waste of the war might have been averted. But it was not to be: the fire-eater of the South found his counterpart in the Radical of the North and they carried their sections over the brink of the catastrophe. In spite of the irreconcilables, the majority of the Committee presented a plan of compromise which might have had a chance of success. Unfortunately it was now too late. The Southerners were fascinated by the adventure of secession, not yet aware how terrible a course lay before them; the Republicans were resolved not to give up the fruits of their first victory, nor to pay too high a price for a mere truce. Something of this appears in Morrill's speech of February 18th:

> The South shall have all its rights; but I am commissioned to surrender none. . . . What I can properly do to restore harmony, although it may prove fruitless, I shall try. I will deal in truth, frankness, and conciliation.

He was not very hopeful, but he closed with a passage full of good feeling:

> Let me appeal to all parties, to try to live under that Union a little longer. . . . Give us another span of seventy years, and prolong the hopes of mankind in the possibility of man's power of

self-government. Do not let us break up the model with which patriots, though with unequal steps, in contiguous as well as far distant countries, have struggled and are struggling to mould institutions like those among which our own still live the leading example. But if all our attempts to put off the evil day shall fail, and this matchless form of free Government is to be put to the extremest peril, it will rally all the vigor remaining in its Constitution in behalf of self-preservation. It cannot abnegate its power, and it will not die willingly. The great heart of the Nation will confront all dangers, and survive, I trust, to cover friends and foes with countless blessings.

During the session that began on the 6th of December, 1860, Mrs. Morrill remained in Vermont, and to this circumstance we are indebted for a number of Morrill's letters to his wife, full of illuminating touches. On December 7th he wrote her about the Committee of Thirty-three:

Your letter of the 4th came this morning and finds me at home — Congress yesterday having adjourned over until Monday. You will see that I am on the great committee to save the Union, but I do not think it can be saved. . . .

There can be no compromise short of an entire surrender of our convictions of right and wrong, and I do not propose to make that surrender. All that can be done will not satisfy the cotton states. Nothing short of legalizing and introducing slavery in the North would satisfy them. By making any offer of compromise, we shall only incur disgrace at home and have our humble offerings rejected at last. I regret the facts, but we must accept the truth that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between our systems of civilization. I look for much suffering in all parts of the Union for the year to come. Whatever seems to be my duty I intend to do, but the way before us is not very clear. . . .

It is perhaps to this adjournment and the sight of the new House assembled that we owe some verses on Congress which he made to amuse his wife and sent her some time during the month:

Machine-made lines by a Member of Congress, to his wife, December, 1860

Vast halls we here behold, with corridors
Of tessellated marble, stairs and doors
Wrought deep in bronze, and, grand o'er all, the dome
Uplifted high, with base fixed on the home
Of th' capital. Here men of public fame
Appear, and some who soil their names with shame.
For ev'ry orator of brilliant hue
We find an equal dunce and sometimes two.
The statesmen, men of sense, most calmly talk
And calmly vote; while others often balk
In speech, but seem to bluster when they vote,
And send to Buncombe speeches others wrote.

The daily din of measureless routine,
The dullest forms, with voices good or mean,
Here mingle with minds of grander scope,
Which elevate or sink the nation's hope.
The Speaker raps, then comes the chaplain's prayer,
While 'gainst all rules Kenyon smokes, so does Blair.
The journal's read, the reg'lar order cried —
Small sums debated long, while millions slide,
The galleries indecent hiss or cheer,
And members shine when many ladies hear.

Tho' duty binds me here, my thoughts will roam
To far-off snow-clad hills, my cottage home,
Where modest porch to all a welcome gives,
Where love, of life the light, forever lives;
Tho' all outside the air to zero falls,
The blazing maple, brightly shining, calls
A dearest circle, loved and loving ones,
My house-hold gods, around the warm hearth-stones
My wife and child and heart all cluster there,
A friend or two, to help along the cheer,
Drops in, and, slicing up the village news
And pippins too, don't currant juice refuse,
Or, when alone, some book wafts th' hour along,
Till ev'ning closes with the family song.

This marks perhaps a barren, homely taste,
Place misplaced and ambition run to waste,
But homespun joys I here lament to swap
For toil to harvest fame's most meagre crop.

A week later he sounded the same note:

Secession does not abate much of its fury, and as I have said from the first the cotton States are mad enough to try the game. If it was not for the bad example, I should like to see how they would get along alone for a few years.

And on the 23d he wrote at some length to a Vermont Democrat who had besought him to compromise:

Your favor of the 18th inst. is at hand, and in reply I have this to say, that I shall do what I think right regardless of consequences, but I shall not surrender my manhood nor yours — for in this contest, your principles at this time and here, are as uncurrent as my own. Loving my country with my whole heart I should be glad to conciliate and preserve the Constitution and the Union. The malcontents split your party for the purpose of raising this occasion to precipitate a revolution. Still they would not succeed but for the weak, if not worse than that, old man at the helm [Buchanan] who is daily leaning on Secessionists instead of the whole country for support. Why, sir, a week ago some of your Douglas Democrats seriously considered the project of impeaching him. Still I do not believe the Union is to go down. . . .

It is a deep laid, long-pondered plot to break up the Government. Disappointed men and the chronic disease in South Carolina are at the bottom of it. These men will be appeased only by impossible medicines. The Dred Scott decision cannot be put into the Constitution. In the days of nullification the Old Whigs sustained General Jackson, and in this crisis Democrats must reciprocate that sort of patriotism. One blast from Old Hickory's bugle at this time would be worth more than an army with banners.

But I have not time to give you an idea of the inside of this quarrel.

It is readily to be inferred that Mrs. Morrill had also something of the Spartan in her blood. To a letter of hers dated December 10th, her husband replied:

We are not making great progress. You need have no fears that I shall turn my back upon my principles or forget where I

was born, who I am or who is my wife. I shall listen patiently, talk calmly, and vote as I ever have done, as I think right, and for the interest of this country.

There follow a series of letters all in the same somber tone of one who sees unavoidable disaster impending. Brief passages covering the period from Christmas to the first of March will suffice to mark the tragic course of events:

On December 26th he wrote:

The times here are big with the fate of nations and sorely try men's souls. Our Governor I see has ordered a fast. I am glad you have got away so as not to have that to endure. The Governor should pray and pick his flint, not fast.

On the 29th, in the same key:

The weather here is gloomy, and the times are gloomy. The House only meets this week once in three days to adjourn, but our Committee of 33 meets daily. I doubt about anything being done to stop total disruption of the Union so far as the slave States are concerned. They ask new guarantees for slavery. We can only give the old ones.

On January 11th the tone was equally serious:

Revolutionary events go along in dramatic order. We know not what a day may bring forth. I do not think the secession cholera will leave a single slave State untouched. Well, it may perhaps as well come now as ever.

Two days later, in evident response to a reproach for his despondency, he said:

I am as jolly as I can be, but I cannot see our Union tumbling to pieces without sorrow. If we could legally let all the slaveholders go, I don't know but I would say amen. We can chastise them, but that will not elevate their civilization to a higher plane. The conflict will never end until we are quit of them or they are quit of slavery. The severest punishment they can have in my opinion is to let them go and lock the door so they cannot get back. But we must meet the events as they arise.

He grew angry over the weak-kneed compromisers: "The Northern Democracy," he wrote on January 18th, "in many places will leave the job of sustaining the Union and fighting traitors to the Republican Party. Caleb Cushing and Mayor Wood of New York deserve to be hung before we stretch the necks of anybody in South Carolina."

By the 23d he had given up hope for the Committee of Thirty-three: "I am very well, but our whole country is sick and I do not think there is any chance for the 33 stars ever to be grouped together again."

Lincoln's journey to Washington and his measured utterances on preserving the Union only intensified the excitement:

> We are now (February 13th) counting the votes for Pres. and Vice P. — both Houses assembled and the galleries crammed. It is an imposing spectacle and all is going off quietly. The speech of Lincoln on his way here, hinting at force for the recovery of U.S. forts and property, has roused the ire of members from the slave States and they will do all in their power now to prevent our passing any bills even to pay ordinary debts or for the support of Government. We have not time to spend in factious proceedings and I suppose they can do enough to render an extra session of Congress necessary.

The strain told on Morrill as on every one else. At the close of the letter just quoted he adds, "You will find me somewhat reduced in flesh: but tolerably well — no more than that." He now wrote (February 20th), "Nothing new except intense excitement" — doubtless that which attended the withdrawal of the Southern members from Congress, and he continues, "The Union is gone and we must do the best we can." With the seats of the Southerners empty, the situation was rapidly defined. On March 1st, he wrote:

> We are in session at the House and have defeated all the propositions of the Peace Congress and most of those of the Committee

of Thirty-three. In fact have done nearly what I thought we ought to do. We defeated even Mr. Adams's New Mexico Enabling Act. The amendment providing that no amendment should ever authorize Congress to interfere with slavery in the States passed by two-thirds majority. I felt it to be my duty to vote for it, but no vote I ever gave has caused me so much severe thought. I know it will not be approved by all of my friends now. I shall trust to time. The events which will transpire in the course of the year will perhaps justify the vote — though I should be glad if it turns out otherwise. The real disunionists are in high-feather that no compromise has passed or is likely to pass. Let them make the most of it.

I am a grumbler, you know, and am not pleased with all the names which figure in the new Cabinet. To me they do not foreshadow an honest administration nor one very Republican. Seward is making Lincoln draw it very mild, I fear. But we must not make the worst of it. One day more and Sunday — then Inauguration. A great jam is here. Never saw so many from Vermont.

There was widespread fear that attempts would be made to prevent Lincoln's inauguration and the note of relief is evident in the fragmentary letter of March 5th to his sister-in-law, Miss Swan:

Inauguration is over — the most magnificent one we ever had — and the President's Inaugural was just what it should be and every whit made by *Abraham Lincoln* and no one else. It is conceded here by all to be a paper of extraordinary ability, and, handling difficult topics, one of extraordinary tact. Conciliatory but firm. We have got a Government! Republicans and Unionmen will now try and sustain it.

The early events of the war were not comforting to patriots in the North. Lack of preparation, lack of men, arms, training, equipment, and a total misapprehension of the nature and size of the conflict before them made the early efforts of the Government ineffectual. The failure to relieve Fort Sumter was a grievous disappointment. Morrill wrote from Boston on April 15th:

The war news engrosses all the talk. I forbear all criticism because we know yet very little of all the antecedent facts. One thing is clear: the Government must and will be sustained. The circumstances are grave, but we must bear it like men. I think we shall. I see Congress is called to meet on the fourth of July — about as I have predicted, you know — so I am not disappointed.

On the following day, in reply to a wifely letter of appreciation and praise, he wrote a sober, deprecatory estimate of his achievements:

You much overrate the estimate in which I am held politically. Although I have had better fortune than most men in proportion to merit and perhaps have a fair amount of the confidence of my friends, I suppose a good share tolerate and support me because it is the fashion, while they would as readily support any other name among a lengthy list that might be named. I hope to do my duty, but I have no vanity that leads me to hope for any lasting reputation to be won by me in any position in life. I shall strive, however, not to disgrace you or my friends.

But when Congress reassembled in July, his modest self-appraisal was effectively scouted: a brief note of the 6th contains the news that he had been offered the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee — the most influential post in the House. He declined in favor of his friend "Thad" Stevens: "I could have the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means, but I have declined it. The work is very great and I dursn't undertake it." When the place was again offered him in 1865, he accepted it.

While Congress was forming its committees and organizing for its work, the armies were drawing closer together and the first battle of the war (Bull Run) was imminent. The scene was so close to Washington that many members of Congress went out to be present at the expected triumph which turned out so bitter a defeat. Morrill's letters of July 20th and 22d tell the oft-told story:

Our troops are now face to face with the enemy. I fear that public clamor has made General Scott move too soon or before we were quite ready. We hear to-day that Beauregard has about 80,000 behind entrenchments, while we have sent but 50,000 and but few cavalry. But perhaps I am over-cautious. The rascals, like pirates, will fight with desperation, as a defeat now and here, destroys them. They could not raise another army. General McDowell is pausing, but I suppose he will fight them as soon as to-morrow. Many of the House and Senate have gone over to-day to see our troops, but Scott had rather they would keep away.

The fate of the battle yesterday was against us and our fine army that went forth so gayly is coming in terribly battered. It was nearly a rout. Our loss is immense, and the loss of prestige is not to be computed. The numbers of the enemy were too great, and although our men fought well for hours they were at last exhausted from long fighting and then the cavalry of the enemy rode over them when they had no strength to resist — so they run. They come back demoralized. Alas, hosts of them can never come back and many I fear have been taken prisoners. With our entrenchments I think we can keep Washington and that is all we can do for some time to come. We must have more men and well-drilled before we can penetrate the enemy's country with any hope of victory.

And all this comes of the senseless cry of "On to Richmond!" "They won't fight!" "Only show the Stars and Stripes and they will run!" General Scott allowed himself to be moved before he was ready. Now we are suffering for it. Civilians — members of Congress — ought not to have meddled with what they don't understand. But I am not discouraged and would not bate a jot from "unconditional submission" on the part of the rebels. We shall have more to do — it will cost much, but we must not flinch a hair's breadth. Our duty to our country, to ourselves, and the world demands of us firmness and unflagging will. God rules in nations as well as in men. By what road he will take us I know not, but I feel sure the end will be right.

Whether slavery gains anything by a victory or two I think is doubtful. The end will show. But while it has not been contemplated and is not now, if it becomes necessary, I know that slavery will be handled roughly. We don't want to usurp any rights

secured by the Constitution, but the feeling is strong that every Northern man shall be acknowledged equal of a Southern man — especially as it regards courage and personal honor.

Emancipation was being talked of and the radicals were for immediate action. Lincoln knew better and Morrill felt the wisdom of his course. He wrote on December 6th:

The message of Prest. Lincoln passes very well. The most Radical abolitionists are not satisfied. I think we shall provide that all hereafter born in this district shall be free, and shall also insist that our army as fast as it goes shall emancipate the slaves of rebels — not return the runaways. This is what I am for. To talk of emancipating slaves of loyal men and paying for them, is a wild and utterly impracticable scheme. It would postpone peace beyond the present generation, or would restore the Democratic Party to power who would compromise by a base surrender of the North. If it could be successful, it would be through more than the horrors of the French Revolution — through the slaughter of not only the men but the women and children of the South. I am willing to slay the men of the South and free their slaves — who are rebels — but I do not think it best to invoke the passions of these poor degraded Africans to do what we cannot, or what it would be a confession that we cannot do — namely, subdue the traitors. I believe we can do it, and that we shall do it, without aid from any quarter.

I really hope and pray that the institution of slavery may receive its deathblow in this great struggle, and I believe it will. But let us be willing to hasten slowly. Congress has not the power to pass an act of emancipation. Our generals can confiscate mules or slaves, and I hope they will all agree to do it.

Though there never was a more constant correspondent — much of the time he wrote his wife a daily letter — his epistles were often like bulletins from the field, and to a woman away in a small village of Vermont may well have seemed scant. To such a charge he replied on December 11th:

We are getting along slowly. This side we are impatient for a

fight. On the rebel side they are equally clamorous. The people on both sides are dissatisfied with their Generals — in part at least. I am very glad to hear from you and your very finely written letter deserves a more suitable return, but you must accept most anything in war-time. When I get out of the harness of public life, I will write you at the first opportunity, such a letter as a true man ought to send to the first woman in the world — so far as his heart and life is concerned at least.

A little later he repeated his profession in a half-whimsical tone, but with all the sincerity of a first avowal:

I do not say "dearest wife," as that might imply that [you were] my second or third and dearest of the lot, while I mean it more largely even than that, that is, dearest of woman-kind. Your letters of the 29th ult. and of New Year's Day are at hand and show me while far away that I have objects which cling to me more closely than all the tumultuous waves of the political world. I must do some work, but I hope to preserve something more than a mere wreck when I retire from the present theater.

The early part of 1862 was a trying time both at the front, in Washington, and in the homes of the people. Morrill bore his full share of anxiety. On January 15th he wrote his wife

These are historical times and they demand all of my energies so to discharge my duty that if any evil betides our country, none of it shall be placed at my door. Our army is about to move again, and if these new expeditions have no better success than our previous enterprises, I shall begin to despair of the restoration of the Union. As yet I am not without hope and am for war to the bone.

Meantime a turn in the tide of war renewed the hopes of the North. Grant took Fort Donelson and the conquest of the West seemed practicable. On March 19th, Morrill's tone was cheerful. "Our news daily is now nearly all we could wish. Some tough places. What a Providence was in that arrival of the Monitor before the Merrimack had torn us all

to pieces." But the struggle was long and heavy to maintain. The men in camp suffered in bad weather. On April 9th he wrote:

It has rained and snowed here for two or three days all the time and now the ground is slightly covered with snow, and ice. It is a terrible time for our men in the field. But the news now every day shows the rebels get nothing but defeat and for the future as for the past sixty days they may expect nothing but defeat. Our men will not accept of anything but victory in any field — no matter what the odds — and the rascals will soon, I hope, have to flee for their lives and call on the rocks and hills to hide them — though, I hope, in vain.

The steady wastage of war, the daily loss by disease and death in addition to the casualties of battle, weighed heavily on Morrill's heart. When it was apparent that some preventable losses were due to carelessness, incapacity, or intemperance on the part of officers, he was deeply stirred and, in one of the bravest actions of his life, he demanded their removal. On April 22d he rose in the House and moved a resolution in the following terms:

I desire to ask the unanimous consent of the House to offer a resolution to which I think there will be no objection. It has a particular application, and I think the House will agree that it ought to have universal application.

Resolved, That the President be requested to strike the name of any officer from the rolls who has been known to be at any time while in service intoxicated by the use of spirituous liquors. [Modified to read, "habitually intoxicated, etc., while in the service."]

In support of the resolution Morrill said:

Mr. Speaker, it will be noticed that in the recent engagement of our forces at Yorktown on the 16th of the month, a very few companies of Vermont troops were ordered to a position of extreme peril and performed perhaps one of the most gallant exploits that has been witnessed during this war. About two com-

panies were ordered to take a certain battery and they went across a stream and did take the position, in the face of a foe numbering something like three thousand men — three regiments under General Cobb — and during all that time were not supported or reinforced by the general who was upon the ground. At last they retired, and the rebel papers report that all but eight were slaughtered. That is not true, but the slaughter was not only great, but useless.

Now, I am informed by a most respectable gentleman, a civilian, who was present at the time, and saw the general, that he was grossly drunk, and it was reported had fallen from his horse twice on that day; that one side of his person was covered with mud, and that his face was also covered with mud and had some blood on it. Under these circumstances, while I do not know that he was responsible for this blunder, yet if there are any men in the army who get into the condition that I am assured he was in, they deserve to be stricken from the rolls. No such man ought to be allowed to control the destinies of brave men.

Resolution passed.

Two days later he told his wife, "My resolution against drunken generals is exciting commotion, but 'let the galled jades wince.' I should hardly present such a matter unless my proof was of a sort to put the question beyond dispute."

Having taken his position, he would not yield, but defended it even to his wife:

I see [he wrote on May 1st] you regard my words about General Smith as unfortunate. That may be true, but it would have been cowardly not to have uttered them sustained by an eyewitness who stands unimpeached. The officers cannot testify against a superior and have any position afterwards. The "Tribune's" correspondent would be drummed out of camp if he did not stand up for all the officers. Some of the Colonels are no better than the General. But I don't expect them to be saints. All I ask is that they shall be sober when they are spending Vermonters at the rate of 160 an hour.

In spite of the heavy losses and privations, the war was still only in the early stages of its course, and perhaps it was

as well that no one could foresee how much blood was still to be shed before the end. Morrill wrote cheerfully when he could. On June 8th he wrote:

> The news on the Mississippi to-day of another victory of our fleet at Memphis is good. Now if we can only soundly thrash the rebels at Richmond, I shall think the Rebellion will be put down during my lifetime.

The latter part of the summer he seems to have spent at home in Vermont. In September he wrote again from Washington:

> The war news dull. Now the Administration must redouble their blows — heavy and hot — or I shall fear the result. It is no child's play. The stake is momentous. I presume all this is understood.

These war letters we owe to the fact that Mrs. Morrill remained in Strafford instead of accompanying her husband to Washington, as she seems to have done for the sessions of '62–'63 and '63–'64, for there is a gap until May, 1864. By this time the end began to be visible. Grant was in supreme command and, with Sherman coöperating with him in the West and South, set in motion the grim and costly attacks which ultimately broke the armies of the South. Morrill's letters written early in May reveal somewhat the toll of the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor. On May 7th he wrote:

> The news to-day here is that we have won a great victory. I pray to God it may be so. It is necessary to us and to our enemies that we whip them speedily. To-morrow I expect to see here the ambulance train with the wounded. Brave fellows! I know they will be well cared for, that they will forever be proud of their scars, and that they will have life pensions, but I do trust we shall get through with this bloody work this year.

Four days later more details came and they were grievous:

Our Vermont Brigade suffered in loss of prisoners, killed and wounded terribly. I have been this morning to Carver Hospital to see a few of our wounded who have arrived here. They are comfortable and feel satisfied that we are doing well, and that the fight, though bloody, is one that will result in our complete success. I hope so, but all the news is not so good as I could wish, especially that concerning Banks.

And on the 14th he wrote in a solemn vein:

The news yesterday was very good. To-day we have none. But Oh! how many hearts from this day on all over our land will bleed and forever bleed. Here is a father lost a son. He was a Colonel (Barney) and a fine officer, and the father says also a Christian. He is sad, but quite reconciled that he gave his life for his country. Here is a brother of a wounded Lieutenant. He can't get to him. I got him off on his way at last, and how grateful he was! Here were two doctors from Vermont — five hundred miles away — hasting here to bind up wounds without money and without price. God bless them! They are needed. Here is a father, (Senator Fessenden) one son already lost, another with a leg just amputated at New Orleans, and a third under Hooker in Georgia fighting for the last week, whose safety he would be glad to know. Here is a mother seeing her son (Henry) with his pack and musket moving off with his Regiment 1700 strong to the field of blood — her tears cannot be held back, proud as she is, but the boy smiles and moves on.

The day almost dawns, for it does seem as though the strength of even demons must give over after the hard knocks they have just received. We shall emerge a great and free people and those who have been in this struggle will need no other badge of distinction.

CHAPTER VI

THE WAR: FINANCE

While Morrill, like everybody else, was stirred by the struggle in the field which held all hearts, his immediate duty lay in the comparatively dull province of ways and means, and especially in the unattractive department of finance.

With the departure of the representatives of the seceding States in 1861, Congress had become less an arena of debate and more a giant committee for the conduct of business. Questions of sovereignty and the Constitution, slavery and its extension, ceased to head the list of topics of debate, and gave place to questions of national finance. The Committee on Ways and Means now held the center of the stage, and of this committee the withdrawal of the Southern members left Morrill the senior member. Precedent directed that he be named Chairman, but, as we have seen, he declined in favor of Thaddeus Stevens. On Morrill's shoulders, however, fell the brunt of the labor on tariff and revenue bills. It was early decided that his bill should be retained as a basis for the tariff measures of the war and the duties under it greatly increased.

The tariff, important as it was and remained, soon took a secondary place as a source of revenue. The vast expenditures of the war required not only direct taxation, but also enormous loans. To these problems of internal revenue and finance Morrill bent his utmost energies. Here he shone. In fact it is not too much to say that in this field his talents found their freest play and his powers their fullest application. He approached greatness in several fields, and in none of them nearer than in that of finance. More than one of

his contemporaries testified to his financial acumen; Henry Winter Davis declared he was the ablest financier of the time, and he had the profound respect of such Secretaries of the Treasury as Chase, Fessenden, McCulloch, and Sherman.

One cannot resist speculating on what would have been the effect upon his fame if the contingency to which he referred in after life had become actual and he had taken Chase's place at the Treasury. The incident arose out of the "legal-tender" discussion of 1862, in which, as we shall see, Morrill took a strenuous part. "At one time," said Morrill, "Mr. Chase, while Secretary of the Treasury, was resolved to issue his greenbacks and I did not favor that system. I was in favor of issuing legal-tenders redeemable in United States bonds. Mr. Chase was so decided that he must put the greenbacks out that he came to me and said: 'Unless this measure passes, you can have my place. I will indorse you for the Treasury Department and you can be selected.' But I had no idea of letting things come to that pass, and I suppressed further opposition to the measure."

Whether the exchange of Morrill for Chase would have been prudent is of no moment now, but it might have prevented some ills. Certain it is that of the three departments of legislation in which he labored, not without distinction — tariff, public education, and finance — the last was the one in which Morrill was best fitted to win preëminence. As an educational authority he lacked experience as well as a thorough grounding in theory; as a tariff man, though he won great reputation and had an advantage over nearly all those who have labored in the field by reason of his immediate first-hand experience in importing as well as merchandising, yet it may be doubted whether he ever mastered the principles of international trade. But whenever he turned his attention to finance, his grasp became firm and decisive;

there was no longer any doubt; he spoke with unconscious authority. Take, for example, the passages in the debate on the tariff which deal with economics and those which deal with finance. See the difference of tone. Speaking in the House on May 8, 1860, he said, "They [manufacturers] send them [their goods] abroad in order to keep up their own markets and, if possible, to depress and discourage production elsewhere" — a highly inadequate account of the function of export trade. And in his speech of April 23, 1860, one is really at a loss to decide whether protection or free trade is the ideal to be attained.

But how sure becomes the tone when he touches on money matters. See the passage which begins, "There is not a private banker in the country who does not borrow money upon his own 'shinplasters' cheaper than does the United States." The whole passage is vigorous, clear, and vibrant with indignation that the credit of the country should have been so degraded.

Though he did not possess the art by which Gladstone was said to make a speech on the budget more entrancing than a romance, he succeeded in lifting the subject of national revenue above the dullness which usually engulfed it. His speeches on tax and tariff bills were lighted by flashes of humor. Speaking in favor of a tax on foreign wines, he remarked, "It is true, that when wines are just landed they are in what is called a sick condition and their true value is difficult to be estimated. A specific duty will undoubtedly restore them to health more rapidly than any other." [1] And in support of the internal revenue tax on whiskey he said, "Whiskey and rum, with the duty added, will still leave it possible for any man or brute to get drunk in our land on cheaper terms than in any other I know of." [2] It was not the

[1] Speech on Tariff, April 23, 1860.
[2] Speech on Internal Tax Bill, March 12, 1862.

form, phrasing, or rhetoric of his speeches, however, admirable though they were in these respects, but the substance that gave them weight. Morrill penetrated with a sure thrust to the heart of a financial problem. Banking and finance were the subjects of his mature study; he had come to them with a mind trained in practical affairs and broadened by experience of life. Whereas in dealing with questions of the tariff his view was liable to distortion by the Vermonter's local jealousy of Canada or the traditional dislike for England, he faced financial and banking problems unaffected by political or patriotic bias. When he dealt with the question of paper money, he spoke out with clear and unequivocal voice.

There was every reason why his speech on "The Impolicy of Making Paper a Legal Tender" should be, as it was, a notable effort. He was then just a little over fifty-two, in the prime of life and at the height of his powers; he had grown familiar with all the moods and currents of the House of which he was one of the most popular and influential members; he was inspired by the stern emotion of a great war which was going none too favorably for the North; he felt the need of stemming the tide of a rash and defiant patriotism which would plunge forward without considering the future. The movement for issuing legal-tender paper money — "greenbacks" — had gained great headway, supported by the numerous and vociferous classes who always clamor for more and cheaper money — the debtors, the speculators, and the thoughtless. Besides these there was a substantial and more respectable body, including not a few bankers and men of affairs, who were perplexed and almost panicky over the magnitude and urgency of the Government's obligations.

Such were the conditions when he rose on February 4, 1862, to oppose the bill reported by the majority of the Committee on Ways and Means which proposed to issue $150-

000,000 inconvertible paper money — "a measure" which he denounced in his opening paragraph as "not blessed by one sound precedent, and damned by all." The natural excuse for it was that it was a war measure; but, said he, "If this paper money is 'a war measure,' it is not waged against the enemy, but one that may well make him grin with delight. I would as soon provide Chinese wooden guns for the army as paper money alone for the Treasury."

What is it [he asked] that we most need? Clearly we lack money, and wish to inspire our own people with that confidence that will induce them to lend the requisite amount. But the very first step we propose is one to destroy whatever of confidence yet remains among those who have a dollar to lend. We proclaim by an engraved advertisement — to be forced into the pocket of every man by the fiat of the Government — that we will hereafter liquidate all our debts with paper only. With such a stamp on our forehead it cannot be expected that we shall find either patriotism or selfishness hereafter prompting anybody to volunteer to take a single bond more of the United States. Some unhappy contractor may be caught, and forced to accept in payment of existing debts the ill-starred notes and bonds, to be disposed of as fancy stocks for the most they will bring; but, profiting by experience, no contractor will be caught the second time without securing an ample margin to enable him to deal at last with the Jews on the Rialto.

If the people would not take the legal tenders, he argued, still less would the banks; in short, they would not circulate.

It is pretended that, as the whole United States are holden for the redemption of these notes, they must be good, and will, therefore, pass at par, especially if made a legal tender. Never was a greater fallacy. . . . If so made, they would, to the extent they are tendered for public dues, be a forced loan; and to the extent of the difference between their current value and that of standard coin, it would be a breach of public faith.

Turning then to the probable effects of the bill, he denounced it on grounds of policy:

Mr. Chairman, I object to this bill on the ground, as I conceive, of its utter impolicy. I admit that from the contracts entered into . . . and from the heavy monthly disbursements to our army, that the Government *can* flood the country with even one hundred and fifty millions of paper dollars. But from that moment you would vastly increase the cost of carrying on the war; prices would go up, and the additions we should pile upon our national debt would prove that it might have been even wiser to have burnt our paper dollars before they were issued. The inflation of the currency would be inevitable. In ordinary times few comprehend the Archimedean leverage of a very few millions added to or subtracted from the currency of a nation actively engaged in the affairs of the world. In the former case it produces a crisis and general bankruptcy, and in the latter it puts every speculator on tip-toe to buy out his neighbor — his horse, his ox, his ass, or anything that by keeping overnight will put money in his purse. Property becomes as volatile as alcohol at boiling heat, and cannot be kept within its ancient boundaries. . . . The ecstasy of an inflated currency is enjoyed by the few only, and these are cruelly punished when the gaseous influence subsides. They now have this inflated currency in the rebel States, and all property there, real and personal, sells at nearly twice its usual value. Yet we know their positive misery. The rich men are getting possession of even the little that poor men were before suffered to retain. I hope we may remain true to our traditions.

He ventured to doubt the constitutionality of the measure, a question which, he modestly remarked, "will undoubtedly be examined by far abler hands," but on which he ventured so far as to say, "It will be conceded that the power is nowhere contained in the letter of the Constitution, and that, in all our history since the adoption of the Constitution, it has never been exercised."

He might well have spoken more strongly, and had he been able to cast his gaze forward for only eight years he would have seen the Secretary of the Treasury who now supported the ill-conceived measure, handing down from the high bench of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a decree

which supported his contentions with all the august authority of that court. Chief Justice Chase declared that "the Legal-Tender Act violated justice, that it was inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution, and that it was prohibited by the Constitution." Had Chase seen as clearly and spoken as plainly in 1862 as he did in 1870, Morrill's opposition to inflation would not have been in vain. With prophetic vision he saw the evils to come:

By making paper a legal tender, no more specie will be seen, except through offers of rewards to draw it from its hiding-places, until we emerge from our present difficulties, and not for an indefinite period, perhaps, thereafter. The $300,000,000 of specie said to be in the country, though I think there is not quite so much, will be hoarded, and remain useless and idle for the rest of the war. I am for keeping this, the vital fluid of commerce, in healthy, active circulation. The sight of our eagles is as necessary to the courage of our people at home as to the men in the army.

He saw also the toil and labor of recovery:

No one here contemplates but that at some future time the banks and the Government shall resume specie payments — the banks depending entirely upon whether the Government does so or not — and, if so, I invite them to calculate the cost of the descent from that basis, the cost of the return — the expiatory pains to be suffered; and then determine whether we shall carry on this war on a specie basis or on a ceaseless flood of paper, bartered at discordant prices in every city, town, and hamlet of the country, bearing in mind that, however cheaply obtained, every dollar is to be and will be ultimately repaid in gold or silver coin raised by taxation.

He saw also that during the length of the war the step would be irrevocable:

By taking the first step in making paper a legal tender we shall sever all connection with any other fountains of supply. We cannot retrace our steps, but must go on. No sane man would spontaneously take stock liable by the practices of the Govern-

ment to be reduced the very next day ten per cent, or any other per cent, in its value. So that if Congress should have the virtue to wish to cease the further issue of these notes, it would no longer be an open question. But, having tested this facile mode of paying debts, I fear the stern and honest mode of taxation would be repugnant to many constituencies, and that the doors of the temple of paper money would not soon again be closed.

Finally, in a terse and vigorous summary he gathered up the evils of the bill in an effective condemnation:

I maintain that the bill, as reported by one half of the Committee of Ways and Means, should not pass, because it will infinitely damage the national credit; because it will cut off all other chance of supplies; because it will reduce our standard of legal tender already sufficiently debased; because it will inflate the currency and increase many fold the cost of the war; because it would slide into the place of proper taxation; because, as a resource, it must ultimately fail, and tend to a premature peace; because it is a question of doubtful constitutionality; because it is an *ex post facto* law, immoral, and a breach of the public faith; because it will at once banish all specie from circulation; because it will dampen the ardor of our men at home as well as soldiers in the field; because it will degrade us in the estimation of other nations; because it will cripple American labor, and throw at last larger wealth into the hands of the rich; and because there is no necessity calling for such a desperate remedy.

Thoroughgoing and destructive as Morrill's criticism of the Legal-Tender Bill was, he did not content himself with a negative policy, but offered at the same time a substitute which should meet the needs of the Government without resorting to what, as he well said, was virtually a forced loan. He proposed to rely upon voluntary loans and brought forward a plan for the issue of $100,000,000 Treasury notes bearing interest at 3.65 per cent and payable in two years; $200,000,000 ten-year bonds, with interest at 7.3 per cent and $300,000,000 twenty-five year bonds, with interest at

6 per cent. He also proposed to leave outstanding the $50,000,000 Treasury notes already issued.

The essential difference between his measure and that of the Committee was that he proposed no inconvertible paper, no forced loan. The matter has been very well stated by Mr. Rhodes in his chapter on Lincoln's Administration:

> The choice lay between a forced loan without interest, as was the Legal-Tender Act, or a voluntary loan from bonds and from interest-bearing Treasury notes not made a legal tender. It is an illusion to suppose that a government can in the long-run borrow on better terms by a forced than by a voluntary loan. There can be no doubt that if the Committee of Ways and Means and Chase had set themselves resolutely to work to carry on the war on a policy of adequate taxation and voluntary loans, they would have succeeded as well as they did, and at a smaller cost than on the plan actually put in force. When the main factors of financial success were the resources and good-will of an energetic and fairly wealthy people, in conjunction with military achievements, it is ridiculous to maintain that the only feasible financial scheme was one at war with plain economic truths. If we arrive, then, at the conclusion — which it seems to me a careful consideration of all the facts must bring us to — that the Legal-Tender Act was neither necessary nor economical, what a pernicious piece of legislation it turned out to be! It was grossly unjust, in that it made preëxisting debts payable in a currency of less value than that in which they had been contracted, and it debauched the public mind by inculcating, on high authority, the notion that all requisite value could be given to money by decree.[1]

Had Morrill felt himself supported by the intelligent opinion of the country, he might have made head against the blunder, which, as he said, was "worse than a crime." He saw clearly enough the abyss toward which the bill would bring the country's finance, and to his credit it should be said that he never wavered in his opposition. There is in none of his speeches a passage charged with deeper convic-

[1] Rhodes, III, 567–68.

tion than his final protest on February 4, 1862. "With all the earnestness I possess I do protest against making anything a legal tender but gold and silver, as calculated to undermine all confidence in that Republic whose reputation should be dearer to statesmen, as well as to soldiers, than life itself."

But the most intelligent opinion was not merely divided; it was unstable, shifting from day to day under the stress of feeling and the uncertainties of the war, which rendered many impatient of ways and means. So the bill passed the House on February 6th, in spite of the opposition of many of the ablest Republicans to the legal-tender clause, and passed the Senate, in spite of the opposition to the same clause of the clearest financial thinkers there, including Fessenden and Collamer, Morrill's close friends. Only a few years were required, however, to bring sound opinion to the unanimous support of Morrill's position.

The next laborious duty that fell upon Morrill's shoulders was the preparation of the Internal Revenue Bill — an heroic task, for the law was "so extended and minute that it required thirty printed pages of royal octavo and more than 20,000 words to express its provisions." It was a portentous measure, such as our ancestors would have denounced with mounting periods of indignation. No wonder the mild-spoken member from Vermont described it in deprecatory terms as "no personal or party measure, but one imperiously demanded — sharp as may be the medicine — for the general welfare. . . . Unfortunately internal duties and taxes must reappear. . . . Taxation for many years, I fear, must be the rule, and have a place in our statutes as a part of our ordinary legislation." He apologized for introducing the income tax — "an inquisitorial one at best," but, in fact, he and his associates had left few sources of revenue untouched. The once-hated stamp tax made its appearance and was

productive. "The butcher paid thirty cents for every beef slaughtered, ten cents for every hog, five cents for every sheep. . . . Every profession and every calling, except the ministry of religion, was included within the far-reaching provisions of the law and subjected to tax for license. Bankers, and pawnbrokers, lawyers and horse-dealers, physicians and confectioners, commercial brokers and peddlers, proprietors of theatres and jugglers on the street, were indiscriminately summoned to aid the National Treasury." [1] It recalled Sydney Smith's description of taxation, "the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory," which resulted in "taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes on everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; . . . taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth . . . on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride."

Morrill was not oblivious of this, but he felt that such taxation was "demanded at our hands by all the motives which can move a lover of his country," and he urged the bill through the House, where it passed before Congress adjourned and was signed by the President on the 1st of July.

So frightful was the consumption of money and goods in the furnace of the war that hardly had this drastic measure been passed before the Committee on Ways and Means were called upon to devise new sources of supply. When Congress reassembled in December, Morrill introduced a new bill to provide additional funds on a gigantic scale. "I do not know," said he, in his speech of January 13, 1863, "that any legislative body was ever called upon to vote upon a bill greater nominally or greater intrinsically, as it concerns the welfare of our people and the destiny of our country." "The

[1] Blaine, *Twenty Years of Congress*, I, 433.

figures," he continued, "are $900,000,000, and if the war should be prolonged until July 1, 1864, it is believed not to be too much." But it was not only the amount, staggering as that seemed — and would seem now to us if our capacity for surprise had not been paralyzed by the still vaster sums of the late World War — the method of raising the money caused Morrill even greater disquiet. He had protested with all the earnestness of which he was capable against the resort to "legal-tender" paper and had been out-voted; now he repeated his protest;

> I am constrained to give my vote for this measure now, although such as in the outset I did not support, and never should have countenanced as an original proposition, because I know of no other, when the Treasury demands instant relief, which is equal to the emergency and safer to adopt. For the sake of so much harmonious action as could be secured thereby in the committee, of which I was a member, I was willing to hold my opposition to legal-tender notes in abeyance, so far as to allow money for the army and navy to be raised in this way, if it could be raised by no other.
>
> I abate not a jot of my repugnance to a legislative attempt — not yet successful — to make even gilt-edged paper a universal solvent or the measure of value, instead of gold and silver, and it is not my will that consents, but the poverty of the Treasury that compels me to follow the only path left open, when I consent that the paper-money policy, already established, may, if the exigencies of the country demand it, be further and longer pursued. The patient has got accustomed to opiates, and the dose cannot now be withheld without peril. But while granting this, I shall trust the Secretary of the Treasury will confine it to the narrowest possible limits. If we cannot obtain a foundation of rock, let us, at least, dig for hard-pan.

He yielded with regret to what he felt was a necessity. As he said, "It is not my will that consents, but the poverty of the Treasury that compels me."

So he bore his testimony faithfully, as he had always done

and continued to do to the very end of his life, in favor of sound money and against all manner of financial fallacies, delusions, heresies, and innovations whatsoever. And never in his long life did it require greater courage to bear such testimony than then, at the beginning of 1863, when the skies were dark, and when the cause of the Union was shrouded in gloom; when the long fiasco of McClellan's command of the army had ended, only to be followed by the disheartening defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg; when acute anxiety preyed on all loyal souls and when it was almost impossible to bring men to a careful, methodical, or business view of the great task before them.

In concluding his speech Morrill turned aside to make an appeal to steadiness and confidence. He pointed to the high morale of the country and to the very substantial achievements of the people and the Government in spite of the war.

> The calmness of the Nation while the war . . . rages with the greatest fury, will be noted as one of the most remarkable features in the history of the time. Individuals . . . pursue their wonted avocations only with an increased energy. States move in their accustomed orbits, . . . and the Nation itself . . . exhibits no renunciation of minor duties while unflinchingly prosecuting a task unmatched in magnitude or in possible results. . . . The Pacific railroad, . . . has been unhesitatingly ordained and provided for. An Indian war, begun with a ferocity almost unexampled, has been terminated by a wholesome chastisement of the guilty savages. . . . Lands for all that desire to dwell thereon . . . have been tendered to all with a liberality that finds no parallel. . . . The foundations of agricultural and military colleges have been . . . secured to each and every loyal State, accessible to the sons of the humblest citizen. . . . Slavery in the Territories and the District of Columbia is placed among the questions of the past, and its ghost will no more rise to vex the Nation. Polygamy in all Territories is legislatively blotted out. . . . A new State . . . has been admitted into the Union.

He concluded with a fine reference to the dome of the

Capitol then being completed, and to the President whose patience and power were growing more apparent from day to day:

> The dome of the Capitol steadily rises, in peaceful grandeur, unconscious of all the martial sounds moving around below. . . . The equanimity of the President is apparently undisturbed, and, with his usual magnanimity, it is but apprehended, when on some foggy night, Jefferson Davis, Esq., with an *alias*, shall have secured a passage on board of some new Alabama, that he will exclaim, as my Uncle Toby did to the fly: "Go, poor devil! there is room enough in the world for both you and me."

The financial legislation which followed during the Civil War was merely an extension of the measures already passed. In April, 1864, a supplementary Internal Revenue Bill was passed which very greatly increased taxes on many articles of common use, such as iron and petroleum, on manufactures, on wine, spirits, and tobacco, on incomes, and legacies. Morrill explained the bill in a speech in which he urged the duty of economy and again attacked the paper-money evil.

> The utmost economy in all departments of the Government must be rigidly insisted upon or we perish. . . . We must not call extravagance generosity, nor economy meanness. We have no treasure to squander. . . . To force the Treasury to issue legal-tender notes in any way beyond the present limits . . . would result in disappointment and disaster. . . . Let us have taxes, let us have loans; something, at all events, which will reduce the amount of legal-tenders now outstanding, and increase the value of the pay of the soldier.

His warning was not unneeded. Every contemporary writer dwells on the scandalous waste and extravagance which accompanied the war, and Morrill was one of the few who continued to raise his voice against it. It marked him out, and he became the champion of economy in the House.

A journalist of the time describes a typical instance. A wasteful bill is under discussion:

Morrill of Vermont rises anxiously to drive a plug into this opening leak. He pleads for economy, and with great good sense says that, while the publication and distribution of these books is afflictive to the Treasury and untimely during war, they are really ineffective for the education of the farmers of the Nation, and insufficient to accomplish the purpose intended between the Congressman and his constituents. "Mr. Speaker," says he, "if *twenty thousand* copies were printed for my use in my district, the number would not begin to satisfy or supply my people." What a commentary on the legislation which has been in the habit for years of annually printing two hundred thousand copies of this Agricultural Report for the use of the House alone.

But in vain, thou Vermont economist! You can't drive that plug into that hole. There is one of the "bone and sinew" chaps bawling at you under this gallery, and he will beat you in fifteen minutes.

"S'prised Mr. Speaku-r that he a FARM*UR* — one-f-few FARMurs in this hon'ble body — shouldn't ardntly fav*ur* furnishing bone and sinew country with inf'm*a*-tion —. In my 'pinion, S-i-r, — inf'm*a*-tion concerning mother earth! — 'cerning products earth — service prosperity country."

. . . . . .

That's the word. Vermonter, you are beaten! The House will order the sixty thousand copies in a jiffy.[1]

The effect of the Internal Revenue Bill, which provided for ordinary annual expenditure of $100,000,000 and for interest and sinking fund on $3,000,000,000 of debt, was to tax so heavily some domestic products as to have the effect of a bounty on the importation of foreign goods. A further revision of the tariff was therefore required to equalize matters, while at the same time providing more revenue payable in gold to meet the interest on that part of the debt which was payable only in gold. Although this legislation carried enor-

[1] *New York Tribune*, March 4, 1864.

mous burdens to the public and disposed of sums which only a few years earlier would have seemed fabulous, they were passed with little or no debate. In speaking on the Tariff Bill on June 2d, Morrill urged its prompt passage. "Let us pass it speedily," he said. "Every day's delay in the passage of this and the Internal Revenue Bill costs the Treasury not less than $500,000!" The bill was passed in two days.

As the war went on there was less and less disposition to scrutinize details or consider economies. Even so good a protectionist as Edward Stanwood says: "The protectionists, or let us rather say the protected manufacturers, found their opportunity in the necessity of the Government, and the bill is full of examples of their prowess. . . . The fact seems to have been that whoever could devise or discover a new object of taxation . . . was regarded as a public benefactor. . . . As for the manufacturers, they had only to declare what rate of duty they deemed essential, and that rate was accorded to them." [1]

To Morrill and his associates on the Ways and Means Committee it may well have seemed that nothing had been left to do in the matter of taxation. The tariff had been raised on many articles to nearly fifty per cent and the burden of taxes on every business, occupation, and even on every transaction of business was such as in ordinary times would have produced immediate insurrection. But the country was learning, what the whole of Christendom has been re-learning in the recent World War, that no population knows what it can do or bear till necessity arises and until its energies are aroused by a great passion. By 1863 the North's blood was up, and it knew no limit of its endurance. It was natural, then, that if a business or a class or a trade were found not paying its full quota, the burden would promptly be imposed. And Morrill thought he saw one such

[1] *American Tariff Controversies*, II, 129.

in the trade protected by the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada. Vermonters had always been jealous of the privilege enjoyed by Canadians of competing on equal terms in their markets; Morrill fully shared the prejudice, and now that the time had arrived when under the terms of the treaty it *could* be denounced, he rose eagerly to urge it.

The speech is not in his best manner, for foreign affairs were a field which he never wholly mastered and in which he was never so much at home as in that of domestic finance. Moreover, one cannot escape the impression that, despite polite disclaimers, the inspiration for the speech was drawn largely from current politics — from the popular tide of anti-British feeling and the tariff zeal of Vermont. "The joint resolution," reads one of the early sentences, "is not moved from petty spite, engendered by the unfriendly sentiments which a few subjects of the British Crown have been recently so swift to avow"; but before the close we have phrases like "British outrages upon justice, decency, and international law."

The speech contains three arguments: first, the constitutional, that this, like all reciprocity treaties was properly a money bill and fell therefore within the province of the House of Representatives; second, that it was injurious in its effects on trade; and third, that it had failed to improve relations and advance the annexation of Canada as was expected. Since the same reasoning reappears in Morrill's later arguments on reciprocity, it deserves a moment's examination. The constitutional argument is based on the language of the Constitution, but chiefly enforced by the history and analogy of the British House of Commons:

> In bills of supply in the British Parliament, so jealous are the Commons, that in the preamble the name of the House of Lords is omitted — the enacting clause reciting the grant as wholly their own. . . . The originating power of taxation is indubitably

placed in the House of Commons, which claims to have a fundamental right as to matter, measure, and the time. The exalted attitude of England, it is declared by British authorities, is mostly owing to this transference of executive power to the House of Commons.

. . . On this subject it was intended to confer upon the House of Representatives power and responsibility which cannot be and ought not to be renounced. To Congress — not to the treaty-making power — belongs the power of regulating commerce with foreign nations, as well as the power to levy and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises.

. . . I do not hesitate to say that commercial treaties, of the character of the Reciprocity Treaty, go far to wrest from the House its proper constitutional authority, and the coöperation of the House puts in peril the rule which is one of the prominent safeguards of American liberty. So long as external taxation, or a duty upon imports, or so long as internal taxation, or a tax upon home productions, must be resorted to for the support of the Government, the House of Representatives has no right to surrender or even hold in abeyance any part of its legitimate functions touching the power of taxation. Such treaties obviously shackle us by engagements which preclude the free regulation of our domestic interests, however great the emergency.

This reasoning had the unfortunate result of showing that the House of Commons did not find its most jealously guarded prerogative affected by the reciprocity treaties which were so perilous to the House of Representatives. Morrill met the difficulty perhaps as skillfully as could be done.

The unlimited power of the British Crown to make treaties and to make war, places this question there, it is true, upon a different footing from what it rests on here under the Constitution of the United States. A treaty made only in behalf of colonies, also, is not the same as one embracing the mother country. And, furthermore, as a practical question in Great Britain, no other nation producing manufactures more cheaply, revenue from the duties upon imports has become of trivial importance.

In the second argument, that the treaty was injurious to the United States, Morrill had recourse to the ancient "balance of trade" reasoning which has to-day lost much of its authority: "In the first four years after the treaty came into operation," he said, "we received of the list of articles named in the treaty, $28,771,691 in value more than Canada received from us. If this is reciprocity, the less we have the better. . . . We have no reciprocity treaty with any other country, and no other presents so unfavorable a balance-sheet. Even our trade with China is more profitable."

In the third argument, that the good effects anticipated from the bill had not been realized, he remarked, ". . . British subjects will have obtained for eleven years, by virtue of the treaty, the chief commercial advantages they must have derived as States of the Union without contributions of service, imposts, taxes." In a later speech he was more explicit, "This treaty, beyond all doubt, was made to induce annexation." But, "whatever I may have thought heretofore, I declare that I have now no disposition to see the Canadas, with these recent evidences of their temper, annexed to the United States."

During these strenuous years of war, Morrill had continued his modest way of life at the capital, still boarding with congenial friends, and blest during part of the time with the presence of his wife and her more active and energetic sister, Miss Louise Swan, who, partly by reason of Mrs. Morrill's uncertain health, had become a permanent member of the household. His infant son James was the center of interest and affection. By 1864 he was six years old and was often seen on the floor of the House, at his father's desk or that of "Thad" Stevens, who was fond of the child, called him "Little Ways and Means," and used to hold up his hand when the votes were counted.

The amenities were by no means abolished by the war; Morrill kept his old friends and made new ones — among them James G. Blaine with whom he became intimate and with whom he made his first visit to Europe. Blaine came to Congress in 1863 bringing a letter of introduction from Israel Washburn who had served with Morrill in the House: "I want you," wrote Washburn, "to know Mr. Blaine, the Representative from the Augusta district. You will find him one of the most able and brilliant men in the House, and altogether worth knowing. He would be a most admirable man for New England on the Committee of Military Affairs, as he has large acquaintance with these matters. If you will take a little pains to see that this direction is given, you will do a good thing for the country and secure a man who will not permit the rights of New England to be overlooked. You are a good boy to be reëlected [a reference to his accepting election after first declining]. Long may you wave! because you never *waver*. . . ."

Another man who came to Washington about the same time was Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, to whom Morrill was attracted and whom he described in a letter as

> the type of our restless, moving Western pioneers, whom the odor of the wilderness and the frequent adventure with its aboriginal occupants resistlessly attracts to the farthest frontier. Born in Maine, first going to New Hampshire, then to Ohio, then to Missouri, and at last to Oregon, the Ultima Thule at that time of the territorial possessions of the United States. There he more than once commanded as Captain or Colonel against the Indians. Never idle — to-day Marshal and to-morrow Indian Superintendent — he was in 1861 elected to the Senate. Always a Democrat, possessing a fund of shrewd sense, he was most remarkable for his humor.
>
> The first time I met him was on a committee of conference on some disagreement between the House and Senate upon an appropriation bill. We assembled in the room of the Finance Committee of the Senate. Very soon some business of the Senate

called away Senator Fessenden, Chairman on the part of the Senate, for a few minutes, and there was nothing left for us to do but general conversation, enlivened by the rumors and humors of the day. Nesmith was a fresh man, and we all felt willing to hear from him, as most men are gauged by their hearers in their first five minutes' talk. At length we got Nesmith going, and he observed that when he started for the capital he had never seen a locomotive or rode on a railroad, never had seen the wires of a telegraph and he never had worn any coat but such as had been made by a woman tailor. On the cars going from New York to Washington he found himself seated by a kind-hearted and rather knowing gentleman, who inquired of him where he was going; then . . . if he had ever before been to Washington. The answer being no, his fellow-traveler informed him that, as he had been there before, he should be happy to show him about upon their arrival. Accordingly the next day they gazed at the large buildings of the Executive Departments, at the Smithsonian Institution, and looked in at the White House, where he was not a little stunned by the magnificence of the East Room, and at length they found themselves in the gallery of the Senate, looking down upon the grave and reverend Senators. There he saw, as the Indians express it, "a heap" of great men. They looked large, their gray heads betokened wisdom, and when they opened their mouths, they spoke like a book. These were the men whose speeches he had read with as much reverence as he was accustomed to bestow upon the old prophets. He looked upon them with awe and astonishment and upon himself with the deepest forebodings and chagrin — wondering how the deuce he could have been sent as a member to such an august body. "But," said he, "I hadn't been there six weeks before I wondered how the deuce any of the rest of them could have been sent there."

Meantime two elections came and went in Vermont, and Morrill, in spite of his efforts to decline further service, was "drafted," — nominated by acclamation and elected. The election of 1862 was postponed in Vermont until a year later and was held on September 1, 1863, thus leaving an interval of only a year between the two. The two elections may therefore be regarded as forming one episode.

He had become so useful and popular a member of the House that as soon as it became known that he was thinking of retiring there was a chorus of protest. To some of his friends who wrote him he replied, and three of his letters possess sufficient interest, as much on account of the persons addressed as the contents, to warrant their inclusion. To Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois, a friend of General Grant and afterwards our Minister to France, he wrote:

STRAFFORD, VT., *June 6*, 1863

DEAR WASHBURNE:

Your favor of the 30th ult. was duly received, and while I am not insensible to your appreciation of the value of my service in the coming Congress, I still think it will not be so poor as to greatly miss me if I should remain at home. I do not, of course, know certainly that my people would send me again if I wanted to go, but I am really weary and do not desire to have them send [me] at all and have so said on all occasions. I regret to part with the valued friends I have made in the last eight years, and if I had any idea that I could do anything of special value in Congress at this crisis I should much dislike not to appear ready and willing to sacrifice ease, business, and something of health in order to discharge my whole duty. As it is, knowing that none but a true man can be sent from the district, I feel entitled to a discharge.

I expect to leave here for the West about the 10th and shall go with my family to St. Paul, perhaps. If so may pass through Galena and shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you if you happen to be at home about the 1st of July.

The second letter was to Schuyler Colfax, then a candidate for the Speakership and later Vice-President with Grant.

STRAFFORD, *May* 5, 1863

DEAR COLFAX:

Your esteemed favor of the 2d inst. is at hand. If there was any doubt about the complexion of my successor I should not differ with you as to my duty, but there is none. While I am vain enough to think I might be useful, I have no exalted view of the

indispensableness of my services. At the last election I was returned because I would not say that if elected I should refuse to serve. I cannot even say that now, but I am doing my best to make my friends "let me severely alone" and concentrate upon another. I have issued my withdrawal which I will enclose — premising that the editor does not belong to my district and has glossed me with varnish that might be uncurrent elsewhere.

You know my health is not robust — and my business, of less importance, has had little attention for years, while my home is broken into fragmentary parts. I do not love office nor do I feel able to win any permanent reputation. I merely desire to live and die a quiet and honest citizen — wronging no friend and an ardent lover of his country.

Of course I shall miss the old familiar faces and miss them with regret, for they have all treated me genially and kindly — giving me credit for endeavoring to be right even though wrong. Yes, I must say for the members that my long acquaintance with them satisfies me that neither their constituents nor the public overrates them. Most of them are of special and particular value and most of them men of integrity, and the last Congress, for the extent and gravity of its labors, has not been equaled in the past history of the country. Though one of them, I do not fear the verdict of the future upon its members. . . .

Gov. Chase is getting on charmingly [in floating the new Government loan]. I hope he may get 200 to 300 millions of debt absorbed ere long and if Hooker is successful, and thus far it looks well — he will.

If you are round here anywhere come and see me.

In a somewhat different key is the letter to his uncle, George W. Jonson, of Buffalo, who had written a highly eulogistic sketch of the member from Strafford.

STRAFFORD, *May* 30, 1863

MY DEAR UNCLE:

How could you be so cruel? Of course you understand that an article written so far away would travel at once all over my district and would be re-edited, with its graces of style, as a truthful estimate of your humble servant, without the deductions that should be made on account of the medium through which you

have chosen to look at your object. "Oh, if," say the be-gulled readers, "he is known as a statesman so far off, we must," as the widow directed her husband to be, when brought home drowned and full of eels, "set him again."

My neighbors, like those who dwell in sight of Niagara, have never heard the cataract roar. I have a little microscopic glass and sometimes find amusement in beholding the wonders of my tiny creatures when superbly magnified. I see you enjoy such sport, but what do you suppose the moth thinks when stuck through with a pin and held up to be gazed at? Imagine my sufferings then and calculate the wear and tear of philosophy. Besides, what will Palmerston and Seward think to find such a gaunt interloper stuck into their class? Like a sinner in Paradise, I expect to be miserable until you put me back to t'other place.

"A man of ability," too, is he? Yes, he raises a big squash now and then and is stout on gilly-flowers, but really he never set a river on fire — can't even a little brook running a long time right by him and as dry as tinder every summer. To be sure, he has done some heavy ox-hided work in making out a tax bill, but does anybody like him the better for being odorous of taxes? An Internal revenue tax that grabs everybody's externals may denote ability, but it is not the current sort among voters. It is easy to levy a tax. It requires ability only to pay. Here is an oversight I beg you to ponder.

I didn't circulate your fine picture at all, but to my despair the next day three or four papers in my district came to hand and the picture was copied to the life — done just as it was in Buffalo, and looking much as though I was done brown! Then came my colleague Walton's paper and he puffed you (unwittingly), puffed the argument, and of course re-puffed the puffed-up member of the Vermont Second. But he credited your thunder to your neighbor Spalding. Spalding is lucky. He has won his spurs and retires, gracefully, and now he has also a feather from your wing in his plume. I shan't pluck it away, and I know you dursn't. When one in a fit of somnambulism tells a whopper, he doesn't when he awakes show much anxiety to father it. You had better purge your waste-basket of any evidence by which your biographer may fasten upon you your late indiscretion.

Has a fortune, too! That is really too good not to be true,

but alas! a rod of witch-hazel would be handy for the owner to find and maintain his sovereignty over it. "Oh, where, tell me where!"

In came a tenant (my only), long-haired, lazy, pipe-smoking, cattle-starving, but he came for a favor, and asks, "Have you read the *Journal?*" "Yes." "Well, that article from the Buffalo paper was got up by a man who knew what he was abeout. He understands writin' and he arn't a stranger to yeou."

There now, is solid fame for you! For my part — oh! he only wanted to borrow some money. — Give a double bravo! I didn't lend a "pic" on that kind of security. Didn't I spike that vote, think you?

Soberly, I am not insensible to your good-will, but really hope your preaching will not be remembered in this vicinity longer than our Dominie's, which is a little less than a week.

The letter of withdrawal to which he referred in writing Colfax appeared on May 1st and contained a paragraph which was widely quoted:

> Pardon a word against the weakness of despondence. Our condition is infinitely above that of the traitors. Heroism and endurance will yet secure to us and to our posterity our full measure of freedom, and the Union complete in all its ancient boundaries.

Though as his letters show, Morrill was not unaware of the value of votes, he had really very little reason to concern himself with them. In his case nomination was equivalent to election, and the only point of interest was the size of the majority, in which he usually had the satisfaction of heading the list with the largest majority polled by any Vermont candidate. The fact was he had the gift of interpreting the mind of his constituency; he knew them by instinct and insight; he was not merely among them, but of them. His measures were usually their measures — such as they could appreciate and support, like the Tariff and the Internal Revenue Bills. The measures he opposed were those they would have opposed — like the legal-tender clauses of the

Loan Bill, and Canadian Reciprocity. They were intensely partisan, loyal and so strongly united for the Union that in 1862 the Legislature was unanimous. Such a measure, therefore, as his resolution on the conduct of the war, which he introduced in December, 1862, gave them heartfelt satisfaction and was greeted in the papers of the State as a veritable shibboleth, dividing the sheep from the goats. The scene in the House when it was introduced was described and the discomfiture of the "copperheads" gleefully portrayed. The resolution, characterized as "flat-footed," was brief and plain:

Resolved. That at no time since the commencement of the existing rebellion, have the forces and materials in the hands of the executive department of the Government been so ample and abundant for the speedy and triumphant termination of the war as at the present moment; — and it is the duty of all loyal American citizens, regardless of minor differences of opinion, and especially the duty of every officer and soldier in the field, as well as the duty of every department of the Government — the legislative branch included — as a unit, to cordially and unitedly strike down the assassins, at once and forever, who have conspired to destroy our Constitution, our nationality, and that prosperity and freedom of which we are justly proud at home and abroad, and which we stand pledged to perpetuate forever.

Other measures which appealed to the spirit of Vermont because of their reminder of happier days and their expression of faith in the future were the Land Grant College Act, which we shall deal with more largely elsewhere, and his resolution setting apart the old hall of the House of Representatives for a gallery of statuary. Of this the correspondent of a Vermont paper wrote, "It is as soothing as the tiny flower in the prison-yard to find . . . in the midst of dreary platitudes on the powerlessness of our Government to protect its own life, something which can claim the support of good men of all parties. . . . The old hall of the House is now

a barn-like store-room for invalid furniture, where a brisk business is carried on in pies and lemonade for the crowds who throng the Capitol. These peddlers should be driven from the temple of state, whose walls once echoed the accents of Clay and Benton . . . Webster or Douglas."

The soul as well as the interests of Vermont were represented by Morrill, and the "Bellows Falls Times" could safely say, "We believe no man in this Congressional district has ever possessed the confidence of the people to such an extent as does Mr. Morrill." He was renominated by acclamation for his sixth term.

But his influence had long since passed beyond the State borders. His speeches and letters were widely used in the Presidential campaign both in the East and the West. The Vermont Congressional elections, held on the first of September, were the earliest, and the vote was taken then as it long continued to be, for a sign and a forecast of the results in November. Morrill's reëlection by a large majority drew out many congratulations from far and near. Thaddeus Stevens wrote from his home in Pennsylvania:

LANCASTER, *Oct.* 7, 1864

DEAR SIR:

I was glad to hear that you still live. You are over your troubles, but we are just in the middle of ours. On the 5th we had the largest meeting that I ever saw assembled as a camp meeting. I think we shall carry this county. I have strong hopes of the State, though it is fiercely contested. I expect we shall gain at least four members of Congress; possibly we may lose one, but I think not. Blair's removal does us much good — Sheridan's speeches are effective.

It is strange that you do not see that Lancaster is in the direct route to Illinois so as to enable you to "drop in." Remember me to my young nephew Jimmy [Morrill's son James, now seven years old] and the rest of the family.

THADDEUS STEVENS

Sumner wrote from Boston:

To congratulate you on your return again by your constituents is out of place. I can well understand that you would be glad to retire, but you are needed at Washington. . . .

It looks as if the Democracy would be divided beyond all chance of unity, so as to leave us an easy victory. Is it not so?

Morrill's reply arrived just before a Grand Union Mass Meeting at Faneuil Hall where Sumner read it with the introductory phrases that it was from "the able and distinguished representative . . . whose influence has been so important on all financial questions:"

STRAFFORD, VT., *Sept.* 14, 1864

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 11th inst. is at hand. I agree with you that the Democracy will be divided, and that we shall win the election. They will be more and more divided as their chances of success diminish. But their mode of conducting the campaign will give our institutions a heavy strain and consign the party to infamy. Those proud to wear the name of "copperheads" as a badge of honor mean to create a counter-revolution that will carry the bulk of the Western and Middle States with the South, and so let the pestilent resolutions of '98, with all modern partisan improvements, triumph. They are ferocious and would, if they could, frighten the Administration. Failing in that, the conspirators mean to create a diversion in favor of the ragged and sorely pressed legions, even if violence shall be necessary. Whoever administers the Government now carries the fortunes of our country on their backs. The people know the Chicago Platform, and whose team is harnessed to it, and I have full confidence that American civilization will prove equal to the crisis.

Vermont and Maine have opened the campaign as it should go on to the end. The old delegations are returned with improvements in Maine. I suppose this is as it should be, though in my own case, had it not appeared like cowardice, I should have insisted upon a discharge.

I trust there is no doubt of the return of Mr. Hooper and Mr.

Rice from Boston. They are both valuable men. Mr. Hooper with his wealth, it is true, might study his ease and prefer to escape the labor of our overworked Committee of Ways and Means, but I hope he will seek rather than avoid what seems to me to be his duty. I should deplore his absence from the committee.

I have not seen Judge Collamer since his return to his home, but have heard that he is quite well.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

The reëlection of Lincoln, so doubtful in the early months of 1863, had now grown practically assured. The victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, had turned the tide, and now that Chattanooga was added to the victories and Grant was in full command of the army, the country had settled into the conviction that the successful end of the war was certain if not near. Nevertheless, the feeling about Lincoln was far from unanimous; there were many doubters; there was disaffection in the Cabinet and out. The general common sense of the country stuck to Lincoln, and was aptly expressed by Morrill in a passage from a letter written in May before the convention. "I trust you will send able and wise men to Baltimore. Mr. Lincoln is not perfect, but with all the new and great questions to be met, I doubt whether we could do better. Our opponents would like to have us make a change, but we cannot afford them that gratification."

The instinct of good men everywhere led them to believe in Lincoln and trust him. John Bright, the great Quaker, Liberal leader of England, wrote Sumner on the 2d of September: "With us I think nearly all the friends of the North are most anxious that Mr. Lincoln should be elected again — they think any change must be for the worse, and that would infuse new faith into the minds of the secessionists, both North and South. I am strongly of this opinion.... To

elect Mr. Lincoln will be to tell Europe that the country is to be restored and slavery is to be destroyed. . . ." [1]

In spite of another outbreak of gloom and depression in the North following Grant's terrible campaign of the Wilderness, the skies cleared again before November; Sherman took Atlanta, Farragut won the battle of Mobile Bay, Sheridan covered himself with glory in the Shenandoah Valley, spirits rose once more, and Lincoln was reëlected with something like triumph by a large majority. When Morrill came back to Congress, the Republicans were celebrating the victory that was to give them control of the House. A year later, Schuyler Colfax was elected Speaker and two new committees were announced, that of Appropriations, and that on Banking and Currency. "Thad" Stevens was made Chairman of Appropriations and Morrill came into his own as Chairman of Ways and Means. Meantime, the overpowering Union sentiment swept into law the Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery.

This inspired Morrill's first extended speech, on January 9, 1865, when he strove "to obtain something more than a mere party vote in behalf of a measure which will mark an era in our history." He directed his efforts to persuading the doubters. "How can any man," he asked, "educated in any of the schools of party to be found in our country, be opposed to the utter and complete extinguishment of slavery? . . . Do gentlemen of the free North intend to do battle for slavery after the slaveholders themselves have abandoned or are ready to abandon it?" The ancient "States' rights" argument had made its appearance again, and he attacked it vigorously. "But it is said that this question of slavery is one of the reserved rights of the States which we must not touch. It may be a proved traitor, pirate, and murderer, but is still too sacred to be touched by military or even civil au-

[1] Rhodes, IV, 368.

thority. . . . There is now," he replied, "but one amendment to the Constitution which we are not at liberty to make, and that relates to a wholly different subject, namely, 'No State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate.'" Slavery, he argued, had destroyed whatever rights it had under the Constitution by attempting to overthrow the Government. "If it had not been for the disclosure of the diabolical purpose of slavery to destroy our Government, the people of the United States would doubtless have tolerated the institution wherever States chose to continue and shield it. . . . But since this disclosure we should be cowards . . . if we were to surrender our grip upon the throat of the monster." He closed with a passage of greater animation and energy than was customary in his composed and even style:

> What a spectacle do we present! Here the Congress of the United States are debating whether slavery shall have a longer lease of life or not, when it has only just been barely frustrated in the attempt to take the life of Congress itself, and would do it now if its power equaled its will. Can it be that the last Swiss Guard in the defense of slavery shall prove to be from the free States in Congress assembled? Here men from free States, always freemen and theoretically abhorring slavery, see the slaveholders of West Virginia, Missouri, and Maryland (to say nothing of Kentucky, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee), abolishing slavery, and yet hesitate to allow the question to be placed before the people lest they should be stigmatized as abolitionists. If a vote in favor of the amendment to the Constitution, by which slavery may be forever abolished, secures to any man that stigma, it can have no terrors for those who have been Republicans, for such a vote is expected of them as an ordinary duty, and, if feared by any one who has not been a Republican, let him find courage to adopt the badge of distinction, and he may, to the discomfiture of his revilers, use and wear it as a most trusty weapon to cleave his way through the world to honor and troops of friends.

He also pursued with energy the course he had begun a year earlier by attacking the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada — a treaty which history makes plain might better have been left in force. It had produced amicable relations which its abrogation, under the stress of war feeling, brought to an end and which were difficult to renew. It was but an indication that Morrill was less at home in foreign affairs than in matters of finance of which a further example was afforded about the same time by his speech on Cabinet officers in Congress which seemed chiefly to offend him because the proposed step was based on English custom.

The treaty was denounced early in 1864, and it became necessary to provide a *modus vivendi* before it should cease to operate, on March 17, 1866. One cannot help recognizing in Morrill's speech of March 6th a tinge of that anti-British feeling which colored so much of the Congressional eloquence of the time and a note of truculence which was doubtless intended for the rural districts, and which certainly he would never have assumed in referring to France or any other European power. It is a matter of congratulation that we may rely so confidently upon the good temper of our British cousins that our statesmen venture to speak to them in tones that never would do outside the family.

Such were some of the tones of Morrill's speech:

> It is true that if England desires a conflict with us a pretext may be easily obtained through collisions among eager and exasperated fishermen touching her absurd headland interpolation, but there is no lack of heroic pretexts elsewhere, and whenever the conflict comes, whatever the alleged provocation may be, or by whomsoever precipitated, no one knows better than England herself that the Provinces will be gone forever, "hook and line, bob and sinker." Not that we desire this, but, to escape the blows, they would run nearer to us.

This was, however, very largely stage thunder. The

speech as a whole was much less warlike and minatory than that of the year before. There were sound reasons for the change to a milder manner. The war was now over; there was no longer so urgent need of revenue, and it was apparent that it is easier to denounce a treaty that works tolerably well than to frame one that shall work better. Morrill hoped the new bill he introduced would succeed.

> The terms offered in this bill [he said] in relation to the fisheries do not invite a repulse. On the contrary, it is believed, especially from the frank and friendly exchange of views between the Committee of Ways and Means and the ministers representing the Provinces, who were recently here, that they will be readily accepted by most if not all of the Provinces — certainly by those most interested in the trade. . . .

The matter was not, in fact, satisfactorily disposed of, but continued to be a bone of contention for many years to come, and Morrill was to encounter it again more than once.

Let us turn again now to 1865, one of the most fateful years of his own and the country's history. It saw not only the end of the war, with complete victory for the Union and the death both of the Confederacy and of slavery; it saw also the crushing disaster of Lincoln's death — a disaster the extent of which only history can measure. To Morrill himself it was laden with both loss and gain; in the death of his friend and colleague Senator Collamer it brought a great loss, but opened the door to a new and more distinguished period of service in the Senate. That this was the interpretation immediately put upon it by sagacious observers is very clear. Senator Collamer's death fell on the 9th of November, and on the 15th Blaine wrote Morrill: "I am afraid we shall lose you from the House. The death of Judge Collamer is, I presume, a call 'to go up higher' for you. Well, the Senate's gain will be as great as our loss. We shall badly miss you in matters financial."

Blaine showed his usual prescience in this forecast. Within a year Morrill had been chosen to succeed his honored friend and senior in the Senate, but there were great matters to be accomplished both in Washington and in Vermont before that event came to pass. It is not clear whether up to this time Morrill had had any thought of going to the Senate; I find no evidence of any ambition in that direction either in his speeches or his correspondence. The first step he took was to intimate to his friends that he would not accept a reëlection to Congress. The Governor promptly appointed Judge Poland, of the Supreme Court of Vermont, to fill out the dead Senator's term. This action stirred Morrill's friends, and they mustered their forces for the contest, probably not realizing how long and strenuous the struggle would be nor how bitter it would become before the end was reached. The situation was complicated and made doubly interesting by the death, within a few months, of the second Senator, Solomon Foot, thus throwing open both Senatorships and providing the utmost stimulus to the ambitions of the local politicians.

Since considerable time must elapse before the election, Morrill set himself to complete the work before him and present a record of achievements to the public. The end of the war had thrown upon Congress a new set of problems — those of readjustment — and they were to learn what the world of our day is learning again, that the restoration of a country to a peace basis is attended by acute stress and strain. To Morrill had fallen the laboring oar in drawing the financial measures in war-time; he was to have the same part in the legislation for peace. It fell to him to defend the two fiscal bills, the Internal Revenue Bill in May and the Tariff Bill in June.

The keynote of his speeches on both these bills is in one of the sentences on the Revenue Bill: "But now the duties of

peace return, and we must simplify our laws, reduce the burdens of taxpayers so far as possible, and cheapen the cost of living." These prosaic matters were resuming their dominance over the public mind; attention was readily directed to questions of taxes and tariff and Morrill's speeches received the notice they deserved both in and out of Congress. Dispatches from Washington about the tax bill dwelt upon the marked impression it made in the House; the "New York Evening Post," the "Tribune," the "Boston Journal," and the "Springfield Republican" united in referring to it in such terms of praise as "masterly" and "one of the most important speeches of the session." A writer in a Newark, New Jersey, paper, in a reminiscence of Webster, compared the speech on the tariff to Sir Robert Peel's speech on the same subject in the House of Commons which Webster declared was the most eloquent he had ever heard. When asked what Sir Robert Peel said that was so eloquent, Webster repeated the sentence which was the turning-point of the speech, "And now, Mr. Speaker, I come to onion seed." "And I regard that utterance," said Webster, "as the essence of oratory and eloquence, because . . . onion seed . . . was made the subject of legislation by the Parliament of England."

From this standpoint [continued the writer] we look upon the speech of Mr. Morrill of Vermont, in the House of Representatives on Thursday last, in explanation of the new Tariff Bill; and in this light, we regard it as the *ne plus ultra* of Congressional oratory and eloquence. "And now, Mr. Speaker, I come to eyelets made of brass, and then tinned!" Such is the middle of Mr. Morrill's great speech on the Tariff. To legislate on this cheap article, costing about seventeen cents per thousand, and whose annual consumption amounts to four millions of dollars, and to encourage its manufacture in our own country, was deemed by Mr. Morrill just as important as it seemed to Sir Robert Peel to protect or foster the cultivation of onion seed in Great Britain.

There is this same vein of rich, practical eloquence running through the whole of Mr. Morrill's speech, made, though it was, in a Chamber with the thermometer at 80, on a hot, sweltering June day.

The Tariff Bill and the Revenue Bill were counterparts one of another, presenting two phases of the same policy — to reduce the strain of war taxes and to ease the way toward a return to specie payments while maintaining protection to American industry.

Of the Tax Bill Morrill said, "The bill proposes to wholly exempt from taxation many articles, and to largely reduce it upon others . . ." such as "salt, sugar, starch, coal, soap . . . clothing, and boots and shoes. These exemptions and reductions will lessen family expenditures and be a relief to all classes of the community. Dressmakers and milliners," he remarked with mild humor, "wielding a potent influence as they do, will no longer be treated as men, subject to taxation, but as deserving of favor. Though they may tax us, we do not propose to tax them."

The bill proposed a total reduction of about $75,000,000, chiefly in the income tax, clothing, the general tax, freights, and boots and shoes. The reductions were welcome, and the bill met with but little opposition, except from those who feared the effects of contraction.

The Tariff Bill was not so fortunate. Though it was skillfully drawn and ably presented, it dealt with so many controversial subjects, and was presented so late in the session, that it proved impossible to carry it before adjournment.

From the first the wool schedule was a stumbling-block, partly because of the conflict of interests between the woolgrowers and the manufacturers — a source of copious correspondence and endless controversy. In his speech of June 29th, alluding to "the insufficient rates now levied on foreign wools," Morrill said: "This is a question which has

vexed Congress for forty years. The evils endured by woolgrowers somehow never disappear, let the laws take what shape they may."

Not all the opposition came on specific clauses. Some, like that of the "Chicago Tribune," of which Joseph Medill was the owner and Horace White the editor, was sweeping and general. In his letter of June 30th, White showed himself less felicitous as a prophet than as a theorist.

CHICAGO, *June* 30, 1866

MY DEAR SIR:

I did not suppose it possible for our friends to commit such a political blunder, as I perceive to have been perpetrated in the new tariff bill. I believe you consider Mr. Medill sound on the Protection question. He concurs in everything that has appeared in the Chicago Tribune on the subject — has written a number of the articles himself — and he tells me that he has written a letter to Wentworth warning him that if he votes for the bill he will be beaten in the coming election. I do not propose to discuss the economical features of the bill in this note, because I know that you and I are as wide apart as the poles, but I will venture to say that those who support this bill are making an opening in the protection system through which the out-and-out free traders will eventually drive their team into power. When such protectionists as Mr. Medill stand aghast at your propositions and have no scruple in denouncing them as "robbery" I don't know why any man, who does not own stocks of goods proposed to be artificially raised in price or is not engaged in producing them, may not be reached and convinced.

But I do not presume that anything I can say will impede the progress of the bill. I think I can see, however, from this fatal mistake of the Protectionists in Congress, the end and overthrow of their system.

Yours truly HORACE WHITE

The fiscal bills were Morrill's last legislative labor in the session. With his record on these, with which he might well be content, he went to Vermont to share in the contest, now far advanced, for the Senate.

CHAPTER VII

ELECTION TO THE SENATE

The contest for the succession to Senator Collamer in the Senate marked the turning-point in Morrill's career. It was the first serious political struggle he had ever engaged in and was probably a surprise, not only to him, but also to his opponent. Certainly no one foresaw that it would grow to such intensity as it exhibited or become one of the memorable political contests of Vermont. Morrill had given so many signs of indifference to office; he had made so little effort to retain his place, and during recent years had so frequently shown a desire to resign it, that his opponents may easily have deceived themselves into thinking that he was easily to be brushed aside. But he was now a national figure and his long service in the House had led many others, like Blaine to take it for granted that on the death of Collamer he would succeed to his place. Moreover, while it is certain that he would leave the House without reluctance, it was not sure that he might not desire to follow his friend and mentor, his model and the man he most admired, in the Senate.

Now, when the Governor turned aside from the natural choice and, instead of appointing Morrill or at least offering him the appointment to the Senate, drew the Chief Justice of the State from the bench, there was general surprise and some resentment. During the winter, as evidence increased that there was a strong and general desire, among his friends, among his associates in Washington, and throughout the State at home, that he should go to the Senate, he decided to enter the contest.

Let us take another look at him as he faces this interesting

crisis. He is now fifty-six years old, a tall, spare figure, but strong, alert, and keen. He has lived a careful, abstemious life, never, as he tells us, having taken a glass of liquor until he was forty and then very sparingly at the suggestion of his doctor — a glass of wine at dinner; he does not smoke, and his regular but active life has kept him in full vigor. His appearance is striking, his height, his fine head, with what are called "stern Roman features," his abundant dark hair, his keen blue eyes, his kindly smile, make him a notable figure on the floor of the House. In June a writer for "The Independent," looking down from the gallery of the House and taking notes, points out the leaders: "The tall gentleman, with the scholarly stoop in his shoulders, sitting near Thaddeus Stevens, is Justin S. Morrill. That stoop comes of working . . . for years over miles of tax-bills. . . . The clear eyes to be seen above these shoulders reflect the large intelligence . . . the integrity and goodness of the man. Here is a face to believe in without any reservation."

We shall more easily follow the contest in Vermont by keeping in mind the setting and the characters. As to the setting: the mountains running north and south split Vermont into two sections which have in course of time formed political divisions, and by custom and unwritten law each had its Senator; there is one Senator for Western Vermont and one for Eastern Vermont. Senator Collamer had been the Eastern Senator, as Morrill was the senior Representative for that side. It was also known that, looking forward to his successor, three years before his death, Collamer had said, "Mr. Morrill is the best man you can send to the Senate from Eastern Vermont."

Morrill's opponent, "Judge" Poland — Luke P. Poland of St. Johnsbury — Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, who had resigned that office to accept the appointment for the brief unexpired portion of Senator

Collamer's term deserves our notice. The Judge was a conspicuous figure; a large, handsome, plausible man, who affected the Colonial style of dress — a great blue coat with brass buttons, which gave him his nickname of "Brass Buttons" — and had a big man's blustering way of sweeping all before him. He had been a Democrat and was now a Republican; he had a keen eye for office and believed in bargains; his case was not helped by the fact, when it became known, that his appointment to the Senate had been promised him in a bargain made three years earlier. He was unfortunate in being pitted, or rather pitting himself, against Morrill, for though clever and adroit as a politician, he lacked the intellectual precision, the moral integrity, and the force of character to meet such an opponent on even terms. Nevertheless, he plunged into the campaign with great confidence, and more than once the issue looked doubtful.

About this time, Senator Foot's death interposed. Governor Dillingham appointed to fill the uncompleted term George F. Edmunds, a learned and able lawyer, who made for himself an honorable career in the Senate where he remained for twenty-five years. The appointment produced changes in the situation and was interpreted as being favorable to Morrill's chances. Such, at least, was the opinion of C. W. Willard of Montpelier, a very competent observer, with whom Morrill was disposed to agree.

On the advice of Benedict, who, as editor of the "Burlington Free Press," had his finger on the pulse of Vermont, Morrill delayed issuing his letter declining a reëlection to Congress until June. Then he issued a brief but admirably phrased statement dated from the House of Representatives.

To the Voters of the Second Congressional District of Vermont:

It may be proper for me to say that I respectfully decline to be a candidate for reëlection. Proud of my constituency and pro-

foundly sensible of their long-continued favor, it is right that my decision should be authoritatively announced in season for them to fix upon some one to be chosen as my successor. If I have been able in any degree to be useful in the public service, it is entirely due to the generous support of the people of the Second District of Vermont, who have honored me with six consecutive elections. In retiring from this post of honor, which I have faithfully endeavored to make the post of duty also, I tender to my friends and constituents the tribute of a grateful heart. (Washington, June 8, 1866.)

In the meantime his opponents devoted their utmost efforts to demonstrating that it was the duty of the State to keep Morrill where he was. In pursuit of this aim they proclaimed the great services he had performed in the House, the distinguished reputation he had won there, and all but convinced themselves that he was indispensable to the conduct of business in the lower chamber. On the other hand, they wished it to be inferred that Judge Poland was greatly needed in the Senate where his profound legal knowledge could be at the service of the whole nation. Morrill's announcement that he would not be a candidate for reëlection to Congress had the effect of turning the arguments of his opponents against themselves.

As the summer wore on, the struggle became more earnest and the interest in it spread far and wide. Articles appeared in the leading papers in New York, Boston, and many of the Western cities, as a rule in support of Morrill who was everywhere recognized as a leader and a veteran in Congress. Some of these articles, those from the "New York Tribune," the "Springfield Republican," and the "Boston Journal," were so much quoted and so widely reprinted in Vermont that the local papers supporting Judge Poland made a grievance of it, complaining that the choice of a Vermont Senator was being influenced by outside opinion. Meantime the local press was filled with the noise of battle and the

shouting. Hardly a paper in the State remained that was not earnestly engaged on one side or the other of the contest. In June the "Free Press" published a list of nineteen papers of which six were for Poland and thirteen, including nearly all those of substantial circulation and influence, were for Morrill. The signs multiplied that Morrill would be successful.

All through the summer, beginning about the middle of June, the county conventions were meeting and, as the returns came in, increasingly favorable to Morrill, making the position of Poland's supporters more and more uncomfortable, many overtures were made looking toward an understanding or compromise of some sort. From all such arrangements Morrill kept severely aloof; he would enter into no agreements or "deals" whatsoever; he was a candidate for office and would abide the decision of the electors. But he placed no veto on the action of his friends, and through them an agreement was reached that salved the feelings of the Judge and healed the wounds of the struggle. It was agreed that if Judge Poland would retire from the Senatorial contest and accept the nomination for Congress in Morrill's district, he should have the support of Morrill's friends to secure it. On this understanding he appeared as a candidate before the convention of the Second Congressional District and was nominated for Congress on the 7th of August, thus ending the long-drawn struggle. On Tuesday, October 23d, Morrill was elected Senator by the Legislature "with substantial unanimity." On the Friday evening he celebrated the event with a rare if not unique burst of gayety, entertaining the Legislature and two or three hundred of his friends at a reception followed by an ample and festive supper — so ample and festive as to call out a protest from some who thought it a departure from early Republican simplicity. But there was warrant for it. The battle had

been long fought and hardly won; the victors deserved at least a convivial hour to congratulate one another. Morrill had won the first battle with his doughty opponent, the Judge, whom he was to meet again, and yet again on the same field!

As he is preparing to leave the House for the Senate, it is proper to see what mark he had made on the record. The campaign brought out statements that sum up his work in Congress with a fair measure of justice. One of these in a Vermont paper said:

> Twelve years of public service have given him a character as a legislator which few of the representatives of the people have been so fortunate as to gain. This has not been the result of his brilliancy or fluency as a debater, but the soundness of his reasoning faculties, the clearness of his apprehension of the wants of the country, the fidelity and zeal of his labor, the persistency of his indomitable purpose, and the genial courtesy of his manners which have left him without a personal enemy in Congress. What Mr. Morrill has undertaken he has accomplished. He pushed the Agricultural College Bill against all sorts of opposition, until he saw it triumph. The Morrill Tariff is the fruit of his labors. The law for the punishment of polygamy in Utah should be credited to him. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty was almost wholly his work. For the last three years the tariff and the revenue laws of the country have been shaped much more by his hand than by any other member of either branch of Congress. In short, we do not think that any other member of Congress has been the author of so much legislation, which has now a permanent place on our statute books, as Mr. Morrill.

To this may be added the confident and cheery challenge from his friend Walton's paper:

> Bring on your great lawyers, if you please; we care not how many, nor where you look for them; but don't brag about them until you can find one who has done as hard, as successful, and as valuable work as the farmer and merchant, who is the son of the Strafford blacksmith.

Morrill's election to the Senate was not merely a personal triumph; it was a source of general congratulation that so good a servant of the public had been advanced. In a time when corruption was rife, it was pleasant to see a man chosen to high office, "whose name," in the words of an historian, "was a synonym for incorruptibility." [1]

Then followed the usual anomalous interval between election and office which lack of railroads in Colonial days has apparently imposed forever upon our political institutions. Morrill did not enter the Senate until December, 1867, after a delay of fourteen months. Fortunately, however, he retained his seat in the House, where his elevation had not diminished either his prestige or his influence, and continued to render excellent service. The absorbing, one might almost say the single, interest lay in recovery, restoration, and reconstruction from the waste and ruin of the war. The task was equally urgent in the political and in the financial sphere and in both Morrill had a useful part. He was a member of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, and, though not conspicuous in its labors, signed the report which furnished the basis for the Fourteenth Amendment and also the basis for the conflict between Congress and President Andrew Johnson. To that regrettable struggle we shall return in considering Morrill's part in the impeachment proceedings. It is enough to say in passing that had the moderate opinions of men like Morrill been followed, there need have been no such contest between the two departments of the Government. The President's original position was substantially right and sound. Had it been received with reasonableness and a conciliatory spirit on the part of Congress, a satisfactory outcome would have resulted; but where Johnson's unfortunate limitations of education and character came into contact with the violent rad-

[1] Rhodes, v, 267.

icalism of "Thad" Stevens and the doctrinaire, scholastic absolutism of Sumner, there was an explosion, and the hope of peace was lost.

From the famous "swinging round the circle" tour, during which he visited Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, and Indianapolis and made speeches, some of which were little else than drunken harangues, the President returned to Washington discredited and without prestige. From that time he had no chance of securing the support or the coöperation of Congress. The general feeling of the Republicans was that they could have no further dealings with him. Even Morrill shared this view and felt obliged to refuse a request from a former colleague in the House, which must have appealed strongly to his sympathies:

COLUMBUS, GA., *Dec.* 3, 1866

MY DEAR SIR:

You are elected an *American Senator* and I would tender my congratulations but for what follows in this letter.

Taking Aunt Betsy Trotwood in David Copperfield for my guide wherein she says "business is business," I repeat, that you are Senator elect and I an unpardoned rebel, can you risk your good name and reputation in quietly recommending me as a proper person for Executive clemency? Senator Sherman, our old Chairman of the Ways and Means, has done so, and I ask you because if our circumstances could by possibility have been changed, I take it that our relations would have justified you in making a like request of me — what I would have done you know and of which it would be unbecoming in me to say.

I beg to remain,

Very respectfully,

Yours, etc.,

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD

Surely it must have been an unwelcome task for Morrill to reply as he did:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D.C., *Dec.* 10, 1866

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 3d inst. is at hand, and you may feel assured that I should be greatly gratified in being able to tender a personal favor to you in almost any direction, as your genial bearing in our Committee has by no means faded from my memory. Still requests made by those occupying positions similar to mine are no longer heeded by the Executive Departments of the Government, and I am compelled for the present not to place myself in the attitude of asking any favors of the President. Sincerely regretting that any circumstances prevent a prompt compliance with your request, I am

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

The relations between Congress and the President were now those of open hostility and the probable outcome — in impeachment proceedings — was forecast before Morrill left the House.

But neither in the early tentatives nor in the subsequent impeachment proceedings did Morrill take any active part. His labors were rather in the field of financial than of political reconstruction, and in this he continued to do yeoman service. Early in 1866 he had presented and by marked skill — Blaine describes it as "parliamentary strategy" — succeeded in getting enacted a bill to reduce the amount of legal tender. Of the financial soundness of the bill and its efficacy there could be no reasonable doubt, but it met opposition and required defense. He therefore prepared a general speech — the last extended speech he made in the House — in favor of the contraction of the currency and the resumption of specie payments.

There was a good deal of uneasiness, especially in the West, lest a sudden, drastic, or premature resumption of specie payments, with its consequent contraction of the currency, might cripple business. Morrill's speech was intended

to set such fears at rest. It was an unusual speech, for it was directed neither to support a special measure before Congress, nor to affect votes in a pending election; as its title shows, "An Exclusively Paper Currency Inconsistent with Permanent Prosperity," it was rather a general appeal to the intelligence of the country on a broad national issue. It was, in a sense, his valedictory as a Congressman and his preliminary address as a Senator. It was greeted with generous praise. From far and wide came messages of congratulation, some of which the author cherished, and when an intelligent constituent wrote that it was "The best speech since the days of Clay" he copied the phrase with evident satisfaction.

The speech was in fact timely, sound, and valuable in restoring confidence, for the country had been suffering from a minor panic since the fall of 1866. It aimed first at removing alarm. "Resumption of specie payments by the Government," he said, "cannot be obtained until there is some curtailment in the circulation of the legal-tender notes. . . . But when resumption does occur, it will at once unlock a large amount of specie hitherto withdrawn from circulation, and, prices being also reduced, a less amount of currency will be required. No disastrous effects need follow if the people and the Secretary of the Treasury only exercise a common prudence."

He ventured a word of warning against the fads and panaceas to which so many were attracted. "Finance seems to be a subject which inspires all men, and each one is persuaded of the infallibility of his own gospel. . . . The new school . . . trust much to the miraculous efficacy of paper currency. . . . I regret that I have no such pleasing theories and no such delusive nostrums. I have no dream that we can add to the wealth of the country by any contrivance unaccompanied by honest labor: . . . it is our highest duty to in-

sist first and everywhere on rigid economy; and second, to restore our finances to the normal condition — to the specie standard — at the earliest practicable moment." He regretted that excellent men had become enamored of paper money and wished to retain it. "I confess," he said, "to a feeling almost of mortification . . . that this question requires sober argument before an American Congress. How any friend of American industry can espouse the cause of an endless reign of paper currency, of which it takes one dollar and thirty, forty, or fifty cents to buy a dollar in specie, is to me incomprehensible."

The war between Congress and the President, which had divided the Cabinet into "loyal" and "disloyal," could not be kept out of any speech in 1867. The Secretary of the Treasury, Hugh McCulloch, one of the ablest and most honorable of men, was numbered among Johnson's adherents — a thing which made him anathema to the Radicals. Morrill would not be blinded by prejudice. "I am," he said, "no defender of the politics of the Secretary of the Treasury. They have been and are as distasteful to me as to any of my friends. . . . The political sins of the Secretary are patent, but, according to Burns, 'we know not what has been resisted.' Should we drive him from position, is it likely that any successor would have more of the confidence of the country? . . . I do not think it will be very wise for Congress to get wrong on financial questions because the Secretary happens to be right. . . . Although I think he has named a day for the resumption of specie payments somewhat earlier than it will be possible to achieve, yet the unalterable purpose to resume at an early day I have no doubt is sound in principle, policy, and morals, and if Congress shall thwart this purpose it will have doomed the country to long years of suffering."

Turning to the practical banking aspects of the currency

question, Morrill pointed out that the fears of the anti-contractionists were groundless. He pointed out that the currency then in existence was "in round numbers nearly one thousand million dollars to do actually less business than we were doing six years ago when we did not have nor require one fourth part of the sum." The amount of paper money being retired under the operations of the law which caused some people alarm was $4,000,000 a month, not more than half the monthly output of gold and silver. "We produce of gold and silver $8,000,000 per month, and yet higgle about retiring within the same time $4,000,000 of paper." The amount of United States paper money outstanding was five times as great as that in Great Britain. He pointed to the contrast. "It is an absurdity to suppose that we require five times as much paper money as Great Britain to do less than half as much business!"

Inflation had encouraged gambling and discouraged thrift. "The effects of an inflated currency, by creating suddenly a nominal increase of values, has demoralized the nation. . . . Staid men become adventurous, and adventurers become desperate. Haste to be rich fires the brain, and he who has no . . . fancy stocks to dispose of to green friends is a fossil of a by-gone age." But the essentials had not changed. "Calling a dollar a dollar and a half only brings along the necessity for marking up the price of every exchangeable commodity correspondingly." The entire process was injurious, for, as he said, "Familiarity with millions has bred a contempt for paltry sums. . . . Put off the day of payment and we count large sums as trifles, forgetting that each dollar of every million will cost some one of our countrymen the sweat of a hard day's work. It is the golden moment for the party now in power to turn its attention to the dry subject of economy and stem the tide flowing out from the Treasury."

It was sound doctrine, welcomed everywhere by sober-minded men and taken as a good augury for his service in the Senate.

There he began his long career on the 4th of March with hardly a ripple to mark the change from one end of the Capitol to the other, and with hardly a break in his daily routine, for the Thirty-Ninth Congress closed its sessions late on Sunday the 3d and the Fortieth, in which he began as Senator, opened at twelve o'clock on Monday.

His coming had been long expected and his place was prepared for him. As soon as his election was known, his friend Fessenden, Chairman once more of the Finance Committee, had written, "I congratulate you somewhat, and myself more," and made it plain at once that he meant to have Morrill's help on that responsible and hard-worked committee. From the first he fitted the Senate. It suited his temperament and it was soon clear to all that he had found his *mêtier*. The deliberate and comparatively quiet mode of transacting business accorded with his nature. He was no orator and shrank from rather than courted crowds; the great spaces of the House and its frequent turbulence, the dominance of leaders, and the constant succession of new men as the result of the ever-recurring biennial elections; finally, the elections themselves rather wearied and repelled him. Now he found himself freed from all that, with a sphere suited to his nature and his powers, with a term long enough to permit him to form plans, and with friends ready to lend him coöperation.

The smaller chamber, where his quiet manner of speaking and the limitations of his voice no longer put him at a disadvantage; the smaller audience, composed of mature and responsible men — if not "grave and reverend seniors," at least sober and deliberate men of affairs — most of whom he

knew and many of whom he counted as friends, made for a certain composure and contentment of spirit to which his life in Washington had been a stranger. As his friend James G. Blaine remarked in a letter written before he had taken his seat, he could "now set his house in order for a twelve-year service in the Senate at least." But the whole letter is worth quoting for the feeling of the times which it conveys:

You have arranged your matter very properly — or rather your friends have arranged it for you — as I know very well that personally you have nothing to do with "arrangements" either good or bad. But it is a good thing; and it is far better for your personal ease and for party harmony than to have simply beaten P——d in the Legislature — as you would have done — and then left him a chronic sore-head.

You can now "set your house in order" for a twelve-year service in the Senate, at least. I fear you will not take so much interest in the lower branch next winter, after your formal election to the "House of Lords." You will be somewhat in the position of a college student between Senior examination and Commencement Day. Perhaps your habits of methodical industry will make you overcome this tendency — but you will find it quite difficult.

My health is becoming quite firm. We have had most delightful weather for three weeks. Pitt [1] is looking very well. I saw him a few days since.

Andy [2] has begun to decapitate in this State. He removed the principal Collector of Customs in my District last week — substituting a *backsliding* Republican, who was a creditable soldier.

With regards to your family and apologies for this long and hasty scrawl, I am as ever

Your friend sincerely

J. G. Blaine

Easily as he entered into the ways of the Senate, and warm as was his welcome there, he found himself in the possession of unaccustomed leisure. He came from the position of Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, perhaps the hardest-worked place in the House, to that of an ordinary

[1] Senator Fessenden. [2] Andrew Johnson.

member of the Committee on Finance, with no responsibilities and the light duties of a newcomer. Conditions made for leisure. The contest between Congress and the President occupied men's minds and blocked legislation. In February his mother, who had been gradually failing and about whom he had felt anxious, died at the age of seventy-nine, and this, together with the relief from legislative toil and responsibility, allowed him to plan a long-contemplated visit to Europe. When it appeared that the proposed impeachment of the President, in which he took only a moderate interest, would continue to absorb attention and would probably prevent a summer session, he invited Blaine to join him and the two set off with eager zest.

CHAPTER VIII

VISIT TO EUROPE

THE tour was an unqualified success. The two travelers returned in September, after three months in Europe, with a stock of pleasant memories and with mutual regard higher than when they set out. As Blaine's biographer records, "They sailed into New York Harbor on their return, agreeing that if the journey were to be taken again, each could choose no better companionship," and this in spite of a great disparity of years, for Morrill was Blaine's senior by twenty years. What is still pleasanter to record, twenty years later both still recalled the voyage as a happy memory. In 1887, Blaine, again abroad, was so strongly reminded of the happy hours of the earlier visit that he wrote his old traveling companion:

> Being here on a general run through Ireland, I am forcibly reminded of one morning twenty years ago in June last when you and I reached here after our night in Queenstown. The recollections of that trip have always been among the most pleasant of my life, and are of course indelibly and most agreeably associated with you.
>
> Much has happened since, which neither of us could foresee then, but through it all, throughout its sunshine and its storms, I have always felt that I had your regard, as you have had mine in full measure.

Morrill's reply shows that the memory on both sides was equally vivid and pleasant. He wrote of "places around which my memory still lingers where twenty years ago we were together and enjoyed, as Yankees do a dinner, a great deal in a short time. How marvelous was the first view of the beauty of the Emerald Isle, as well as that of the land of

Burns and Scott, and then of Shakespeare and Chatham, with the Cathedrals, House of Parliament — Kennebec Morse, our prim plenipo Adams, the Chichester races, etc. Across the Channel we found Napoleon the Little with his troop of 100 black horses at his heels in all his glory, but all that has vanished. . . . It is difficult for me to wholly dismiss from memory even the minor notes of our trip: the Irish dog-carts and Blarney stone, or the Alpine horn and tagging beggars, or . . . and it was all made delightful by having you as a companion."

Both Morrill and Blaine were inclined to boast of the ground they covered in the allotted time. From London Blaine wrote:

> It is only five days since we landed at Queenstown. . . . An attentive study of the trains and the notable localities that are accessible on the route has enabled us to do more in these five days than tourists often accomplish in two or three weeks. We find a great number of those who came over on the "China" with us here at the Langham, and all they have done is simply to travel from Liverpool, stopping nowhere and seeing nothing. We have seen rural England, ridden on its fine roads, talked with its people, seen its splendid country seats.[1]

The travelers were treated everywhere with marked consideration. They were invited to dine with Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister, and George Peabody, the famous American merchant, placed at their disposal his seats at the opera. Every one seemed desirous of showing them attention:

> Next morning [wrote Blaine] we called on Mr. Adams and were very cordially received. He said he would send his Secretary of Legation to our hotel at 3.30 to escort us to Parliament House and procure our admission to the floor. . . . Mr. Forster was in his seat, and, hearing about us from Mr. Morse, he did not wait to be introduced, but came right over, and soon after

[1] Gail Hamilton, *Life of Blaine*, page 184.

brought John Stuart Mill, and then Lord Amberley and many other of the Liberal members.

After about half an hour, Mr. Forster, having left us for a few minutes, returned with the compliments of the Right Honorable John Evelyn Dennison, Speaker of the House, inviting us to take seats on the Peers' Bench, — a most eligible location, — and sending us word that during our stay in London he would be happy to have us occupy that seat whenever it might suit our Pleasure.

After staying for several hours we repaired to the House of Lords, and here again we had seats on the floor, at "the foot of the throne." We had an admirable chance of seeing all the notables in both Houses, Derby, Disraeli, Russell, Stanley, etc.; we did not see Bright or Gladstone, as they are both out of town. I never cared for a sight so much as the British Parliament, and I have now seen it under the most favorable circumstances. . . . But withal it is a body of notable men worth a trip across the Atlantic to see. . . . Mr. Morrill is a capital traveling companion in every sense — even-tempered and with wide-awake interest and attention.[1]

Though the biographer is not prepared to claim for Morrill's travel letters any exceptional insight or any extraordinary literary excellence, they throw so many lights upon his tastes, opinions, and habits of mind that generous excerpts seem worth including. He addressed his letters either to his wife or his sister-in-law as the mood struck him, knowing that they were as one, and in his first long letter to Miss Swan, written from Dublin, described what kind of letters he should attempt:

Perhaps a sort of journalistic account of the places I pass through and the objects seen will be of more interest than letters of any other character, and while I cannot jot down hints of a tithe I see, I shall in the main pursue this course to the end of my journey and so, dear Louise, all the record of this to me rather important trip, and since I landed a trip brimful of compensatory joys to offset the ocean imprisonment I endured for the first

[1] Gail Hamilton, *Life of Blaine*, pages 184–85.

ten days, will be the pencillings which I hope to send to my beloved wife and yourself.

The sight of Blarney Castle, the cathedrals of Dublin and of scores of ancient buildings on the ride across Ireland gave him a sharp sense of antiquity:

Our own country is so new that we look on the works and monuments of past ages with awe and wonder not unmixed with a suspicion that there may be some mistake in the dates when we are told that this was founded in the fifteenth, the eleventh, or even the fifth century, but "there is no doubt we have examined many veritable examples" of the works of man so preserved. Still, even with this well-attested, their present emaciated, blackened, crumbling, and tottering appearance serves to sadden us and to show that great truth, "If in this life only we have hope, then of all men we are most miserable." The genius and labor of the weightiest of men at last turns to dust. God alone is eternal.

From London he sent his wife a chronicle of his progress from Chester to London:

Last Tuesday night, after a ride through the famous Black (or iron) District, we arrived in Birmingham, a place only noted for its immense manufactures and for its steady support of Liberal members of Parliament. Here, in the large old Town Hall, Mr. Bright is wont to hold forth, and of course that so far consecrated the place that we did not fail to take off our hats when we looked in upon it. All the churches and cathedrals, by the way, which have been consecrated, Episcopal as well as Catholic, must be entered only with uncovered heads, and if one happens to become oblivious of this rule, as you know it might happen even to me, he is sure to be reminded of it by the attendant. All these places are readily shown in England, and in all a fee is demanded or expected — generally an English shilling. . . .

In crossing roads never as with us do they go on the same level — one or the other goes over free and clear, and in one place I noticed there was a railroad went under the one we were upon and another over it — very near the same place. The speed of the railroads exceeds that of American roads, being from about thirty

miles per hour, as the average or usual rate, up to forty and over on the great express trains, and these latter are said to meet with fewest accidents. But it is a fearful rate to ride. . . . We rode in a carriage to Kenilworth. . . . The Macadamized roads of England as well as of Ireland make a ride everywhere enjoyable, and when one sees the beauty of the road with a footpath by the side raised three or four inches — an exclusive sidewalk for pedestrians — finished as part of the road, I no longer wonder at the long walks English men and women are accustomed to make. Labor is no more than it would be on the best city sidewalk and skirting a beautiful hedge is certainly not less attractive.

The old ruins of Kenilworth overgrown with ivy (and trees in some places), with enough left to mark their grandeur and magnitude, are among the most noted landmarks of English history. . . . The birds were building nests and flying about from place to place as though it had all been intended for them. There was a marble fireplace, and the old oaken ceiling and floor of one room which had been taken out of the old castle and preserved in the newer part or the part built for a lodge at a later period, and where now a family apparently lived to take charge of the premises. The old wall and moat was still visible. The whole view or any part would make up such views as the schools love to paint.

From here we returned — passing Grey's Cliff — where stands a famous avenue of evergreen trees, so much admired by H. Beecher Stowe when she was here — to Warwick and then rode eight or nine miles to Stratford-on-Avon, where they not only showed us the house and the very room where Will Shakespeare was born, but many casts, pictures, and relics, including a huge ring, of the great poet. The broad old fireplace looked much like the grandfather of some of the earlier chimney places even in Strafford, with the places up under the mantel to hang and smoke Bacon. Here was where he (Shakespeare) lived with Anne Hathaway, a stout young fellow, but he never showed any great love for her, it appears, after a very short time. It is something to see the little old cottage and its yard or flower garden in the rear. . . .

Staying at Oxford we used up the next forenoon in going over and around all the colleges of the University — twenty of them, I believe, and all striving for the mastery — each one claiming its

glorious company of graduates in the world's celebrities. The antiquity and renown of the rooms occupied by such persons as Addison or Johnson — still the same identical rooms — you can imagine. Then pictures . . . by such men as Reynolds and Lawrence and statuary in abundance — fine grounds — fine old and large libraries — why, I must say that I thought how I should like to lead Jimmy through these old halls a few years hence and tell him that very probably all the education he could get in an ordinary American college would hardly do more than to fit him to enter here.

London he found inexhaustible, and though he returned to it after a visit to the Continent, he left it at the end only partly explored. His first glimpse was taken in June and led, of course, to the Thames and its gardens:

We rode up the Thames [he writes on June 9th], passing many beautiful residences, by Twickenham, where we saw the house in which Pope once lived, and his grotto — his grounds in the main or rather his garden was walled in too high to be seen. From his grotto an underground passage leads to his garden passing under the highway which otherwise separates it from his house. We then returned on the Thames, of course repassing the place where Charles is said to have escaped from, where the sons of Louis Philippe now live, and other notable residences back to the Star and Garter where we had an elegant Lunch. Then we rode to Richmond, the place first built by Cardinal Wolsey and surrendered to "his jealous King," Henry the Eighth, I believe. The castle and park here are great in magnificence. The trees, of the growth of ages, in splendid avenues, five deep, the old rooms, specimens of the furniture, beds, chairs, etc., used by Kings and queens of old time, all have a deep interest, and then the old pictures — not by any means all very good, but all having a romantic or solid interest — and in such lavish profusion. Why, a steady walk hardly stopping, would require of you an hour's time to pass through the rooms and halls and corridors, stairways, and closets containing this vast gathering of the works of artists from the days of the Henrys down to George the Fourth. I mean to go again — am not content with one look.

Then we drove to Kensington Gardens and to Kew. The last,

with their splendid glass conservatories, lawns, trees, beds of flowers, is altogether the finest place I have seen. The massive beds of Rhododendrons, skirted on one side with borders and beds of rare flowers and on another with avenues of trees, are wonderful in extent and beauty. Certainly they surpass my own at Strafford, and yet you remember one old lady came all the way from North Randolph to see mine! I could write some pages about this day's sight-seeing, but I will spare you.

His love of horses made the show in Hyde Park especially interesting to him and he set down his observations in much detail:

Mr. Blaine and I went to Hyde Park, the great resort from 2 to 8 P.M. There were a goodly number of equestrians — the ladies riding with great elegance and boldness while the gentlemen didn't, or I failed to see the elegance of the perpetual rising and falling in the stirrups. But the turn-outs — two-horse turn-outs — were of great beauty and very large numbers. Among them we saw at one time very closely the Prince of Wales, who evidently knew Mr. Blaine and myself by our round soft hats, which we do not think of parting with until we reach Paris, to be Americans, as we saw him call attention to our singularity in this respect, for here no one wears such shocking bad hats. The horses here were almost uniformly good, some very fine, but I do not think the crowd averaged so many really fine roadsters as we see on 5th Avenue or at the Central Park. Perhaps they were larger and stouter. Mere speed and slender symmetry do not appear to be in favor, and all their carriages appear to be much heavier and stouter than American. None but private carriages are admitted to the park and a driver (or coachman) and footman must attend always. Even the one-horse equipages, and we saw a good many of those, frequently had a footman as well as a driver. The livery was mainly drab breeches, blue coat and large buttons, band and cockade on the hat, and white stockings or boots with buff tops. This was variously decorated. The coachman wore a white or gray horse-hair wig and the footman by his side had his hair powdered white. So they always looked old and reverend, no matter how young they might be.

The heat of the summer hastened the travelers' departure,

for they hoped to visit Rome before August. The next day saw them away:

At dawn we took a long, sharp steamer, bidding adieu to the famous white cliffs of Dover — the bold shore of England — for La belle France and arrived at Calais, across the Channel, in a little more than two hours — the water being calm and smooth as a mill-pond. Calais is an old walled town, held, you know, by England for many years, and when finally lost, I think it was Queen Mary who said "Calais" would be found written upon her heart. The bare-legged, dirty fish-women on the pier was the first foreignish sight which struck us, with sounds, not one of which was intelligible, uttered by all the voices around — men, women, and boys. One feels rather helpless when thus thrown upon what must after all be little better than pantomime to make himself understood.

From Calais, over a fine and level country, thoroughly and beautifully cultivated, we started at 1¼ o'clk. P.M. for Brussels (Bruxelles), the capital of Belgium. Here as in England trees are almost worshiped or at least cared for tenderly by everybody. There are few or no fences, but the lines appear to be marked by rows of trees and so is every road, stream, or ditch, and the latter two generally by a row of trees on each side. Here, however, unlike what they are in England, the trees are trimmed up very high and only a small portion is left to top and branches — probably that they may not shade the land crops too much. This makes the country — and especially the long avenues of trees by the roadsides — look wondrously beautiful. There is no disfigurement of dilapidated wooden fences or tumbledown walls here any more than in England, but the hawthorn hedges, a capital ornament instead [of walls], are by no means so common here and yet they are not infrequent.

The travelers made an early pilgrimage to Waterloo.

Of course our first and chief business at Brussels was to visit the famous battle-field of Waterloo. It is true that we in the United States have recently had more men and guns engaged in hostile array than met here and had many far more bloody encounters — as at Gettysburg where either side had more cannon

and much more efficient than all together had here on the 18th of June, 1815. But Waterloo was one of those few single struggles which decides the fate of nations for ages and Wellington himself little knew when he wrote his dispatch the next day how great a work he had done.

It is twelve miles from Brussels to Waterloo and the best route is through the Soigne Woods — about eight miles long and all of the first part beautifully laid out as a park with walks and drives kept immaculately clean and constantly sprinkled to lay any unmannerly item of dust. Then the dense mass of trees — nearly all beech, rising to lofty heights, straight and without a limb nearly to the tops and very thick — make it look like a black forest touched by the hand of a magician. The main road, straight as an arrow, was paved clean through and a single row of trees close to each side with then an open space of fifteen feet, perhaps, on each side left to be made into roads for equestrians possibly. The ride in a hot day here such as we had was superb.

Stopping at Saint-Jean we went direct to the point where the battle began, Hougomont, and from there to where was the center of the conflict upon which a lofty mound has been built up, through the labor (of some two hundred Liège women) of years — three, it is said — and upon this stands a monument of a Belgic lion looking toward Paris. Frenchmen do not often visit this unpleasant scene of the fall of their greatest hero, but Englishmen do. I will not dilate upon this battle-field, as it is all down in the books better than I can describe it. It is a satisfaction to have seen it. I do not now think the English had so much the advantage in position as I have heretofore supposed. Their great help was in Grouchy's [Blücher's?] coming up to attack the French in the flank at the right moment.

Their "Parliament" was not in session and we rode to Antwerp . . . a famous old Dutch city — full of antiquities. Its architecture, its people, pictures — old seat of the Inquisition, statue of Godfrey of Bouillon, the Crusader, ancient cathedral, churches — all, all lend a wonderful interest to an American. The chimes or music of the twenty bells is indescribably sweet. The size of the cathedral is marvelous and so are its wood carvings. At vespers the singing (especially the voices of the boys) was very fine. Saint Paul's Church was more profusely and elaborately decorated than anything I have ever before seen or con-

ceived of. Here is the place where some hundreds of years ago the commercial wealth of the world was centered, and even now the city has a look of prosperity and the new part appears to be rapidly growing. One little, old and small statue, the Mannikin, from which flows a fountain, is still retained in a conspicuous place. . . . But the men, many in wooden shoes (sabots) and bare-headed and bare-legged women at work in the fields — apparently as much so as men or more in all such work as hoeing the seeds out of the growing crops and in the coarsest kind of drudgery — suggests that here is a field for the laborers in behalf of women's rights. Children of both sexes were also largely employed in the fields. The wages of labor here are small as compared with us, but still there is one marvelous fact — population increases or the same number of families have more children than with us.

This day (Friday, June 13th) we came to Cologne — have visited the Museum to see the paintings and the grand Cathedral — what places of pomp these are! This is very old and very superb. The city is old, walled in, strongly fortified, very dirty, and with irregular, narrow streets. To-morrow we go up the Rhine to Mayence on the boat.

There is something of the bulletin and something of the guidebook about travel letters, Morrill's as well as others. The scenes remain the same and there is no great variety of route; it is the reactions of the traveler which chiefly interest us. The Rhine stirred his feelings. On June 14th he wrote from Mayence:

Here I am at 9½ o'clk. P.M. after another day of surpassing interest. We left Cologne this morning at 8¾ o'clk. A.M. by steamboat up the Rhine, and instead of getting off at Coblentz came on to this place much to our joy, as the scenery was picturesque, grand, and quite deserving its wide reputation in all points of view. The Rhine is larger, longer, and a much swifter stream than the Hudson, with which our own people would compare it, and over that part we traveled to-day, about 150 miles, the banks, rugged, rocky, and precipitous as they are, seem exclusively devoted to vine culture. In fact I know not to what else they could be devoted. Here is the seat of the celebrated Rhine,

Hock, and other wines. We passed near and in plain view of the palace of Prince Metternich where the Johannisberg wine is made. The vines covered nearly all the land in sight. The highlands or mountains on each side of the river rise very boldly and their steep sides are terraced by masonry, one wall rising above another indefinitely — as we counted forty such terrace walls in one instance, and even then the land made is on an angle often of more than forty-five degrees. These walls if laid flat, and they are necessarily of solid masonry, substantial and costly, would cover more surface than after all they secure for cultivation. How they carry manure on or carry off the crop or where they find the soil is a marvel. The formation geologically is undoubtedly volcanic and that is favorable to the vine. At any rate, wherever a fair exposure to the sun can be had for miles and miles these dark, iron-rusted-looking highlands are covered with vines — rarely anything else — and if there is a patch of wheat it looks as grotesque as a new patch of odd-colored cloth on an old garment. I suppose the crop is very valuable, but the wine, you know, is little better to the taste than good old-fashioned cider. With it they must buy all they eat and wear, for this is all they've got. There are no dwelling-houses near, as in Prussia I am told the custom of the people is for all to live in villages or towns. Certainly here that is the fact, for at every point on the banks of the river — skirted on each side by a railroad which must often tunnel through the jutting rocks at sharp curves of the river — wherever there was room or a break by the entrance of a tributary stream a smart old town seemed to be lodged. These were novelties; not that they were actually new, for many of them with their Gothic churches and ruined castles have been here, protected often by their antiquated walls and towers, ever since the days of the Romans, and have histories full of legendary lore and romance. There are many elegant villas and handsome private residences — many hotels where travelers from all countries come to spend the hot summer days in pursuit of health or pleasure, but these old houses which have stood from the ninth, tenth, twelfth, and fifteenth century are more matters of wonder to me, from a country where we nearly all know the first settler in every town. The fortifications, castles, and towns, many in ruins, some undergoing repairs, built by kings, dukes, and the nobility of other ages, upon the most sublime and inaccessible peaks, where

one man, perhaps, commanded the labor of thousands, astonish the eye at almost every bend in the river. Jefferson said that the view of Harper's Ferry, the junction of the Shenandoah and the Potomac, was worth a voyage across the Atlantic. A view of the Rhine cannot be worth less.

Frankfort interested him as the home of bankers where many United States bonds were held, and Homberg with its scenes of gay and lavish gambling aroused his puritan instincts.

Frankfort, where we passed some hours yesterday, is one of the finest towns — nearly 100,000 inhabitants — as well as one of the wealthiest in Europe. Here lives Rothschild and many other great bankers and more of the U.S. 5-20's are owned here than in any other place on this side of the Atlantic. The elegant residences, many of them modern, are built in large and handsome style and decorated with much taste — vases of flowers being very conspicuous. It more reminds me of the best houses in American cities than any place I have yet seen, only they are nearly all built of brick, then smoothly plastered and painted drab color. Some of the streets are handsome, but in the old part of the town they are very narrow, and buildings of wood were to be seen said to be a thousand years old. These were very grotesque and possessed for me as much interest as those of far more elegance.

When Prussia recently seized the place, she made them pay some millions as a ransom and quartered her soldiers on the richest men, bankers and others, in the place quite remorselessly — putting 250 soldiers into the house of Rothschild, where they had to be regularly fed and where they used gilt furniture and eider-[down] beds rather rudely. By the bye, German beds are very short, and in lieu of extra blankets they have a large eider-down bed to fling over you, as was necessary at Mayence on account of the cold weather. In England we had new potatoes and green peas, but, as such usually are in early spring-time, they were small and very poor. The strawberries were better — here all such things, including cherries, are of better flavor. Butter is not salted apparently at all anywhere since we left home. Bread is

the best-made article. Meats are the main dishes, and puddings and pies are rarely to be seen.

Homberg, where I am now writing on Sunday afternoon, is a great watering place (10,000 people) recently known from its four or five rare medicinal springs, and really valuable for those having broken-down constitutions. I find several Americans here, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, among the number. . . .

Mr. Blaine and myself to-day dined at the Kursaal and had a capital dinner at less expense much than we could get it at New York, but I confess to see all this going on at noonday on any day of the week astonished me, yet to see it on Sunday shocked me. Here, at the hour when the church bells should be calling the people together for the holiest of thoughts, might be heard a band of musicians, calling a miscellaneous throng together to listen to marches, waltzes, operas — all executed with marvelous skill, to be sure, but all to toll the thoughtless and giddy as well as the already wrecked in morals into the very jaws of hell. The rooms are adorned with lavish expenditure dazzling to behold, and all at the expense of this monster gambling company. To be sure, many come here innocently in pursuit of health and perhaps find it, as the spot is one of unequaled salubrity and the springs no doubt are excellent, but to see, as I have done to-day, the eager crowd about the gambling-tables, putting down their thalers and napoleons, where they might be made rich or poor in a few seconds, and to see among this crowd well-dressed women, was revolting to all my sensibilities. I had not supposed it was possible to find such a phase of human society thus engaged on the Sabbath day, and yet churches are open here to-day and many have possibly read their prayers who before 11 o'clk. at night will have "played with the tiger" and made or lost money in these gilded dens of the very imps of darkness. It is a curious study to watch the faces of those who play. The Bank, of course, wins a large percentage more than all the rest — having in one month sometimes made a half-million dollars; but those who play do not make the calculations that as a whole they must lose, but each expects to be a fortunate winner. One wins largely, perhaps, while many close at hand steadily lose.

Thank God! we have little of this in America and I hope we may never have more, but, as I never went into any such "hell" in America, I wanted to examine this one, whose fame is world-

wide, in order that I might have a correct idea of the game, its *modus operandi* and all its accessories. Of course, such vices as the women of Babylon practiced are not unknown here.

Is it not too bad that a place beautiful by nature, and made attractive by the expenditure of vast wealth and taste, should be prostituted to such unholy purposes? More than ever am I thankful that I was born in New England and that I am to return there, Providence willing, to repose at last.

With golden spoons and forks we dined, and saw the man bringing in the bag of specie for one table fairly stagger under the load, yet "better is a dinner of herbs" and pure New England air for me and mine, now and forever. Farewell, Homberg and all its insane splendor! There are some here who should take heed lest they fall.

In company with Blaine, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and two or three other friends, he visited Hanau, the center of the jewelry trade, Heidelberg with its famous university and hardly less famous wine tun, and came to Baden, where he was again stirred by the sight of gambling — and of one gambler in particular:

Baden Baden is another German watering-place and most widely known as the fashionable resort for gamblers the world over. Like Homberg it is as gay as it is wicked. A military band of over fifty pieces in a Chinese summer house discourses delicious music and the grounds are thronged with those of both sexes who enjoy this phase of high life. In the Conversation House — not of so much splendor nor so large as that at Homberg, though still very spacious and richly decorated — there is plenty of wine, beer, and coffee drinking and smoking around any number of small tables on the piazzas and adjacent grounds. The place is beautiful, the springs probably good, and on the whole it is a very elegant lounging-place. But the subtle, sly attraction, after all, is the gambling-tables which were more densely surrounded if possible than those at Homberg. A Russian princess was the sensation of the evening, and she was losing large sums of gold very rapidly while I looked on. I must admit that she was a dashing, elegant appearing lady, under thirty-five, perhaps, with blazing black eyes and one who in her younger days may have

given men the heart-ache. I heard that she was a widow, having lost her first husband who left her 10,000 francs, her second having given her 50,000 francs to be divorced, and her last having died, leaving her 50,000 francs — all annual payments. Of course, she can venture much, but I should think a season here at the rate she was going would not leave her much margin for the yearly essentials of life.

He made a pilgrimage to Strasbourg to see the cathedral with which, and with the great clock, he was much impressed:

But what I went most to see was the famous Strasbourg Cathedral, surpassing nearly all the structures of this sort in Europe. The inside was very chaste and grand. The exterior is not only grand, but every part is exquisitely beautiful. Let me for once quote the English guidebook: "The spire is 474 feet above the pavement" (more than three times higher than that of our old Strafford meeting-house!), "113 feet higher than St. Paul's in London, and 24 feet higher than the great Pyramid. It is considered a masterpiece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such precision as to give it, at a distance, a strong resemblance to lace." The cost must have been immense even in the days when money was vastly more valuable than in modern times, and it was built or begun by a nobleman who gave all his fortune to the work. We managed to be there precisely at 12 o'clk. M. to see and hear the famous clock which at that hour is visited, as when we saw it, always by crowds. First a figure of each one of the apostles comes out and makes his obeisance to the figure of our Saviour who in his turn waves a benediction with his right hand. During this an immense cock on a side tower flaps his wings, and crows thrice as naturally as life itself. At the quarter-hour the figure of a child comes out in front and with a hammer strikes the bell once, at the half-hour the figure of a full-grown man, at three-quarters the figure of an old man, and at the full hour, Death or the figure of a skeleton strikes the proper time on the bell.

He found the agriculture of the region inferior, but his first sight of the Alps convinced him that he had underestimated them:

The ride from Basle up the Rhine to Zurich was one of great beauty, the fields being level to the mountains on either side and four or five miles broad. It was a good hay day and every cow was drawing its load of hay and every woman and girl, man and boy, was in the field. The implements are very rude. You could not hire a man with us to use them. The scythe is short, very wide and flat, with a heavy straight stick for a snathe and only one handle. Yet I saw women using them and men using a hoe much resembling our bog hoe, not quite so long and a very little wider.

Oh, the ride from Zurich along that charming lake by the first ridges of the Alps! It is wrong to pretend that we have anything to compare with them, certainly east of the Mississippi. They are positively grand. The railroad pierces through them where they project and we come out with only room to move under the very brink of the massive pile of rocks above us, while the lake or the Rhine is close by us on the other side. Every step shows us a cascade — a green spot — or some feature of terrible grandeur. One sings out, "See this!" but before you can well do it the cry comes out from the other side of the car, "Look here." The eye fairly grows weary with this great show for which so many travelers spend their time and very much money. You see, I am in a mood to be pleased with what I see. At any rate, I am in a mood to give you my first true impressions, and I think when I have been on our pigmy hills — all most respectable and very grand compared with prairies — I may have been disposed to underestimate Switzerland and the Alps. I shall, I hope, see more ere long.

It would be tedious to follow the traveler step by step through Switzerland, over the Alps and down into the Italian plains, but his enjoyment of Lake Como is worth recording, as it remained all his life the high mark of beauty:

In a small but fine steamboat on Lake Como I had one of the most delightful rides it is the lot of man ever to enjoy. The lake is quite narrow and not more than thirty miles long, but its shores are lined with magnificent villas, towns, and villages, and as the boat had to touch at many of these to leave and take a mail-bag, though a swift boat it took considerable time to go through it,

but none too much. Byron and Bulwer describe some of the scenes on this beautiful lake with proper enthusiasm. High mountains rise directly from all the shores and many of the finest houses, or palaces as they are more correctly called, depend evidently upon boats whenever they go out. There is a road on part of the shore built at great expense, tunneling at many points and walled up for miles with solid masonry. On the slopes of the hills grapes are invariably planted, and near the water's edge gardens with trees, shrubs, and plants of rare character are growing profusely and often in rocky places, bedecked with all sorts of bathing houses, summer houses, greenhouses, grottoes, lookouts, towns, etc., and not only is the style of architecture unique, but the colors of the buildings are those which no American would think of using for a moment, being almost gaudy and yet tolerably harmonized and blended so that here they do not shock you. The water of the lake was of that deliciously bluish-green which we sometimes see, and quite transparent. I bid adieu to Lake Como with regret, but there is no commerce on its smooth surface and it is used as if predestined for nothing else but to float jeweled ladies and gentlemen of elegant leisure from point to point.

Morrill's course in Italy took him over well-beaten roads, to Florence, to Venice, where he noted with relief that beggars "can't follow gondolas," to Milan, and some of the smaller towns. Then he turned toward Paris, making a pause by the way to see Geneva, the seat of Calvinism:

I went into the old church (St. Peter's) which he [Calvin] once occupied and sat down in the chair which he used. The inside of the church, though once a Catholic one, is by no means decorated with statues, pictures, and costly carvings, but is quite plain, with long wood benches, and the whole wears an earnest and honest look. Calvin established an academy here for young men which is still maintained. There is also a Museum of Fine Arts and Museum of Natural History, and the old pictures, portraits of such men as Calvin, Melancthon, and many other noted men of olden times, possessed great interest for me. There was a statue of J. J. Rousseau, and the old city on the whole was very attractive.

Of Paris he wrote with admiration:

Paris, you know, is reckoned as all France, and it is a wonderful city in extent, in wonders and manners. The public buildings here are of very great extent in numbers and magnificence. The palaces of all the old Emperors are not sufficient for Napoleon Third and he is still building, and his Ministers, unlike American Cabinet Ministers, are all supplied with palaces to live in for the time being. The Mayor or Prefect has his Hôtel de Ville and there are buildings for the different Legislative Corps. The churches, especially Notre Dame, and theaters are prominent features of this great French city. The new Opera House approaching completion is very large, rich with its wondrous finish and style, differing from any other building and perhaps surpassing any other I have ever seen. This, too, is a government affair entirely — it being essential to the stability of any government here that the people shall have abundant places of amusement. Therefore Theaters, Operas, Hippodromes, and all sorts of places, many too bold and indecent for plain republicans to visit more than once and then only to see and turn away with disgust.

He did not exhaust the sights, which were endless, but he saw the famous places: Napoleon's tomb, the Tuileries, the Louvre, Fontainebleau, Versailles, and the avenues with their innumerable cafés. His letters home tell the story at a length somewhat too great for these pages, but there is a passage worth keeping about Napoleon the Third's stables that illustrates the love of horses which Morrill never lost:

To-day I have been, through a ticket of admission got for me by General Dix, our Minister, to see the Emperor's stables under the Louvre. He has about four hundred horses, though I saw only about half of them, but these were the best. English breeds, English mixed with Normandy, French, Russian, and American, were all seen to great advantage in superb stalls and they were all superior animals. The English being used exclusively for riding on horseback, the mixed breeds for carriages, the American for the Emperor's own fast driving, and he drives with a pair to Saint-Cloud in thirteen minutes. The sorrel horse he rode at Solferino is here, fourteen years old, and though by no means so fine an animal as some others is yet a good-looking animal. The

cleanliness of the stables was such that a blind man would not know in passing through them the use of the building, and the hair of the horses shone as bright as the silkiest of velvets. The expense of all these trappings must be enormous, but I dare say Napoleon's credit at his carriage-maker's and harness-maker's is good, as he is allowed from the Treasury thirty millions of francs, or about six millions of dollars in gold, annually; besides he has the income of considerable crown estates. It seems to a plain Republican that is rather cruel to make the people of France sustain such loads as this when a great many of them are rarely able to eat meat, and find it tough work to maintain their families — to fight hunger and cold. The time will come when no such people as the French will consent to be taxed for so much gilt.

His fondness for horses appears again in a letter written a week or two later from London. He went to the Goodwood Races which stirred his pulses:

Yesterday I went to the Goodwood races at Chichester — a ride into Suffolk by rail of two and one half hours, where on the Duke of Richmond's premises the aristocratic races are annually to be seen. The park encloses many miles and many thousands of acres and the people were there in countless thousands. The races one after another, at one time eight horses together, flying like the wind, with the little jockies on them in the gayest costumes, made my blood tingle and my heart go pitty-pat, while all around were men screaming at the top of their voices, "I bet, So-and-So, against the field." "I bet 20 to 1 against So-and-So," or, "I bet" — in all sorts of ways. Here were gathered the beautiful women of England — tall elegant forms, pure complexions, and golden hair (this is all the fashion just now), and they presented themselves in full dress, silks, long trains, laces, pearls, and diamonds being displayed, although windy and cold, to a greater extent than I shall soon witness again. Imagine the east room extended to acres upon acres and crowded with these ladies attended by the nobility and gentry of England in one continuous promenade for five or six hours and you have the scene.

His church-going habit led him to Spurgeon's Tabernacle and he gave his wife a good account of the service:

Last Sunday I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. The congregation is not unlike that which flocks to hear our Rev. Mr. Beecher, except that it is rather larger and I do not think it is fed with food of so high or intellectual a character. He is a stout young man with a clear, clarion-toned voice, speaks without notes, while a stenographer reports every word he utters plainly in front on a platform below the pulpit. The house is large, oblong, with two or three very deep galleries running quite round the house, rounded at the ends, so that it holds six thousand persons, and last Sunday there were many more present than could be seated. The whole congregation sing and the whole listen to the prayer and the sermon. They are wholly in earnest, and when the contribution box goes round, as round it surely goes, they all give something — hardly an exception — even the widow's mite is gathered here. Still the preaching, the sermon, was not of a very high order, so far as ideas, learning, or eloquence is concerned. It was loud and clear and might be called a respectable exhortation, but not better than good camp-meetings offer anywhere in New England. Spurgeon is a Baptist and undoubtedly does a great deal of good; the Church of England, working here only as a political wheel in the coach of state, leaves the common people with little religious education save what they get from the dissenters. Think of a congregation of six thousand people — as many as there would be in four towns of the size of Strafford if every man, woman, and child attended, or, say, counting the usual congregation of Parson Delano at one hundred souls, equal to sixty such congregations!

Morrill's financial instinct appraised London with a sound judgment. He went through the Bank of England with a keen eye and summed up his impressions of the city with some observations on the national character.

London is far more of a business city than Paris. The latter is gay, well-dressed, and a city of luxurious pleasures. London has more solid wealth and less show. Its people work and wear business suits. They go ungloved and there are more carts and teams of merchandise than those which only carry passengers. The city is crooked and dirty, all the buildings are blackened with coal smoke or something else, but inside they have stores of

costly merchandise and they are busy distributing it to all parts of the world. They sell at wholesale as well as retail, and I have no doubt its annual volume of business is ten times greater than that of Paris.

The English are not an agreeable people. They are rather independent than polite — cold, not sympathizing easily with strangers — brutal rather than kindly. Still they mean to be just from their standpoint and that, they have full faith, is the only true one. I rather value their character because we as Americans cannot deny but what we are immensely like them. Our bad points as well as good are largely inherited. I think we have improved upon our ancestry. We speak better English and as a whole are quite as independent and as a whole far better schooled. Their best scholars may be above our standard, but the standard of the millions must be far below that of the United States. Unfortunately any one next below the nobility expects to rise, and toadies to his superiors. The next lower class toadies to the next above it, and so there is little hope of abolishing any distinctions save that of merit. In this we in the United States are greatly in advance of the English. With us reverence must be earned — it cannot be commanded by inheritance. Every man must work out his own salvation in America, and I deem that not only sound in religion but in politics.

During this second visit to London he retraced his steps over some of the ground covered in his earlier stay: he revisited the Abbey, the British Museum, Windsor, and the Houses of Parliament. As a recently elected Senator, the House of Lords drew him strongly and he attended at least two debates there on which his comments are full of pith and point:

I went into the House of Lords once more and listened to an important debate on the Reform Bill. There is little room for spectators, and not more than twenty were present, of whom seven at least were Americans. The speaking was more quiet and tame than our style — more like ordinary conversation, even their set speeches. I heard Lord Cairns, Lord Russell, Lord Malmesbury, Cardigan (of the brave 600), Monckton Milnes, and others, but they did not seem to me the equals of Fessenden,

Sumner, Trumbull, Johnson, Sherman, or even several others among our Senators. Still I may be too much biased by inability to appreciate men of a foreign country for which just now we have little cause for gratitude.

Two weeks later he records another session in the upper chamber:

Before I left I spent Monday night in the House of Lords and listened to the debate upon the final disposition of the Reform Bill after the House of Commons had adopted one of their amendments — that for the representation of the minority among three-cornered constituencies — and rejected all the rest. Lord Derby opened the debate in an elegant and rather captivating speech, showing that reason was altogether and all the time with the Lords and yet recommending a concurrence with all the conclusions of the House of Commons. Lord John Russell not only so recommended, but thought the Commons were right in their reasons all the time. Lord Salisbury, the Earl of Stanhope, and some others, like the Marquis of Westminster, were going to vote as Lord Derby desired, but they were by no means satisfied. I find that the best speakers, whether in the House of Lords or Commons, most nearly approach the American standard in their use of language and style of delivery. . . . There is one excellence in the best style of English-speaking for Legislative bodies — it is not so declamatory nor so earnest and emphatic as that of Americans, but it is clear, candid, and appeals more exclusively to the sound judgment of the hearers. It is more quiet and conversational in its tone. I still think we have more good debaters than they have here in proportion to numbers and they are certainly more orderly and decorous in their behavior. Here any one disliked or who is so unfortunate as not to be an attractive speaker can hardly obtain a hearing. . . . In the House of Lords the Chancellor puts questions, but each member addresses, "My Lords," not "Mr. President" nor the Chancellor, and if two rise to speak at the same time, voices all over the house will at once sing out, "Earl Russell," or "Earl Stanhope," whichever they want most to hear, and the other has to sit down — drowned down by the clamor for another party.

Morrill had seen the capital and many of the provincial

towns of England and his time was growing short. To Edinburgh and the region made famous by Scott and Burns he dedicated his last few days. On Sunday, August 18th, he wrote his final jottings from Edinburgh:

> The people look sharp and thrifty here. In cities they will be crowded, and there are many dirty, narrow places, holding dirty and ignorant people, but as a whole the Scotch look intelligent and are nearly as independent, I judge, as they were in the days of John Knox, whose house I went to see, going all over it. Only one chair remains that belonged to him, and that of course I sat down in, as I did in Calvin's, but the rooms, doors, fireplaces, and ceilings are much as they were when the Reverend John used to thunder in the ears of poor Mary. The study of John Knox was not bigger than a china closet, having a fireplace, small desk, and one short shelf for books: proof that it is not many books that makes the strong man at all, but rather a few and much strong thinking upon the part of the reader.

He had visited Melrose and Dryburgh and Abbotsford where he had lingered over the relics of Sir Walter; he had spent a sentimental hour in Holyrood Palace reflecting on the character and fate of Queen Mary; he had paced the long halls of the castle, had set his foot on the spot in the pavement marked as the Heart of Midlothian, and had climbed, in the company of Blaine and Garfield, the two rising leaders of the Republican Party, to Arthur's Seat, where they had taken a last view over the romantic old town. It made a fitting climax to a memorable tour and he turned his face homeward well content.

CHAPTER IX

THE IMPEACHMENT OF JOHNSON

THE last line that had reached the travelers as they set off for Europe was a message from Washington about the project for impeaching President Johnson. The storm of partisan feeling against the President was gradually rising, to burst in that impeachment trial which forms one of the least satisfactory pages of our history and which was only saved from black tragedy by the heroism of the seven Republican Senators who opposed the party will and voted for acquittal.

The news they received by way of European newspapers indicated that an extra session of Congress would be summoned in July and might deal with the issue of impeachment. This caused Morrill much disquiet which not even the charms of Venice could wholly soothe, for he could see nothing but disaster in the course his party seemed bent on taking. He felt some resentment also that Seward, one of the conspicuous leaders of his party, should have remained in Johnson's Cabinet. He wrote his wife on the 28th of June from the Hotel del Europe on the Grand Canal:

> To-day I am somewhat alarmed lest Congress should really meet while I am away. I think if it does meet the Democrats will be very likely to carry the next election. The country cannot afford that, whatever the demerits of Johnson. Pennsylvania and New York, I fear, will be lost to us with very slight provocation which a Congress for impeachment would not fail to offer. I shall yet trust that Congress will, if it meets at all, only meet to adjourn till October. Judging by the papers I see (very meager) I should think by the course of Johnson and his ally, General Stanberry, that they want to provoke Congress to impeachment

on the ground that their party have more to gain than to lose by such a procedure. I see that W. H. Seward, whilom the anti-masonic Governor of New York, goes with the President to Boston to attend a Masonic Festival and at the invitation of Royal Arch masons! Is there any other change that the Secretary can undergo?

No action was taken during the extra session, but when Congress reassembled in December, impeachment became the overshadowing issue, and on February 24, 1868, the Republicans in Congress gave a practically unanimous vote for it, undoubtedly reflecting the opinion of the Republicans in the country at large.

There is no need of retelling the story of the great trial in which Morrill as a Senator sat as judge. His part was limited to the purely passive rôle of hearing the testimony, giving his vote for condemnation, and filing his "opinion" or defense of his vote. Other than this, his sole activity consisted in two motions: one, for facilitating the business of the trial by setting a date for the final vote and for filing opinions, which was passed; the other, designed to postpone the reassembly of the Senate after the first vote of May 16th, which was rejected.

Yet it would not be fair to assume that Morrill's attitude toward impeachment was a passive one. The feeling that animated Republicans, whether in or out of Congress, was far too intense and deep for that. To understand how strongly the tide of feeling ran through the country, it is necessary to recall that the Republicans of that time identified the country with their party. They felt that it was the Republican Party that had saved the Nation, and they felt that the only way it could be kept safe was by keeping the Republican Party in power. The Democratic Party was usually identified in the Republican mind with disloyalty. The fear, which now seems ridiculous, that Andrew Johnson and

the Democrats were likely to undo the work of the war, was then real, and affected even intelligent men. It was only such a state of mind that could have condoned the action of Senator Wade, who as the next in succession to the Presidency would have been the chief beneficiary from the removal of the President, in taking part as a judge and casting his vote for removal.

Morrill shared the general feeling of his party: it would have been extraordinary if he had not: for he was a Republican of Republicans, one of the founders of the party, a Senator from Vermont, where to be a Republican was almost the same as being a patriot. Moreover, he had been an original member of the Committee on Reconstruction which had brought the impeachment charges and doubtless felt a certain loyalty to his former colleagues. Finally, as he showed in his formal "opinion" in defense of his vote, he was in a different position from all the other Senators who voted "Guilty," because he had been a member of the House when the Tenure of Office Bill had been passed and had voted for it with the House interpretation — that it covered Secretary Stanton whose attempted removal by President Johnson became the central issue in impeachment.

Though he stuck to his associates and voted "Guilty," there can be no doubt that the course of the trial disturbed Morrill's confidence and that he was uncomfortable at finding himself on the opposite side from Fessenden, Trumbull, and Grimes. They were among his closest friends; they were men for whom he had not only the greatest respect, but a strong affection. To Fessenden in particular he was deeply attached, and I find something touching and pathetic in his letter to Fessenden written on the eve of the vote in the Senate, it discloses so plainly his misgivings about the vote he was about to cast. It was of this letter that Fessenden's biographer, his son General Francis Fessenden, says, it

"added much to the pain with which Senator Fessenden came to his decision to vote not guilty." [1]

WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 10, 1868

DEAR FESSENDEN,

If you do not know it, it is nevertheless a fact, that there is no man on earth for whom I have so much affection and admiration as yourself, and I want you *right* all the time. You need not fear that any vote you may feel it your duty to give will forfeit my esteem, but I want it such a vote as you can defend without tearing your life out of you for the rest of your days. I am satisfied the best legal learning of the Senate will sustain the 1st, 2d, and 3d Articles of Impeachment. My opinion is of no value, but with a very close attention to the subject for two months, I think there is no doubt about it. Bingham leaves no chance, as it seems to me, for argument touching the Legal Tenure Act. Not much in favor of this act nor of impeachment as original questions, yet I must do my duty at all hazards. I hope my judgment is not warped by political considerations.

But, my friend, I want you right on the constitutional and legal questions involved. I have ever contended you would be, and do not now know at all what you propose to do; but I do know this, that you could do nothing which would fulfill the ancient grudge of a certain clique of your foes sooner than a vote on your part in favor of Andrew Johnson. As an idol of a very large portion of our people, you would be knocked off your pedestal. Then, the sharp pens of all the press would be stuck into you for years, tip'd with fire, and it would sour the rest of your life. As independent as I know you really are, I feel that this abuse would drive you into the company of Cowan and Doolittle within six months. I feel that I cannot have this so. You must be right. You cannot afford to be buried with Andrew Johnson, nor can a poor devil like myself afford to have a cloud of suspicion thrown on the correctness of his vote by a wholly different vote given by yourself on a question of so grave consequences as that pending. I know that this may be selfish, but I know that there is no other aspect of this case where any particle of self crops in. All my feelings would lead me to protect and defend your reputation. All I desire in the present issue is justice to the President and to our country.

[1] Francis Fessenden, *William Pitt Fessenden*, II, 205.

For your happiness I hope you will not become a sour croaker without any faith in the future. For your happiness I trust you will be sure you are right, and I beg pardon for this intrusion. I could not do less.

Sincerely and devotedly now and always yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

It is impossible at this distance to realize the intensity of the public feeling as the trial approached its climax. Though men trained in the law, cool and disinterested observers, and such clear and able minds as Fessenden and Evarts, might perceive the weakness of the case against the President, recognize the purely political nature of the whole movement, and foresee the lamentable and disastrous consequences to the country of thus degrading the Presidency and subordinating it to Congress, the general public had no such doubts or qualms. They loudly demanded the conviction of the President; they wanted his head on a charger, and they filled the mails and the telegraph offices with their appeals for his utter condemnation. More than that, they were ready equally to condemn any one who would not convict him. The feeling was nowhere stronger than in Vermont. Morrill's correspondents referred to Johnson as "our accidental excellency"; they compared him to a horse-thief, and adjured the Senator to "send him home" and "kick him out bodily." Of many letters to the same intent we may read one, from Morrill's uncle, Mr. George W. Jonson, of Buffalo, which speaks with the general voice:

BUFFALO, *May* 13, 1868

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . I wish now to express to you my own gratitude and that of all here who know you personally or as a public man, for your righteous position on the question of impeachment. God bless you and God bless your noble colleague. Accept our enduring gratitude, and ask Mr. Edmunds to accept it.

Thank God, though Maine is betrayed in infamous Fessenden,

Illinois in infamous, most infamous Trumbull, and Iowa in dirty, contemptible Grimes, the green hills of Vermont are honored still by her true and noble sons, her Morrill and her Edmunds. The creature [President Johnson] cannot, must not be acquitted. Never was the feeling of true men here so deep, so intense, not even at the Bull Run defeat or the assassination. Woe, woe to the traitors!

Postpone the final vote till a majority for conviction is sure. Never let him be acquitted.

Excuse this feeling.

You are the Court. The People and Andrew Johnson are the parties. I as one of the parties claim a right to be heard till the case is decided.

Best regards to all yours.

In haste, yours ever truly

GEO. W. JONSON

The first vote, which was the decisive one, was cast in the Senate on the 16th of May after a trial which had lasted since the 24th of February. The conviction of the President failed by one vote, seven Republican Senators — Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, Henderson, Fowler, Van Winkle, and Ross — voting for acquittal against their party, but to their everlasting honor; one could wish to see Morrill's name included in such a list.

Although there was a second vote taken ten days later, the trial was really over; the breathless suspense was broken; the country awoke from its delirium, and heaved a great sigh of relief at the danger it had escaped. Senators published their "opinions" or statements in defense of their votes, but they excited very little interest. One reads Morrill's statement now with a little surprise that it should have been felt adequate. There must have been much excitement in the air when so equable and fair-minded a man as Morrill could say, "Yet President Johnson, in face of the plain provision of the Constitution, not only deliberately makes a removal of the Secretary of War, but officially authorizes another

man . . . to discharge the duties of the office." This was the specific act complained of — that a President attempted to dismiss a member of his Cabinet. On this ground thirty-five Senators proposed to remove the President from office. In the light of history it seems fantastic and incredible. That Morrill felt the weakness of the case is clear from the closing paragraph of his "opinion" which has an apologetic sound:

> I am glad to remember that at the commencement of the late rebellion Andrew Johnson took a bold, outspoken stand in behalf of the Union, and that fact shall protect him, so far as my vote is concerned, from any other penalty for his recent great offenses, than a simple removal from office. [Sumner demanded that Johnson be debarred forever from holding any office.] I would not deprive him of the poor privilege of being a candidate for the suffrages of any portion of the people who may think him worthy, whether for President or alderman. But his appointment to office of men supposed corruptly to be putting more money into their own pockets than into the treasury; his discreditable use of the pardoning power; his unmasked threat in his last annual message that it might become proper for him to "adopt forcible measures or such as might lead to force" in opposing an unconstitutional act of Congress; his appointment, in violation of law, to places of honor and trust, rebels not able to take the oath of office, in preference to loyal men; his malign attempts to foist upon the country his policy of restoring the rebellious States without security for the future and against the measures of salutary reform proposed by Congress; and his bitter and active efforts to defeat the adoption of the constitutional amendment proposed by the 39th Congress, known as Article 14, and known, also, as the great seal of security for the broad principles of national freedom and human rights; these facts, and such as these, do not allow me to gratuitously credit the President with good intent in the past, nor can I, notwithstanding his counsel's appeal, in the face of such a record, by a verdict of acquittal, become responsible for his conduct in the future.

Of course there was as little affinity, sympathy, or community of interests between Morrill and Andrew Johnson

on personal as on political grounds. But the Senator and the ladies of his household did not allow political differences to invade the social field. There the Morrills maintained a perfect tact and fairness. It is a pleasure to find, in one of the diaries which Mrs. Morrill faithfully kept, an entry for Friday, January 26, 1866: "Among the calls one at the White House was very pleasant. The daughters of President Johnson are agreeable and sensible women." Social amenities could not, however, bridge the gap. The Senator from Vermont belonged to a type which, both in its personal and spiritual delicacy, was repelled by the rude and coarse qualities which the Tennesseean never outgrew. Some brief notes which he prepared thirty years later throw light on his feeling toward Johnson and his vote in the trial:

> Andrew Johnson was made Vice-President on account of his thoroughgoing and bold Unionism. I was present when he took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address in the Senate as Vice-President. Representative Mallory, of Kentucky, at the time was standing by my side, and before Johnson had spoken five minutes whispered into my ear, "By Jove! Andy is drunk."
>
> At the death of President Lincoln the promotion of Johnson to the Presidency appeared to divorce him from the party to which he owed his election as completely as was the separation of John Tyler from the Whig Party in 1842, upon the death of General Harrison. The occupation of the White House by Johnson did not increase his reputation for temperance.
>
> By lingering in Johnson's Cabinet as Secretary of State, Mr. Seward incurred quite as much of general party opprobrium as was bestowed upon Mr. Webster when he lingered in the Cabinet of John Tyler as Secretary of State.
>
> Although Senator Fessenden had made bitter campaign speeches against President Johnson, yet he voted against his impeachment in 1868.

The trial over, it was soon forgotten and the stage was swiftly changed, and midsummer dullness succeeded to

the tense excitement of the great assize. "We have got the straw matting down," wrote Morrill to his wife in June, "and the Senate Chamber dressed for summer. Senators put on their thin vests and pantaloons and look quite comfortable, but there is no interest in our proceeding since the trial is over, and only a few scattering spectators visit the galleries. After a long debate we now hope to pass the bill admitting 5 or 6 of the Southern States to-day."

Within a year the chief actors were gone: "Thad" Stevens, the grim prosecutor, was dead; the eminent accused had retired into obscurity; Fessenden, the noblest of the defenders of the Constitution, was sinking toward the grave, where Stanton, the occasion and center of the storm, was soon to follow him.

While the impeachment struggle was yet in progress and absorbing public interest, the Presidential election of 1868 approached and the issues for the campaign were taking form. Among these that which particularly engaged Morrill's attention was the financial question: usually known as the "Greenback" or the Resumption issue — namely, the question as to when and how the Government was to dispose of the great quantity of paper money outstanding and resume specie payments. This, which formed the subject for his last speech in the House, was also one of the earliest to which he addressed himself in the Senate where he had been accepted as a financial authority and promptly made a member of the Committee on Finance. There he set himself to combat the heresy of inflation and to support the sound doctrine of honest money. How well his efforts commended themselves to the opinion of intelligent members of the party is shown in the press and the correspondence of the time.

Sound as were Morrill's financial views, they did not

always prevail. Early in 1868, when the business of the country was feeling the reaction after the hectic activity of the war, Congress passed a bill suspending Secretary McCulloch's deflation policy. It was a disappointment to the Senator, as to all the friends of a sound currency, but it did not discourage him. He continued to testify to the faith that was in him on the great question of national integrity in finance, and on March 3d made a strong speech in the Senate against the so-called Funding Bill. Here in his opening passages he laid down five remedies for the financial ills of the time, of the soundness of which there could be no question.

1. A reduction of expenditures to the lowest reasonable point, such as will compel every department to live from hand to mouth, and without any surplus.
2. A reduction at once of taxation proportionately, leaving it only certain that something shall be annually paid on the public debt.
3. Some initiatory measure looking to an early restoration of gold and silver coin to its proper function of circulation among the people.
4. An extension of the national banking system so as to accommodate all parts of the country whenever United States notes are retired or specie payments resumed.
5. A new loan to absorb the national debt at a lower rate of interest.

He opposed the bill before the Senate because it proposed to oblige banks to accept the new five per cent bonds instead of the old six per cent issue, because it made the new bonds interchangeable with greenbacks, and because at a time when contraction of the currency was the crying need of the country it increased the greenbacks outstanding by $44,000,000.

The defense for this addition to the already huge total of inconvertible paper was like that for the Scotch lassie's baby,

"it was such a little one." Morrill's treatment of the palliative argument is a typical passage and gives the quality of the speech:

I know how ridiculous it will appear to some that objection should be made to the trifle, the wee bit of expansion involved in $44,000,000. Not believing, however, that the way out of a sea of troubles is to wade further in, I cannot give my vote in that direction, although assured, if we will only consent to wade, we shall never, in fact, be called upon to wade at all. The magical effects of paper money, it may be expected, will be maintained by the financial preachers of the new gospel; but among nations of advanced civilization and financial ability we are likely long to have its exclusive monopoly, for no other nation will copy our example except as the direst necessity. It is as true now as when the words were first uttered by the great orator of Virginia, that there is "no way of judging the future but by the past," and the disasters — the birth, the wicked life, and the ignominious death — of irredeemable paper money fill the chronicles of every nation where it has once been tolerated.

Though it could hardly be acceptable to Senator Sherman, who had succeeded Fessenden as Chairman of the Finance Committee and was sponsor for the bill, the speech was generally considered sound Republican doctrine.

Of the provision for making greenbacks and bonds interchangeable, Morrill spoke with contempt:

There is a grim mockery about this which almost reaches the sublimity of the ludicrous. The Government does not propose to pay either bonds or notes; the very farthest from it; but if you have ever trusted the Government for one or the other, and do not like the bargain, you may swap, and after you have swapped, if you are still sick of your bargain, you may swap back again.

At the time the speech was delivered, it was expected that the Greenback issue would play an important part in the Presidential election, but with the nomination of Grant by the Republicans and of Seymour by the Democrats the situ-

ation changed and the contest turned almost wholly upon Reconstruction and the issues of the war. Loyalty became the watchword of the Republicans, and when Morrill was invited to address the Vermont Convention he responded in as vigorous a statement as the most intense of loyalists could desire:

STRAFFORD, *July* 31, 1868

MY DEAR SIR:

. . . I feel hopeful as to the result of the coming Presidential election and yet I have a profound solicitude that the Republican majority shall be counted in such numbers as to carry conviction to the hearts of such rebel chieftains as Wade Hampton, Beauregard, and Forest, and show them, although a Northern party may still furnish them an acceptable platform and acceptable candidates, that rebellion has fought its last battle and that the Lost Cause is not only dead, but buried so deep as to be in no danger of giving further offense to the nostrils of patriotic Union men. The pending issues are undisguised, and undisguisable. The New York Democratic Convention, with tamer blood than its kindred possessed even in 1860, shamelessly surrendered itself to the will and pleasure of unrepentant traitors and promises to blacken the memory of our heroic dead, to mock the sacrifices of living Union men by a restoration of these traitors, *in statu quo ante bellum*, to places of honor which were wont to be conceded to them by Northern dough-faces, but which have been effectively denied by more than a million of Northern bayonets. They arrogantly proclaim that all the reconstruction acts of Congress are revolutionary, unconstitutional and void, and thereby affirm that it is revolutionary to put down revolution, that it is unconstitutional to protect the Constitution, and that governments, after the plan of Andrew Johnson and the Ku Klux Klans, would have more validity than such as a free and regenerated people under the highest of the Country are capable of adopting.

Congress has been eager, perhaps too eager, to welcome the rebellious States back under the flag of the Union as soon as it was safe to their practical relations, in spite of the known unrepentance of large shares of their people. The Democratic Party encourages these blood-stained traitors to help them elect Seymour and Blair, with the pledge that they shall come back on

their own terms and these terms would be the blotting-out of all constitutional and legislative hindrances to the reduction of a race numbering more than four millions to the former condition of slavery. Thus they mean to accomplish another rebellion, headed by the President that now is or is to be.

The wretched status of Democrats in Vermont gave point to an anecdote which Morrill told in his address before the convention. He compared the Democratic Party to a kitten which was owned in common by a little boy and his little sister. The children agreed that "the girl was to own the head and the boy the tail. The roguish boy trod on the kitten's tail and of course there was a squall. The little girl was loud in her complaints, but the boy excused himself, saying, 'I only trod on my part, and your part *hollered!*' Not for the purpose of mischief, but the prevention of mischief, it will be our duty for some time to come to tread upon the tail of the Latter-Day Democracy and I have no doubt the other part, owned by the slave oligarchy, will *holler* every time we do it."

CHAPTER X

THE GRANT PERIOD

THE Grant period marked an epoch in Morrill's life as it did in the life of the Nation. Peace had come and recovery was in progress. Political animosities were ameliorated; there was general acceptance of General Grant as the first citizen of the country as well as its President. Republicans were secure in their lease of power which they believed would be a long one. The North was content and settled down to an unrestricted devotion to business; even the South was hopeful, and but for the carpet-baggers and scalawags might have shared in the general prosperity.

For Morrill the period was one of large influence and growing dignity. His position was enviable. Senator from the most Republican and conservative of States, he had the confidence of his constituents and could rest assured of a prolonged if not a permanent lease of office. Strong at home, he was not less so at Washington where he had established durable friendships, not only in the House and the Senate, but in the administrative services also. He was comfortably at home in the great machine of which he was a part. To the prestige of office and the esteem of many friends was added the comforting possession of a modest fortune and complete domestic happiness. He might well be counted among the fortunate as well as the eminent men of his generation, and he showed that he was both content and confident of the future by building a house which gradually became his home for the greater part of the year.

This house was the scene of much quiet hospitality and entertained under its roof at its modest festivities the most

distinguished men of the time. Here came frequently the Shermans, John and William T.; Senators Edmunds, Anthony, Dawes, Windom, Hoar, and Allison; here on the eve of Grant's retirement from Washington he dined with Washburne and a few intimate friends; here came other Presidents, Hayes, McKinley, Roosevelt, and here were always welcome home friends from Vermont — from Burlington, Montpelier, Rutland, and little Strafford. The house was planned with Morrill's usual prudence and care. He chose for it the curve of Thomas Circle, long since left behind in the growth of the city toward the northwest, but then on the outskirts, in fact the most northern of the city houses in that section of the town. The great expansion of Washington was even then visible to the eye of faith, and it is related that one of his friends reproached him for not going farther afield, "Come out to Rhode Island Avenue," said the venturesome one, "and you can get so much ground for the same money you are paying here that you can keep chickens." Senator Morrill smiled over the recollection and his reply which was, "I did not feel that I had the blood of the pioneer sufficiently strong in my veins to push out into the wilderness." The "wilderness" has long since been absorbed into the city, Thomas Circle has been invaded by business, and the house which the Morrills built on the edge of the residence section has disappeared, swept away in the advance of blocks and apartment houses.

It was a solid, unpretentious, but comfortable house, built under the direction of Mr. Clark, the architect of the Capitol, in the fashion of the time, with two stories and a mansard roof which practically added a third. A modest plot of ground gave it a pleasant, airy setting which was aided by its position on a corner with a view across the circle. The ample front door, approached by steps and a short path, opened into a wide hall with doors to parlor, sitting-room,

SENATOR MORRILL'S HOUSE IN THOMAS CIRCLE, WASHINGTON

and dining-room. But the heart of the house lay beyond, in the library, where among his books the Senator did much of his later work, where he spent quiet evenings by the open fire, and where many a conference on matters of state and politics was held with heads of the party during the quarter-century between Grant and Roosevelt. Here he surrounded himself with objects that he loved and memorials of his service. Besides his books which lined the walls, there were the desk and chair he had occupied during his twelve years as member of the House, his portrait bust by Preston Powers, mementoes of foreign travel, and his pictures, of which he was justly proud.

His visit to Europe in 1867 had stimulated his early fondness for works of art, and as soon as his plans for the house were settled he began to seek pictures for its walls. In 1861 he invoked the aid of George P. Marsh, a fellow Vermonter, a cultivated man and a lover of art, then our Minister to Rome. Marsh bought for him several pictures in Munich, and in the following years sent him three more which he bought in Florence and which Morrill greatly liked. These were: A view of the hill of San Miniato and of the valley of the Arno, by Spranger; a view of the bridge of Maddalina at the Baths of Lucca and environs, by Luzzi; and the third, a rocky peak, Monte Pizzo d'Urcello, near Carrara, by C. Agostini. Encouraged by these ventures, Morrill disclosed his interest to another of his friends from Vermont who had domiciled himself in Italy — Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor — who sought out both engravings and pictures, and offered them to the Senator, glad to find an opportunity to repay some of the many kindnesses he had received at his hands. The story of these accessions cannot better be told than in two of Mead's letters written in 1876 and 1877:

NEW YORK, *May* 26, 1876

MY DEAR SIR —

Your kind favor enclosing letters of introduction was duly received. I protest against being paid more than my price for the picture. The value of the picture is in its associations more than what it would command in dollars and cents. According to the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts, it is by Carlo Marata who was one of the first artists of his time. I think the design is Correggio's and Marata reproduced it putting his own style of coloring into it. The frame is of carved wood and I think is as old as the picture. The Venetian lady who owned the picture insisted that it was a Correggio. (You will see that one of the engravings was made in 1500 and something.) My private opinion is that it is as pleasing a specimen of old painting as there is in Washington. It needs to be in a subdued light. If you have two or three pictures of Ethan,[1] unmounted, please roll them up and send by mail.

I am, yours with high regard

LARKIN G. MEAD

NEW YORK, 35 WEST 18TH
Dec. 9, 1877

MY DEAR SIR —

Your kind favor is received. I send the engravings which I think if you examine carefully will please you. The precision of line is quite remarkable. In one of the niches is a statue of St. George, by Donatello, with a shield in front of him. Michael Angelo when he saw it was so struck with its presence that he exclaimed, "March!" I presume you cannot fully understand the text which is written in Italian, but in Murray you will get a general description. The Rembrandt is evidently very old. . . .

In one niche in the engraving you will see *four* statues. When the artist had completed them, he could not get them into the niche and was obliged to beg Donatello to do it.

The engravings are not fastened into the book so you can see them better by taking them out by themselves.

I was sorry, when you were in New York, I could not show you three large paintings which I have by old masters of un-

[1] This refers to the statue of Ethan Allen which Mead had made, under a commission from the State of Vermont, for Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

doubted merit. One I bought near Canova's home and carried forty miles on my knees in a wagon; one I bought in a church in Venice; one of a private family. One is said to be by Moretta di Brescia of the Titian School. The subject is the Wise Men of the East bringing presents to the Infant Saviour; one (I think) by Guido Reni — subject Diana pursued by her lover, with a profusion of exquisitely painted cherubs. The other, 6 by 3½, said to be by Tiepolo of Venice who is much copied by the present French School, represents young Hannibal offering a sacrifice before going to battle.

I am yours, with high regard

LARKIN G. MEAD

The pictures took their places in due course on the walls of the house in Thomas Circle where some years later Eastman Johnson's portrait of the Senator had the place of honor.

Settled in this comfortable home where for the first time Mrs. Morrill and her sister could exercise the graceful hospitality which the limitations of a boarding-house had rendered impossible, and where he could entertain his fellow Senators and members of the Government in a manner suitable to his station, he seems to have felt himself for the first time thoroughly at home in Washington. As the years went by, the house became known for its friendliness, and for its atmosphere of quiet, well-bred cordiality that made its guests content and made an invitation to dinner at Senator Morrill's a thing to be coveted. Those dinners were never lavish nor convivial, but there was no kill-joy at the board; the host loved good talk, delighted in a jest, and extended his good taste to his wine. Of large and showy entertainment there was none, but once a year the house became the scene of a gathering which in course of time grew to one of the notable social events of Washington. This was the Senator's birthday party which began to be popular in 1880 when former Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin turned a dinner the Senator was giving to a few friends into a surprise party

which filled the house. Morrill had his chance and turned the tables on his friends when he learned where the refreshments had been ordered and went early the next day and paid the bill. From this time on the birthday parties bloomed into general receptions to which all the official world, the President, Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Diplomatic Corps, fellow Senators, Congressmen and their wives, came to pay their respects to one they loved to honor. No less pleasant to recall are the regular rubbers of whist which, after the manner of an earlier day, were played every evening after dinner with a few old friends and neighbors, like General Sherman, Senator Vance, Senator Anthony, and Senator Payne, who would rather have missed their dinner than their game.

A Senator's life in Washington has always been dignified. As in the case of members of the upper chambers of other parliaments, the office is clothed not only with power, but with much respect and a measure of deference such as makes the position of Senator one of the most agreeable as well as influential in this or any other country. It has been so from the beginning, but in the days of General Grant, to be a Republican Senator, still more to be a member of the inner circle of the dominant party, was to have both the feeling and the possession of power such as no Senators of any party have had since. Reconstruction still rendered the Opposition powerless; the President, unskilled in politics, was disposed to leave national affairs — with the exception of a few pet policies — to Congress, where the Senate had a large measure of control. Morrill sat there on the powerful Committee on Finance of which in due course he became chairman, and, as he said some years later in declining a seat in the Cabinet, "There is no gift, no office to which I could be appointed, that I would accept in preference to a seat in the United States Senate. I consider that the highest honor that

A CORNER OF SENATOR MORRILL'S LIBRARY

could be bestowed on me, and [its duties] the highest function that I could perform."

Firmly established in his own house and in what he felt was his rightful place, Morrill settled down to the faithful assiduous performance of his official duties which had, to be sure, always characterized him, but which from now on formed the staple of his days. In 1871 he bought a pair of horses, and thereafter with the regularity of clockwork, the carriage was at the door every morning to take him to the Senate where he had no rival in punctuality or length of attendance. Many and great questions came up for consideration during these years, but he set forth no new solutions and proposed no new policies. He had worked out the articles of his political creed, and was content to abide by them. On the tariff and financial questions his principles and his position were known to all. He had consistently opposed inflation and had supported McCulloch's sound policy as Secretary of the Treasury even when he disapproved of his politics. Of this there is an agreeable echo in a letter written by the retiring Secretary just as the Grant régime was beginning:

WASHINGTON, *March* 22, 1869

MY DEAR MR. MORRILL,

Your very kind note of the 20th inst. is received.

My term, as you remark, was one "of toil and danger." No one but myself could understand under what annoyances and discouragements I administered the Treasury Department — most of the time with no reliable support from either political party or from either the Executive or Legislative Branches of the Government. No man ever held a position, comparable with it in the weight of its responsibilities and the severity of its labors, under circumstances so anomalous and trying. I would gladly have abandoned it, when the breach occurred between the President and Congress (for I foresaw how much embarrassed I should be by this breach), if I had felt that I could do so, consistently with my duties to the people, who had so deep an interest in a

careful management of the national finances. It is proper for me, however, to remark that (reluctant as I should have been under the circumstances to abandon it) I could not have retained the position, without the support which I received from you and a few others like you in Congress and from the business men of the Country.

This much I can say without vanity, that no man ever worked harder or more faithfully for the maintenance of the public credit or for what I considered to be the best interests of the people, than I did, for four of the most trying years in our financial history. In the discharge of the various and almost innumerable duties that were devolved upon me, all of which were to be performed promptly, and sometimes, without opportunity for mature consideration, I committed, doubtless, many mistakes, but I have an abiding faith that, when the record of my management of the Treasury Department shall have been fairly made up, it will not be one that such generous and disinterested friends as yourself will be ashamed of.

In regard to what you call my "political affinities," I need not say that I have never been anything else than Whig and Republican. Although I have differed from most of my old political friends upon the questions of reconstruction and suffrage, I still claim to stand politically with those who sustained the Government during its great peril and who will stand by its integrity and its honor, to the last. As an indication of my position, I may remark that while Secretary, I never appointed a man, of my own accord, to office because he was conservative or removed one because he was a radical. I may say further, and this statement is made only to yourself, that, notwithstanding my estrangement from General Grant, both of my sons and all my relations, as far as I know, supported him heartily for the Presidency.

I cannot conclude this letter, already too long, without saying that the very favorable impression which you made upon me, when I met you, for the first time, at your rooms on Missouri Avenue in the winter of 1862, has been strengthened by my subsequent acquaintance with you, and by my careful observation of your course as Representative and Senator. Your public career has been, in the highest degree, honorable and is one of which your friends (among whom I hope ever to be classed) may be justly proud.

With many thanks for the confidence and support which you have so invariably given to me, and best wishes for your continued happiness and prosperity, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HUGH MCCULLOCH

In general Morrill was in accord with the policies of his party and its chief, but he never surrendered his right of private judgment and made his dissent known when he thought it salutary. He could not support Grant's plan for annexing San Domingo, but opposed it with vigor, though with reluctance: "I was opposed to the San Domingo treaty of President Grant," he wrote in 1897, "and made a speech against it . . . but I made no assault upon the President." He was not less opposed to the deposition of Sumner from the chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee and voted against it; he could not stomach the corruption in the party and voted for the impeachment of Belknap. But on the whole he was able to approve and coöperate. Though he had little in common with Grant except the fondness for a good horse and was constrained to go against him on more than one occasion, he continued, like Stuyvesant Fish, to maintain amicable and even cordial relations with him. He had felt obliged, while he was still in the House, to vote against the resolution giving Grant the title of General, though detracting nothing from his fame, and he continued throughout their relations the attitude of generous admiration without extravagance which he then expressed:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON, D.C., *May* 4, 1866

DEAR JEWETT:

I see the "Burlington Times" is making some ado about my vote upon the resolution making Grant General. It was not that I loved Grant less, but that I preferred — having got on in a war with a million and a half of men under his command without this rank — he should remain in active command of the army

rather than to ape European fashions of great rank and great expense and give to the President the honor of filling his place with another less in sympathy with our friends.

If the President [Johnson] should undertake to carry out the copperhead programme of recognizing as the next Congress representatives from the South and their Northern allies — they having a majority — it would be important to have a man directly in command of the army of no doubtful tendencies. On this point Grant (though not the greatest of men) is the safest man.

Nor did I want to do anything more for General Grant, whose present pay is about 16,000 by making it 24,000 as Washburn's bill proposes, or about 18,000 as finally cut down in the House, until we had done something for other officers and soldiers who had been equally brave in the field, but not so conspicuously recognized.

Again, on the point of economy — eighteen thousand dollars for life — and that with pay of staff is about the sum it adds to our expenses annually — is a matter, when we are considering taxes, worth looking at.

I expect to cordially support Grant for the next Presidency. That is the way things look now, though that, and nothing else we can do, will add anything to his well-earned fame. Certainly not the furnishing of titles even with princely emolument.

Most likely it would have been better policy for me to have voted for the resolution, but I preferred to be right. I know it was all clap-trap on all sides of the House — a move to catch the popular breeze — and I have hardly conversed with a member on our side of the House who does not accord with my views, though they felt constrained to vote the other way.

I will thank you to show this letter to my friends Walton and Willard.

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

As a Republican, devoted to the party, old in its service, admitted to its inner councils and solicitous for its welfare, he was concerned over any sign of dissension within its ranks. His pacific and conciliatory disposition marked him out as a mediator and he was often called upon to act as

peacemaker. He has left a record of his efforts in two cases of exceptional difficulty:

As time progressed, both Senator Sumner and Horace Greeley appeared to me to be getting ready, for different reasons, to resist the reëlection of Grant, should he be renominated, as it seemed most likely he would be. I felt it to be a duty to try, in a quiet way, to prevent any Republican rupture, and wrote not only to Senator Sumner and Greeley, but to the Secretary of State on the same subject. Mr. Fish was then conciliatory; but the voices of Sumner and Greeley were for war, bitter and relentless.[1]

When the breach finally came between Sumner and Grant over the San Domingo question, Morrill did all in his power, first to prevent the quarrel, and then to bring about a reconciliation. He was able to see both sides. He agreed with Sumner that the annexation of San Domingo would be a mistake and ought to be resisted to the utmost; he sympathized with Sumner in his resentment over the recall of Motley from his post as Minister to London, but he could not lose sight of the fact, which Sumner seemed to forget, that Grant was the head of the Government as well as of the party. In his labors of conciliation he wrote Sumner from Vermont a letter calculated to soothe and to convince. It is full of sound sense and good counsel:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Apr.* 15, 1870

DEAR SIR:

I feel as you do that the recall of Mr. Motley is discreditable to our country, but being a fact accomplished I am anxious that it should do the country as little harm as possible. It can do Mr. Motley no injury whatever. He stands grandly on his own secure foundations. I fear, however, that you may be, perhaps unconsciously, nursing temper and contemplating revenge. I feel sure this is not the course which Mr. Motley would counsel or which will be best for you or the country. Greece suffered from "the anger of the son of Peleus," though he too had cause, and now if Achilles stands aloof (pardon the figure) the Republican Party

[1] *The Forum*, December, 1897.

will be crippled during the present administration and completely routed by the next. I care for party only as party can do good. A longer life to the Republican Party seems to me essential in order that its works, yet in the gristle, may harden into the very bones of the Constitution. On these vital questions and on foreign affairs your leadership is pronounced and no one contests it. But if you now assume, as I fear you may, an armed neutrality, it will rejoice the souls of some malignant spoilsmen, not necessary to name, and, I fear also, injure your usefulness for the immediate future.

Before I left Washington I called upon the President to converse with him upon this subject, as I had frankly done with two members of the Cabinet, and protested against any blow at you in consequence of your action, conscientious action, upon the Dominican Treaty. The President emphatically declared that he had had no such purpose and had long proposed to make a change in order that he might have his own views represented at the Court of St. James'. I know you controvert this, but had the point not better be waived? I also wrote to the Secretary of State saying that you should be treated with just consideration and I think the Secretary quite so disposed. It is possible, probable, that some parties may have prejudiced the President against you. He felt a deep interest in the success of the Domingo Treaty and perhaps others felt even more deeply. The result was a disappointment.

Again — and this is only surmise — you may have in your intercourse with the President in the discussion of grave affairs made him feel, as George II did toward the elder Pitt, that your presence was oppressive, but Pitt at length conciliated George and with very little loss of dignity, but with great benefits to his country.

Obviously it is important to have the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate in amicable relations with the Administration. Indeed, it is almost indispensable. I have feared, if this should not be the fact, that from self-respect you would decline to hold the position, and in that case, who could take it? There is no one having so much of the general confidence of the Senate and the country — no one with your stock of information and experience.

There is, then, to my mind nothing but evil to be expected at

the present time should a breach occur between you and the Administration. If that event is to happen, may I venture to ask that it shall not at any point be your fault? My relations with you give me no title to advise, but I am satisfied that you will feel my off-hand suggestions have been prompted by no unworthy motives.

Very truly yours

J. S. MORRILL

This effort failed: Sumner's sense of injury was too deep, and though there were other forces at work — Roscoe Conkling, Senator from New York and a close friend of Grant's, being the intermediary — these also failed; prudent Republicans began to fear the effects of a break, and Morrill wrote to Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State, invoking his good offices:

BOSTON, *July* 18, 1870

MY DEAR SIR:

I fear that Mr. Conkling did not convince Mr. Sumner that the removal of Mr. Motley was not a blow aimed at him, though others were satisfied. A large mass of our people are attached to Mr. Sumner, and if he should nurse his wrath undoubtedly he would draw off some of the most reliable members of the Republican Party. This we cannot afford as a matter of principle or policy. Therefore permit me to hope that your relations are such as to allow you to become the peacemaker between the President and the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The latter was in no mood to accept of anything at the hands of your New York Senator who recently had replied so sharply as to interrupt amicable relations, but I rely on your resources to preserve harmony in the quarter now the most essential — our foreign relations; and here the President, yourself, and Mr. Sumner have so generally been in accord that it must afford the basis of good-will and future agreement.

I called on the President on Saturday and, while he does not much favor Mr. Motley, he wholly disclaims the idea of any blow upon Mr. Sumner.

I do not urge any action unless you should agree with me that

you can render at the present time some important service in the direction indicated.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Fish replied in a letter full of dignity, full of consideration for Sumner, but without a hint of weakness; Sumner could not be allowed to dictate to the party:

GARRISON, PUTNAM CO., N.Y.
August 26, 1870

MY DEAR SENATOR,

Your letter of 18 July should have received an earlier reply — it was received as I was leaving Washington, and placed with other papers to be acknowledged, but became overlaid and thus has remained. I was not, however, unmindful of its wise suggestion, and made the earnest effort to convince and to conciliate Mr. Sumner, but I fear he was not in the mood and *would* not be convinced. I had several very friendly interviews with him, and made statements, to the very limit that the confidence of my official position would allow, and which ought to satisfy any reasonable man, but on the subject of Mr. Motley's removal, and on his own relations with the President, I cannot regard Mr. S. as either a reasonable, or a *reasoning* man. He fell back always from the facts I presented, to a secure expression of feeling, and some rhetorical phrase. He seemed to me determined to consider himself the cause and the object of all that had been or might be done. I have not had a letter from him, but have some newspapers with marginal notes, admonishing, possibly, of what is to be expected. I could not escape a very serious conviction that he was lost to the Republican Party: and would, whether he wished it or not, find himself in the opposition, and so suggested to him — he seemed surprised at the suggestion. Within a few days he has sent me under his frank some copies of the address of the Republican Congressional Committee. This is hopeful, and may indicate a determination to abide with his friends. So may it be! But as a leader, I fear that his resentments, if not his appreciation of the deference due to his long-continued service, and his determination to be considered an injured man, will for the future disqualify him — this will be much to be regretted — for he can-

not well be satisfied to be regarded other than as the leader of the party.

I shall not fail of any effort that may give hope of retaining him, as an efficient member of the party. I am not insensible of his arrogance, and overbearing temper, but I know, too, his extensive literary attainment, his power of eloquence, and his many good qualities, and should deeply regret on his own account, and on that of the Republican Party, that at this late day he should "fall from the faith." We must try to keep him. With some hope, I have much fear.

With great regard
Very faithfully yours
HAMILTON FISH

Morrill, it appears, must have written both Sumner and Fish again, but the letters are missing. On September 6th, however, Fish wrote briefly, urging Morrill to "use a little stern remonstrance, and point out the danger to him [Sumner], rather than the loss to the party. . . . It is hard, with one of his age and long service, to speak frankly and tell him that the party is of more importance to every man within its ranks than any man, be he who he may, is to the party."

Within a short time, perhaps on the same day, came a long, controversial, rhetorical letter from Sumner, full of his injuries and of the President's ill-treatment of him and of Motley, interspersed with such phrases as "I am a public servant bound to consult the interests of my country. . . . But he [Grant] can do nothing which can make me swerve from my duties to my country as a Senator." Which remind the reader of Senator Hoar's words, "It has always seemed to me as if Mr. Sumner thought the rebellion was put down by a few speeches which he made in the Senate, and that he looked upon the battles fought as the noise of a fire-engine going by while he was talking."

With Sumner's and Fish's letters before him, Morrill sat

down and wrote a sober, and what ought to have been a sobering, letter to Sumner.

STRAFFORD, VT., *Sept.* 10, 1870

MY DEAR SIR:

I was glad to receive your favor from Mr. Hooper, and yet it leaves something on my mind to regret. When General Grant ceases to be President, he will drop out of sight as President and be mainly remembered as the leader of the Grand Union Army. As you say, "we must make the best of him." At present he is the first man in the Nation and you should not expect him to be oblivious to the fact. He will make no advances to you. The only course for even tolerable harmony is to accept the facts. Motley cannot be retained after what has occurred, but I think the President might be quite willing to keep silent if you would. He must have found ere this that nothing can be made by the discussion, and to stand on the defensive "all summer" will be irksome even to the President's stoicism. But you characterize his acts and that with severity — perhaps greater severity than you are aware of. These words must leap out in your conversation and they will inevitably reach the ears of the President. "Brutality," "indignity," "offense," "utterly indefensible conduct," "excuses, apologies, and reasons which are obviously pretexts, subterfuges and afterthoughts" — would make any man's ears tingle. It may be too much to ask you to forget and forgive, but I think it might be wise to let the subject "alone severely," and at the proper moment to advise Secretary Fish of your purpose to do so. Otherwise I feel sure that before six months elapse there will be attempts made to read you out of the party of the present Administration.

I was apprehensive, as you know, that Senator [Chandler] had been busy in the Motley business from his bearing during the discussion of the new nomination. I fear he will be mischievous hereafter. By the way, may I sincerely hope Wm. A. Howard will be the new Senator from Michigan. He has ability and many virtues.

In regard to San Domingo, I have promised to lecture at Woodstock and shall use the substance of my speech on the treaty for the occasion, though with some hesitation as to its propriety. If the matter is to come up again, I hope you will find

occasion to discuss the question, and repeat your speech, at New York a few days only before Congress reassembles or just as you go in for the session. Then it would tell on the public through the press and on Congress.

As to lecture topics, you are much more competent to judge than myself, but I think the public are wearied with the word "white" and perhaps enough has been said by Congressional orators. At any rate, no matter however ably handled, the subject is stale. "Free Libraries" is a good topic unquestionably, but it is *bookish*, as good for any other literary man as for yourself and unlikely to awaken as keen an interest in your audiences as would "Foreign Relations generally and the Duties of our Republic abroad," to which all the world would be eager to listen and recognize your fitness to handle, especially after the Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations has already been heard from.

Can you not save Schurz? I think Mr. Drake hopes to get rid of him, and between them both I fear they will destroy each other and our party in Missouri to boot. Schurz ought not to have headed a bolting convention. Governor McClurg is not a great man, but he is, I suppose, a true man. Schurz is a charming Senator, but like Drake very impulsive, and I hope he will not be crowded into any corner where he will have to enter a campaign against Grant and for Free Trade and be forced at last to jump into the embraces of the enemy. I think a word from you to him at once would be timely.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

P.S. I hope neither Governor Washburn nor Mr. Bemis will touch the Motley question with their sharp quills, for every word which comes from your friends will have to be answered for by you. Let them bide their time.

Perhaps it had its effect; perhaps it prevented Sumner breaking out into open opposition to the Treaty of Washington soon to be negotiated, but of its immediate object it failed.

As he has confessed, Morrill was not more successful with

Greeley. Yet he had just reason to hope for a better result. Like most Republicans he had grown up in admiration for the "Tribune" and its editor, and their personal relations, though slight, were cordial. Greeley had sent him a copy of his "Essays on Political Economy" which Morrill had acknowledged in a manner that could not help being flattering to the author:

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Jan.* 15, 1870

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for the copy I have received of your "Essays on Political Economy," although I had not failed to read them as they appeared in the "Tribune."

I know of no work where the facts and arguments are so plainly and forcibly presented and I cannot doubt that it will have a wide circulation and be the means of exposing many of the sophisms of Free Trade now circulated by means of bounties obtained from those directly interested in the spread of un-American ideas.

On reading over the work I find many pages written with such power and admirable clearness that I cannot but regret that you could not have devoted at least a year of your time to a work, less popular, perhaps, but more elaborate, and such as might find a place in our institutions of learning, where nothing is now taught except what is found in the masterpieces of Free Trade authors. Students now have no other food, and they often write to me for something with which to refute Adam Smith, Ricardo, McCulloch, etc., etc., and all I can do is to refer them to Carey, but unfortunately with Americans, Carey is not a popular author, and is too diffuse. But I merely wished to express my wish, as you have shown your power to do so, that you would give to the world a truly great work. For what you designed to do, nothing could be better, but we need the work I have indicated, I fear, more than you are aware of. All our educated men are educated as free traders. This ought not to be so.

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

When Greeley's attacks on Grant and other leaders of the party became too sharp and bitter to be ignored, Morrill

wrote him a letter of kindly remonstrance that contained a note of warning:

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Mar.* 11, '72

MY DEAR SIR: I have been a lifelong subscriber to the "Tribune"; and its present attitude grieves me. Whether intended or not, your blows, aimed at individuals, hit the party; and ere long it is evident you will not be a recognized leader of the party. It must have an organ that at least is just. I care not how fiercely any rascality is assailed; but surely the whole Republican Party has not suddenly become rotten. I feel also that this may be an episode that you cannot afford — it will not well round off your life. You cannot afford to sunder old party attachments; but you can afford to labor for the purification and elevation of the party which has so long looked to you for counsel and advice. . . .

It seems to me we ought to improve and stand by the great principles of the Republican Party; and I should view with profound regret anything which may mar or extinguish your usefulness.

I have lamented the personal bickerings of the Senate, and still hope there may be some way by which they may be healed. You could aid much in such a result.

I trust you will pardon the freedom I have taken, and believe me

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Greeley's reply was uncompromising and warlike:

NEW YORK, *March* 12, 1872

MY DEAR SIR:

Can you really believe that the maker of the first Grant Cabinet (or any one subservient to that) is fit for a President? I cannot.

I forgive the ignorant, who talk as you do; I hold such as you responsible for misleading them. The man who could make such cabinets as Grant has had is hardly fit for a justice of the peace. And the cabinets are symbolical of the whole concern.

General Grant has seen fit to make especial war on my friends in this State. He did this repeatedly, and without excuse. He made a very fair distribution of his patronage in this State.

There was no complaint, and no cause for any. The next year he undid his own work, and proscribed all who were formerly known as radicals, lately as "Fenton" men. No true reason for this can be given that does not discredit his sagacity or his integrity.

We did not make war; we were warred upon, and had to stand on the defensive. It is now too late for reconciliation. We must go to the wall, or he must.

The man cannot be reëlected. At least, I think so. That he ought not to be, I believe you think as well as I do.

As to myself, the end of my career cannot be distant. I was a packhorse for Weed and Seward for the first half of my career. I revolted at last, and was not ruined. I can bear whatever the future has in store for me.

Yours HORACE GREELEY[1]

Everybody knows the tragic outcome: how Greeley's sense of injury and vanity combined to make him a victim to the crafty but short-sighted designs of Democratic politicians; how he ran for the Presidency in a disastrous campaign which killed his wife and hastened his own end, making one of the saddest pages in our political history.

In that pathetic campaign which cool-headed observers early perceived was a foregone conclusion, Morrill felt no need to take a very active part, either for the national or the local ticket. He wrote one or more campaign letters, a general article on Greeleyism for the "Independent," exposing the inherent weakness of any alliance between an ardent Protectionist and Abolitionist, like the editor of the "Tribune," and the Democrats, and he made several spirited campaign speeches in Vermont, pouring ridicule on the incongruous figure that Greeley cut at the head of the Democratic cohorts. Even these efforts were unnecessary. Everywhere the Republicans triumphed; Grant was reëlected by a great majority and Morrill was again chosen Senator by the Legislature of Vermont with practical unanimity.

[1] Published in the *Forum*, December, 1897.

We have already alluded to the political corruption which was an unpleasant characteristic of the Grant period. It had given rise to many scandals which played a part in the election of 1872, but the cup was not yet full. When Congress reassembled after the inauguration in 1873, a storm of indignation broke out. One of the occasions for the public wrath was the so-called "Salary Grab" Act, which was passed in the final hours of the session which closed on March 3d. By this act members of Congress raised their salaries from $5000 to $7500 and voted themselves $5000 each for work done during the two years preceding. The law was greeted with a general explosion of anger and contempt.

Morrill had consistently opposed the bill and had resisted it at every stage, but in vain. Now he turned over the sum paid him to the State of Vermont with a letter explaining his action.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Apl.* 11, 1873

MY DEAR SIR:

The enclosed draft for $4300 is the sum I have received for additional compensation for the past two years and which you will please credit to the State.

Having at every stage, by vote, speech, and questions of order, done what I could, though ineffectually, to defeat the recent legislation touching the pay of members of Congress, I feel that I shall best consult my own self-respect by emptying my pockets of this back pay, however convenient it might be in my present circumstances to do otherwise. Having determined not to appropriate this to my private use, I do not see with what propriety I could assign it to any benevolent object, no matter how estimable the object might be. If a majority of the members of Congress had left this money in the Treasury of the United States, I should have followed the example, but as they have not, the people of Vermont will have to pay their proportionate part of the whole, and it seems to me only just to place my share where to some extent it will tend to diminish the taxes of the State.

With my views I do not feel that I am entitled to any credit

for this course, nor am I moved by what in some respects appears to be intemperate criticism upon Congress, and I certainly have no purpose of casting any reproach upon those who reach different conclusions from myself upon the subject.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

But this was not sufficient to silence criticism. The fact was that the public mind was disturbed and its irritation was not relieved until the law was repealed, as it was in the following January, and all salaries except those of the President and the Judges of the Supreme Court set back where they were before.

Meanwhile Morrill did what he could to mollify public opinion in Vermont by an open letter to the editor of the "Burlington Free Press" from which we take two extracts that state his position fully and clearly:

The naked question of the increase of Congressional salaries is one of expediency and sound policy, and, however determined, can be in no sense a crime, though it may be so reprehensible as a blunder as to make it, according to the phrase of Fouché, "worse than a crime." In this instance, though it is not my business to defend the act, it is fair to say, that it was claimed by the advocates of the measure to be right on account of the high cost of living at Washington, and also on account of the future surrender of a considerable sum for mileage, stationery, newspapers, and postage — the latter being an incomparable and unknown quantity. Yet it appeared to me wholly wrong in substance, excessive in amount, exceedingly inopportune, and, though sustained by a majority of Democrats, likely to be detrimental to the party in power. It was more than the members and the people expected when they were elected. Therefore I did what I thought reasonable to defeat the first amendment, and to defeat the report of the committee of conference, and finally to defeat the bill upon which the measure had been engrafted. It is to be regretted that the minority with whom I coöperated had not better success, but the odds were too great.

But I do not understand that I am charged with dereliction of

duty while the measure was pending. It is my awkward manner of disposing of the "back pay," that is condemned. By no greediness or fault of mine, the "back pay" was lawfully made my property, thereafter to be kept or disposed of by me alone, although at every step I had voted against it. . . .

If the idea is tenable for Senators, who neither seek personal profit nor favor by back pay, to restore it to the pockets of the taxpayers, they ought certainly to be privileged to look over the whole ground and, studying who are most entitled to consideration, render justice between the people of their own State and the Nation. They have a right to place it where it will not be so greatly diffused as to falsify the main purpose. Having failed, by being out-voted, to protect the Nation from the passage of the measure, they should have the right personally, if they can and choose, to shield the people of their own State from any of its consequences, so long as they purge themselves of selfishness, and do not trench upon the legal or equitable claims of any other State.

The discussion was so prolonged and so bitter that Morrill was led to make a memorandum of the action of members of Congress, by party and by States, showing the disposition made of the "back pay" as it was sometimes called.

Four Democrats — three Independent Republicans — in U.S. Senate and 13 Democrats in the House have returned back pay.

Nineteen Republican Senators and 37 Republican members of the House have returned back pay. From 19 States Senators returned nothing. From 20 States members of the House returned nothing.

Mass.	with	10	members	in	the	House,	had	*one*	who	returned	back	pay
N.H.	"	3	"	"	"	"	"	one	"	"	"	"
Mo.	"	9	"	"	"	"	"	one	"	"	"	"
Ind.	"	11	"	"	"	"	"	three	"	"	"	"
Ohio	"	19	"	"	"	"	"	four	"	"	"	"
N.Y.	"	31	"	"	"	"	"	ten	"	"	"	"
Penn.	"	24	"	"	"	"	"	two	"	"	"	"
Ill.	"	14	"	"	"	"	"	five	"	"	"	"

There were some others, G. F. Hoar of Massachusetts included, who devoted their back pay to educational or other purposes.

Of the 74 Senators only 27 returned back pay, and of the 252

members and delegates of the House less than 50 returned back pay, or about one third of the Senators, and less than one fifth of the House. No State on the Pacific or Southwest or South (except Maryland) returned anything.

The full proportion of taxes has been paid by the people of Vermont for the back pay of 47 Senators and over 200 Representatives and delegates. Sixteen states returned nothing from either Senators or Rep[resentatives].

With the other phases of the corruption of the time, with the Crédit Mobilier, the Whiskey Ring, and the Customs House scandals, Morrill had little to do; he had no taste for muck-raking, and his love for the Republican Party would have led him to ignore them if he could. But when the issue was presented, he did not evade it. In the case of the disputed election of General Abbott as Senator from North Carolina, in the case of Caldwell, who had used bribery to secure his election as Senator from Kansas, and in that of the impeachment of Secretary of War Belknap, he faced the unpleasant facts squarely and demanded that justice be done without favor.

It is a question whether any of these cases would have given rise to extended discussion in any other period of our history. General Abbott, the minority candidate for the Senate from North Carolina, was a carpet-bagger Republican from the North, whom it was proposed to seat because the successful candidate, elected by an overwhelming majority, was ineligible because of his Civil War record. To this claim, a purely political one, Morrill gave what was rightly described as a crushing reply in a speech delivered in the Senate on April 12, 1872. The Caldwell case was more gross and scandalous, being a case of open and unblushing bribery, yet Caldwell found defenders among Republican Senators who felt, as was not uncommon in that epoch, that any means was good that beat a Democrat, and a Republican could do no wrong. Morrill's vision was not so blinded and

he spoke with courageous straightforwardness and plainness of words; he said:

This is a cause involving the largest amount of alleged corruption of any in the history of senatorial elections. The payment of some part of a considerable sum of money is openly confessed. It would be strange if such a case did not admit of a just, legal, and definite solution. The pleasure and duty of Senators will be to shield the innocent in spite of all clamor, and in spite of all unsupported charges; and it will be equally their solemn duty not to clear the guilty in spite of all personal friendships and in spite of all party attachments. I regret that such a task, through no fault of ours, has been imposed upon the Senate, but being imposed, it must be met. . . . The fact disclosed by a written contract, proven by witnesses, and avowed and defended by Mr. Caldwell, by which he agreed to pay and did pay to Thomas Carney the sum of $15,000 in consideration that Carney should withdraw from being a candidate against him in 1871, is the chief fact upon which I feel it to be my duty to make some comments. . . .

A definition is of little consequence where the facts of the case furnish a definition, but let us look for a moment at the definition of the word "bribe"; and one is set forth to be, "to pervert his judgment or corrupt his action by some gift or promise." If the money paid by Mr. Caldwell was not to pervert the judgment of Mr. Carney, for what purpose was it paid? Before the money was paid, very clearly Mr. Carney and his friends in the Legislature considered Mr. Caldwell less fit for the place of Senator than himself — he may have been mistaken, and I think he was — but his judgment was perverted, changed in the twinkling of an eye, and the $15,000 not only wrought that miracle with Carney, but with his legislative friends and supporters. It is plain that Mr. Carney's judgment was perverted. . . .

When an election has been made under such circumstances, it is tainted at the fountain. . . .

The Senate of the United States has often been claimed to be the first deliberative body in the world, but that claim could not long be maintained after it shall have been ascertained that it can most surely be reached by those having the longest and most unscrupulous purse. . . .

There is no dispute about the $15,000. It brands the forehead of this case. Mr. Carney admits he got it. Mr. Caldwell admits he paid it. . . .

The plain question for our decision is, Can a Senator be duly and legally elected where money has been corruptly used to buy up and extinguish legitimate opposition? For myself, I shall feel bound to answer no.[1]

To such reasoning there was no answer, but it was a profound satisfaction to honest men to have such arguments presented with such inexorable logic in the Senate.

Equally inexorable and even more courageous was his course in regard to General W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War in Grant's Cabinet, and one of the President's friends. Belknap was charged with receiving money — about $40,000 in one case — from the sale of government offices. There was no defense; no one questioned his guilt; but on the same day that the House of Representatives by a unanimous vote resolved on his impeachment, the President accepted his resignation, thus raising the question of jurisdiction. This finally saved him, for nearly all of the members of the Senate who voted "not guilty" did so in the belief that they lacked jurisdiction. Morrill, however, declined to take cover behind this convenient hedge, but spoke vigorously in defense of the power and duty of the Senate to give judgment.

The case before us arises upon the presentation by the House of Representatives of articles of impeachment against General William W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, who pleads that he resigned his office a short time before and on the same day the articles were moved in the House, and therefore is not liable to impeachment. Under the apt and thoroughly defined phrases of the Constitution, and under the circumstances as stated, the question pending is: Has the Senate jurisdiction? . . . Are we to make a breach in the Constitution for the noiseless retreat of a whole class of the greatest official criminals? . . .

[1] *Congressional Record*, March 15, 1873.

There is no misdescription of the person charged, no imputed or fatal blunder as to the forms of procedure by the prosecutors, and no doubt that the case is before the proper tribunal; but the narrow question still remains unanswered: Is the late Secretary of War entitled to escape all the perils of impeachment by his swift resignation? Can he solely by his own act defeat our jurisdiction? . . . If by resigning a guilty civil officer may escape impeachment, the same door is open for escape from a criminal indictment. . . .

And thus the great remedy of impeachment "for treason, bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors" of all United States civil officers, so industriously planted in so many different places of the Constitution, would be torn out by the roots and thrown like a worthless weed away. . . . The pardoning power of the President in all cases of impeachment was taken away; but if resignation snatches away all jurisdiction, then a power, too great to be entrusted to the President, was taken away only to be given to the party impeached, from whom the power to resign was not taken away. . . .

The alternative presented looks to me far more formidable, and that is, to leave all officers of the United States at liberty to burrow in corruption, to betray the honor and the highest interests of their country, to sell justice, to accept bribes, to embezzle the public funds, and then, after destroying the records of guilt, if that be possible, and suborning the witnesses through their ill-gotten gains, they can resign and defy all the remedies provided through the dead forms of impeachment. That would be "played out," as a red-handed murderer in New York recently said about hanging. I cannot believe in any construction of the Constitution that will leave it in so crippled a condition and so absolutely at the mercy of those against whom its sharpest provisions are pointed and who may be the very chiefest of offenders.

The doctrine of resignation and avoidance, so far as I am able to comprehend it, fritters away all the power there is of real substance in the Constitution relating to impeachments, and, if it shall prevail, the torn shreds of that power will hang dangling in the air as a mere scarecrow, but scaring nobody.[1]

During this period Morrill was able to exert increasing in-

[1] Opinion as to Jurisdiction in the Belknap Impeachment Case.

fluence for the improvement and beautification of Washington and the Government buildings. In the midst of the Civil War, he had succeeded as a member of Congress in having the Old Hall of the House set apart for a national Statuary Hall and had continued his labors to have each State avail itself of the privilege of placing there statues representing the two typical men of the State. He had taken pride in securing that Vermont select as her two sons thus to be commemorated Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga and Senator Collamer, and he had given jealous care to the choice of artists to execute the work. The statue of Ethan Allen was admirably done by Larkin G. Mead and that of Collamer by Hiram Powers. Of the correspondence which he conducted on the subject one of the most interesting letters is a brief one which Morrill wrote congratulating Powers on his appointment and recalling the visit to his studio in Florence during the European journey of 1867:

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Jan.* 7, 1873

MY DEAR SIR:

Having had something to do in getting Congress to set apart the fine old Hall of Representatives, and also, with my Colleague, Senator Edmunds, having urged upon the Vermont Legislature the duty of employing you to furnish a statue of the late Senator Collamer, to be placed in the Old Hall, I am gratified to learn that the Legislature has at last authorized Governor Converse to make the contract. I suppose the terms may be such as you very generously proposed in reply to my former inquiry. Of course the family of Senator Collamer will tender all the materials necessary for a faithful likeness.

But I will only tender to you my congratulations on the result. I think you have a good subject and I feel sure that your work will do honor to our Country as well as to our Native State.

I should like very much to drop in again and see you all covered with marble dust, but cannot at present.

With great respect
I am, very truly yours

J. S. M.

Morrill's services in the House and his instinctive leanings toward art gave him a place on the Senate Committee on Buildings and Grounds which was congenial to him and in course of time he became Chairman of the Committee. There he was able to do much for the improvement of the buildings and monuments of the capital. One of his early labors in this field was to oppose in 1872 the invasion by the Pennsylvania Railroad of the public grounds — a thing which he felt was so unwarranted as to merit no consideration and which yet he was compelled to see permitted through the lethargy or the commercialism of the Senate. It was on this occasion and under this provocation that, for the only time in his career, his indignation blazed up into language considered too severe for parliamentary usage. Though stricken from the record, it was not lost from the memory of those that heard it and the scene was often recalled with animation when the Senator, in wrathful tones, proposed that the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad be given the privilege of the floor and authorized to dictate the legislation affecting that corporation. A full warrant for the Senator's attitude was given by history. Thirty-five years later the Government paid the Pennsylvania Railroad a million, five hundred thousand dollars, largely to reimburse them for withdrawing their tracks from the Mall and making possible what Morrill had advocated.

In all three of the great monuments of Washington, the Washington Monument, the Capitol, and the Library of Congress, as well as in the minor administrative buildings, Morrill had a creditable part. To him chiefly is due the Library of Congress as it is to-day; he consented, though reluctantly, to the decision, taken in 1876, to complete the Washington Monument, which after being begun in 1848 had been left unfinished and practically abandoned for more than twenty years; he was largely responsible for the plan and the execu-

tion of the terraces, fountains, and gardens which give the Capitol its attractive aspect.

The spirit in which he approached these tasks was shown in remarks found in his speeches on the subject. "I confess," he said on one occasion, "to a feeling of some reverence for this Capitol, where I have spent so many years of my life."[1] And again, "Washington is to be no mean city. It is the capital of the people; and its public buildings and grounds belong to the Nation, and they will be jealously guarded as the apple of its eye."[2] For its greater beauty he labored with a rare and surprising enthusiasm collaborating with artists and architects, and lavishing time and care without stint, nay with positive enjoyment. This was an outlet for his own artistic feeling. No one can read the correspondence of this period with Preston Powers, Larkin G. Mead, W. W. Story, H. K. Brown, Frederick Law Olmsted, and others, without feeling the zest with which he came to an artistic problem and his understanding sympathy for the artist's point of view. He had the great satisfaction also of inspiring the hearty coöperation of his colleagues and drawing out their best qualities. There are two letters of Simon Cameron on the subject of the Capitol grounds which exhibit the Pennsylvania politician in a more amiable light than any others I am aware of. The first, written in 1874, pays Morrill a very handsome compliment:

HARRISBURG, *Oct.* 24, 1874

MY DEAR MR. MORRILL,

I came home yesterday after a six weeks' absence and find much to do here politically, and find yours of the 20th inst. inviting me to meet you Monday next in Washington on the business of the Committee of Public Grounds. It is very inconvenient for me to leave our State at this moment, but sympathizing in all you have done and are doing for the permanent improvement of the Capitol of the Nation, I will come, not in the selfish belief

[1] Senate, May 13, 1880. [2] Senate, March 31, 1879.

that I can help you in the work of the Committee which you alone for years have done, but to accept a part of the responsibility which always follows great changes.

You will have the honor, after you are dead, of having made the most beautiful city in the world and, what is more, you will deserve it.

I will stop at Sanderson's on the Hill and any time after 6 P.M. will meet you at the Ebbitt.

Yours truly

SIMON CAMERON

The second, written nearly a year later, reveals Cameron in a new light, as a lover of trees:

HARRISBURG, *Sept.* 27, 1875

MY DEAR SENATOR,

You are the Chairman of the Committee on Public Grounds, and above all your energies and your good taste have done so much to make the Capitol grounds what they are becoming, worthy of the Capitol and the Nation, that I am unwilling to object to any suggestion you make in regard to them, but I don't like to destroy that beautiful tree that I have admired for more than thirty years — that has so often sheltered me — and which I could persuade you to spare if I were on the ground.

Mr. Olmsted is wrong in saying "the tree is not likely to survive long." I have looked carefully at it and am certain if let alone it will be erect and beautiful long, long after I leave here — and I only wish I could believe you and Mr. Olmsted had as good a chance to live a hundred years, and be as useful to your country as you are now, as it has to be green and bright a century more, if it is let alone.

"Woodman, spare that tree." Your friend

SIMON CAMERON

Morrill noted on the back of the letter: "Woodman, spare that tree!" and "It was saved."

As the letters indicate, the two men, notwithstanding great differences of character and temperament, were good friends, and Morrill left among his papers a brief note about Cameron which says this in the plainest terms:

General Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania was an example of American self-educated men or the type of such as first push along themselves, and then, help to push along the world. Left an orphan at nine years of age, getting his education while learning the printer's trade, he became the publisher and editor of a Democratic newspaper at the early age of twenty-two years and ten years later established a bank. It was not enough for him to be an editor of a newspaper, cashier of bank, president of two railroads, and so he accepted the office of Adjutant-General of the State by which the title of General adhered to him through life.

He was a remarkable man, and while he was in the U.S. Senate from 1866 to March, 1877, I became much attached to him. He occupied a seat adjoining mine and was a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds of which I was then Chairman. He was first elected a Senator in 1845, serving until 1849, and was again reëlected to the same position in 1857 for the term ending in 1863, but resigned in 1861, to become Secretary of War, and Minister to Russia in 1862. He was once more reëlected to the Senate in 1866, but resigned in 1877 when he was succeeded by his son James Donald Cameron.

With his native conservatism and a sense of continuity much stronger than is common among his fellow countrymen, Morrill was but little disposed to change or tear down. So, although he approved the judgment of W. W. Story set forth in long and eloquent letters opposing the original design for the Washington Monument, which Story somewhat scornfully referred to as a "chimney," and for which he proposed a substitute on the lines of classic monuments, Morrill finally acquiesced in completing the great obelisk largely in accordance with the plans first accepted. In the case of the Capitol, he was a steadfast opponent of any structural changes and proved so formidable against all plans to make over the great building and thus provide for the Library of Congress, that those projects were given up.

There ensued a long delay, but, secure in his conviction, Morrill could wait, knowing that time was on his side, and

at last he saw his dream come true in the magnificent building placed where he had desired to see it, across the great plaza facing the front of the Capitol. Patience, tact, and no small political skill were required to bring the dream to fruition, but he had set his heart on it and gave it his utmost efforts. The library came to be known as Morrill's pet, and certain it is that, but for his persuasiveness, his tenacity, and the strong prestige of his position as Chairman of the Finance Committee, then and for long regarded as the most powerful post in the Government, the vast sums required could not have been had. He was too old and sagacious a legislator not to know the wisdom of the aphorism, "*Ce ne que la première pas que coûte*," and his first step was a cautious one. It was to obtain the acceptance of plans and an initial appropriation. The amount of this first appropriation, $500,000, which was voted in 1886, was foreseen by some, and perhaps by Morrill himself, to be inadequate. Two years later revised plans were presented offering an alternative of $4,000,000 or $6,000,000 outlay. It is very certain that if even the smaller of these two vast sums had been originally proposed for a single building, it would have been summarily rejected, but now Congress was committed to the undertaking; it had "put its hand to the plough," and by judicious persuasive handling was led to vote the greater sum — a result generally regarded as a personal triumph for Morrill.

His fondness for Washington and pride in the attractions of the city made him ever ready to go to her defense. He found an occasion to his liking in 1873 when President Eliot of Harvard, in the course of a speech against a national university, made some disparaging remarks about Washington; whereupon Morrill prepared an article [1] which he sent to his friend J. W. Forney for publication. Time has made the

[1] *Philadelphia Press*, October 17, 1873.

article obsolete, but the letter to Forney has a phrase or two that embalm a prejudice not wholly unjust and not yet quite outgrown. He speaks of "the Harvard President's speech," and adds, "I think your sympathies are like mine — rather favorable toward our capital and rather less for the Brahmins of Harvard. They are too aristocratic."

Throughout the whole of the Grant period Morrill continued as faithfully as a sentinel at his post to defend that policy of protection and those principles of sound finance to which he had given his adhesion years before. He had so well considered them, and had matured them in so many hours of study and debate, that no matter how new were the aspects presented or how novel the propositions advanced, he had never to shift his ground or change his weapons. His speeches on the Funding Bill, on Free Banking and Specie Payments, on the Resumption of Specie Payments, on Silver as Legal Tender, furnish an array of sound reasons and supply an armory of cogent arguments for the defense of honest finance. On the subject of the Tariff he maintained the position of a moderate protectionist. It was the position which he had taken at the outset of his career and he never consciously departed from it. He was similarly consistent in his attitude on foreign policy. He had begun his political career as an opponent of annexation to the southward and one of his latest speeches was to be in opposition to expansion in the Pacific. This unvarying support of settled principle made his opposition to General Grant's plan of annexing San Domingo so natural as to rob it of any captiousness or offense.

On still another great subject he had early defined his position and now defended it valorously, but without bitterness. This was the matter of reciprocity. As far back as 1858, when he was one of the younger members of the House, he had proposed a resolution looking toward rescinding the

reciprocity treaty with Canada. He continued an avowed opponent of all reciprocity treaties whether with Canada, Hawaii, or Mexico, and in 1874 stated his opinion with excellent clearness and point in a letter to Hamilton Fish:

WASHINGTON, *June* 4, 1874

DEAR SIR:

I have received your memorandum confidentially communicated to me with the propositions for a new reciprocity treaty and I comply with your request to make such suggestions or comments as occur to me.

First, I think such a treaty is a plain and palpable violation of the Constitution which gives to the House of Representatives the sole power to originate revenue bills. If such a treaty can be made with one nation, it may be made with all, and in time the treaty-making power might absorb the entire jurisdiction of revenue questions, so far as customs duties are concerned. This question was elaborately considered in the Senate of the United States at the time of the negotiation of the Zollverein Treaty, and adverse reports made thereon; one by Mr. Archer of Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and one the year following by Senator Choate of Massachusetts. These reports so made coincided then with the judgment of the Senate and the Zollverein Treaty was lost with the almost universal concurrence of the Senate. I have no idea, in view of the embarrassments we suffered while the former reciprocity treaty was in force when it became necessary during the war to largely increase the tariff, that the House of Representatives would willingly place such fetters on their action again. I am very sure they would not without a fierce struggle and am confident that the old members, who have not forgotten our experience, would utterly decline any such commercial arrangement.

It must be borne in mind that the most favored nation clause existing in our treaties with other powers may prove a matter of grave embarrassment. At the time the Zollverein Treaty was pending, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, I think Lord Aberdeen, immediately notified the American Minister, probably Mr. Everett, that Great Britain would claim all the privileges that might be granted by the Zollverein Treaty, and I think he made very cogent arguments in support of the claim.

Second, the treaty would call for a large surrender of revenue, which we are in no condition at the present time, and shall not be for years to come, to abandon. At least five to ten times as much would be surrendered by us as by the Canadian Government.

Third, there are no reciprocity advantages of a market. Our Atlantic markets are worth from 25 per cent to 33⅓ per cent more than the markets of the St. Lawrence at Montreal and Quebec. Beef, cattle, horses, wool, grain, and lumber do not go from the United States to the Canadian Government, but do come from the Canadian to our markets because they are so much more valuable. Here we labor under the greatest amount of inequality and should put into the pockets of Canadians twice the amount that we should lose in duties in the superior advantages we give them for selling their products here instead of confining them to their own [markets]. The same thing may be said of fish; they furnish no market while we furnish the only good one in the world. The new items introduced into the proposals, of iron and steel and wood, might operate well for a year or two, but within two years it would transfer the manufacture of our agricultural implements and all such manufactures to the Canadian Dominion where raw material is produced cheaper, where taxation is less onerous, and where labor is much cheaper.

I forbear to go through with the whole list of items, but not because I think it would be difficult to show that the whole arrangement would be, if you will pardon me, a treaty of abominations. Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Throughout the period Morrill bore a heavy burden of the routine work of the legislator, with long hours in committee as well as his labors on the floor, where he was the most regular of attendants. And this he did without tension or sign of strain, his own serenity of spirit, his domestic contentment, his freedom from vaulting ambition, his love of books, his fondness for horses, and the sense of good services performed buoying him up and refreshing his spirit. The constant encouragement of friends and the approval of men like George William Curtis, Daniel C. Gilman, Andrew D.

White, and scores of others who wrote to express their admiration and support was an inestimable help. Even the dissentients contributed to his health by adding the note of humor: for not all his correspondents were encomiastic. A citizen of Attica, Indiana, disliked the Senator's view of specie payments and expressed himself strongly. Senator Morrill kept his letter with the comment on the back of the envelope, "says I am an ass." The Western critic did not stop at that, but concluded, "You know that the country needs more money and I believe that the Member of Congress who opposes an issue of more is as false as Satan himself. I pray that a just God may paralyze their tongues."

Even office-seekers, which were the heaviest of his burdens, occasionally yielded a note of relief or gayety. When there was a proposal to elevate George H. Williams, then Attorney-General, to the post of Chief Justice, there came a letter from Burlington, Vermont, that brought a refreshing note of earnestness:

DEAR MR. MORRILL,

Don't vote to confirm Williams, pray don't. This is the universal voice. It is Marshall's seat that is to be filled, and Jay's, and Taney's, and Chase's. *O, don't do it.*

Truly yours

D. ROBERTS

From his old friend, Walton of Montpelier, he got a line about a candidate for a consulship that gave a touch of humor to the subject:

I have had a letter from Earle for some weeks. I suppose he is with you by this time, or will be soon. He wants to go to Berne. It is clear a case of instinct. Earle is a devil — printer's devil, you know — and he ought to go to *Berne.*

With this we may close the chapter, already unconscion-

ably long, leaving many threads to be woven into the narrative in their proper places, and pause to recount the most notable of Morrill's legislative achievements — the enactment of the measures under which the land-grant colleges were established.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAND-GRANT COLLEGE ACTS

THE Land-Grant College Acts not only demand a separate chapter in any account of Morrill's life; they form a chapter in the educational history of the country. Among those to whom their author is more than a name, many, if not the greater part, know him as the father of the land-grant colleges and count them as his greatest monument. They have called forth many eulogies and are still the subject of reports, discussions, speeches, and periodical encomiums upon their author. As early as 1888 a report of the United States Bureau of Education contained the statement that, "next to the Ordinance of 1787 the Congressional grant of 1862 is the most important educational enactment in America." [1] Andrew D. White, for many years President of Cornell University and later Minister to Germany, rated Morrill's work in this field very high.

> It is [he said], in my opinion, a service which deserves to be ranked, and which future historians will rank, with those of Hamilton in advocating the Constitution, of Jefferson in acquiring Louisiana, and of Clay in giving us a truly American policy.
>
> Mr. Morrill's service in this respect is all the more noteworthy when we consider the time when it was rendered. It was the darkest period of the Civil War, and yet, full of confidence in the future of the Republic, and largely, indeed, to better that future, he introduced and carried this great measure. Since the Romans quietly bought and sold the lands on which the Carthaginians were encamped in the neighborhood of the Eternal City, there has been no more noble exhibition of faith in the destiny of a republic.

[1] *The History of Federal State Aid to Higher Education.* U.S. Bureau of Education, 1888.

Various features of the measure showed exceeding breadth and depth of statesmanlike feeling, and one of the strongest of them is the fact that these institutions were not put into the hands of a bureaucracy at Washington or elsewhere, but left to be developed by the good sense of each State in accordance with its necessities. The result has been that we have nearly fifty noble institutions, each suited to its environment, and to many of them individuals have given enormous sums in order to supplement the work originally contemplated.[1]

It has often been said, as if to minimize the achievement, that Morrill "builded better than he knew"; experts in the field have declared that he "knew very little of education. His wish was 'to do something for the farmer'"; [2] the implication being that the act amounted to little more than a casual bit of legislation framed to meet a political contingency. Such a view is very far astray. It mistakes the nature of the act and the nature of the man who framed it. Morrill was no specialist in education, but the experts of 1917 too easily forget how recent is the knowledge and theory from which their authority is derived and might well compare with modesty the "expert" theory of 1855 with Morrill's sound and reasonable views.

His bill was not the work of a mere amateur or of a mind untouched by culture. From his early manhood Morrill was known as a well-read man; his friends were men of cultivation; for these he had a natural affinity; his library, and still more his modest volume, "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons," reveals a love of books, a sensitive taste, and a range of reading that would do credit to a professed man of letters. Along with this general basis of cultivation he pursued a special interest in education. A reference in one of his letters shows that in 1865 he had drawn up a Course of Study which he seems to have shown to some of his friends, but

[1] *New York Daily Tribune*, Saturday, March 25, 1899.
[2] Henry S. Pritchett, in Carnegie Foundation Bulletin no. 10.

which has not survived. Though he lacked — and remained constantly aware of the deprivation — a university training, he had used his opportunities so well that by 1848 he had become known as an educated man and was chosen in that year to the Board of Trustees of Norwich University. He declined that election on grounds highly creditable both to his knowledge and his ideals of college education. The correspondence is enlightening, for it shows that he declined because he was not satisfied that Norwich University was exercising due discretion in granting honorary degrees and preserving her scholarly reputation. He was one of the incorporators of the University of Vermont in 1865, and served for many years on the Board of Trustees where his counsel was constantly sought and greatly valued.

His correspondence with Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, Andrew D. White of Cornell, President Buckham of the University of Vermont, show him in full sympathy and fellowship with the company of scholars. When he came to frame his Agricultural College Act, as it was first called, he brought to the task knowledge fully abreast of his time and ideals not unworthy a scholar. He drew the bill with an earnest desire to open college doors to farmers' sons and others who lacked the means to attend the colleges then existing. And having drawn it, he supported and urged it with a zeal inspired by memory of his own thwarted hopes and with the tenacity of a true Vermonter. It took five years to make the bill a law, but he never slackened his efforts until he had brought it to pass. There is nothing casual or contingent visible here: no appeal to party convenience; no aim to catch a passing breeze of politics.

Fortunately, we can clear up very fully the origin and history, the motive, and the whole course of the act; for among Morrill's papers is a record which he set down, apparently in 1874, and which, though written in pencil, shows his usual

care in statement and in phrase. It throws much light on the times and on some of the actors. It brings back for a moment the scenes and actors of the Civil War period, it illustrates the rough and thorny path of a private bill in Congress, and it reveals something of Morrill's art in the conduct of legislation.

The idea of obtaining a land grant for the foundation of colleges I think I had formed as early as 1856. I remember to have broached the subject to Hon. William Hebard, the former member of Congress from the 2d District, and he observed that such a measure would be all very well, but that of course I could not expect it to pass. Where I obtained the first hint of such a measure, I am wholly unable to say. Such institutions had already been established in other countries and were supported by their governments, but they were confined exclusively to agriculture, and this for our people, with all their industrial aptitudes and ingenious inventions, appeared to me unnecessarily limited. If the purpose was not suggested by the well-known fact of the existence of Agricultural Schools in Europe it was supported by this fact and especially by constant reflections upon the following points, viz.:

First, that the public lands of most value were being rapidly dissipated by donations to merely local and private objects, where one State alone might be benefited at the expense of the property of the Union.

Second, that the very cheapness of our public lands, and the facility of purchase and transfer, tended to a system of bad-farming or strip and waste of the soil, by encouraging short occupancy and a speedy search for new homes, entailing upon the first and older settlements a rapid deterioration of the soil, which would not be likely to be arrested except by more thorough and scientific knowledge of agriculture and by a higher education of those who were devoted to its pursuit.

Third, being myself the son of a hard-handed blacksmith, the most truly honest man I ever knew, who felt his own deprivation of schools (never having spent but six weeks inside of a schoolhouse), I could not overlook mechanics in any measure intended to aid the industrial classes in the procurement of an education that might exalt their usefulness.

Fourth, that most of the existing collegiate institutions and their feeders were based upon the classic plan of teaching those only destined to pursue the so-called learned professions, leaving farmers and mechanics and all those who must win their bread by labor, to the haphazard of being self-taught or not scientifically taught at all, and restricting the number of those who might be supposed to be qualified to fill places of higher consideration in private or public employments to the limited number of the graduates of the literary institutions. The thoroughly educated, being most sure to educate their sons, appeared to be perpetuating a monopoly of education inconsistent with the welfare and complete prosperity of American institutions.

Fifth, that it was apparent, while some localities were possessed of abundant instrumentalities for education, both common and higher, many of the States were deficient and likely so to remain unless aided by the common fund of the proceeds of the public lands, which were held for this purpose more than any other.

Upon these points and some others I had meditated long and had delved in more or less statistical information, convincing to myself but not the most attractive for a public speech, as I have often found such data, indispensable as it is to the basis of most of our legislative measures, less welcome than even very cheap rhetoric interesting to few and entertaining to none. Discreet legislators cannot get on without reliable facts.

Certainly I was not clear that I could succeed in carrying through Congress the College Land Bill, but I had nearly determined to attempt it, and, like a young lover after the engagement, I sought the advice of some of the old members of the House and Senate, who almost uniformly said: "You can try, but of course it is of no use." This would have killed the project if they had not in many instances immediately added, "It would be a grand measure, however, and so far as my vote is concerned you shall have it."

The Bill was introduced December 17, 1857, and I tried to have it referred to the Committee on Agriculture, but that was defeated and the bill was sent to the Committee on Public Lands (105 to 89), known by me to be hostile to the measure, but, if enough of those friendly to the bill could be mustered to pass it, an adverse report by that Committee, Cobb of Alabama, Chair-

man, would not seriously damage it when accompanied by a fair minority report in its favor, which doubtless would be secured.

To learn how much support could be relied upon in Congress to sustain the bill, I was diligent in pushing inquiries through some friendly sources as to how the delegations from each State would vote when the bill should come to be finally reported. In this labor Mr. Walbridge of Michigan, a member of the Committee on Public Lands, was also active, as were several other of my friends. We daily gained hope. Soon after the introduction of the Bill, the Reverend Amos Brown, President of the People's College at Havana, New York, having read the account in the newspapers, wrote to me and then came to Washington, where he entered very zealously into canvassing for votes for the bill — particularly among the New York members. He was not only a willing worker, but discreet about exciting hostilities where he was unable to secure favor. Arad Joy, who had endowed the People's College, took an interest in the bill, and I presume paid the board bill and traveling expenses of Mr. Brown, who remained at different times for several weeks and unquestionably expected New York would assign some share to their College of whatever might be obtained. Horace Greeley was one of their trustees and the "Tribune" showed some favor to my bill, through a cordial notice by its regular correspondent, James E. Harvey, afterwards our Minister at Portugal, who declared it the most important measure which had been introduced in Congress for many years and generously bestowed his compliments when I came to make a speech in support of the bill.

In the Senate Mr. Pearce, of the Eastern shore of Maryland, promised his aid, but it never became very conspicuous. He was an accomplished gentleman, the owner of a few slaves, out of whom he said he could get no work, and while boarding with him on 4th Street, I found his society extremely agreeable, making some deductions for spurts of temper, for his too great love of money and his aristocratic bearing. Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky gave the bill a quick welcome — it seemed to have a relationship to the measures of his old colleague, Henry Clay. I had only met him on a few social occasions, and when I brought the subject to his attention one day upon strolling into the Senate, I shall never forget his hearty Kentucky cordiality. I had marched as a delegate in 1844 with his sons in the Baltimore Whig Convention.

That was enough. In my presence he exclaimed to another Senator, "You know there is no measure Mr. Morrill could ask for that we should not gladly support. Mr. Morrill has our hearts." Mr. Foot of Vermont was always eager to forward any good work and his colleagues never sought his aid in vain. He made few speeches in the Senate, where he long presided, but his personal influence was potential and he never had a friend for whom he would not exert it.

But the first effort was to get the measure through the House, and even to get it out of the committee was a perplexing labor. A majority there was against the bill, and they might strangle it by not reporting it, although they entertained no doubt that it would be killed by the House as soon as it could be reached. At last we found one member who, though he would vote against the bill, was willing to treat it fairly by reporting it adversely and in season for some action by the House. Then there was a difficulty in obtaining the attendance of every member who favored the bill — all being necessary, but after many weeks this was accomplished and the Chairman prepared his adverse report accordingly. It then devolved upon Mr. Walbridge to make a report in behalf of the minority in favor of the bill, and although he could make an off-hand speech with considerable spirit, he acknowledged that he could not write a report and called upon me to supply one. I told him that when the bill should be reported, I proposed to make a speech upon it and that I preferred not to exhaust my ammunition. Besides, I thought it might better come from some other source, therefore he ought to apply to some one else, and he did apply to the President of the Agricultural College of Michigan, who furnished at once an able and elaborate account of European Agricultural Colleges, to which at his earnest solicitation I furnished a few concluding pages. It was rather funny that Mr. Walbridge should tell me next year that this report — not a word of it being his own — had given to him a great reputation at home and made him at one time a formidable candidate in his State for the United States Senate!

The bill did not get out of the committee until April, 1858, and then after a good deal of parliamentary skirmishing — in which I was aided by the advice of Israel Washburn of Maine, then considered the best parliamentarian in the House. I succeeded in getting the bill before the House and got off my first speech upon

the measure. The speech was probably something a little better than my friends had expected from me and my constituents sent many letters of congratulation in consequence. Mr. Cobb was now entitled to the floor and made his grand splurge against the bill. It was said he had been a minister, but this he denied. In person he was a giant, being at least six and a half feet tall, large-boned and heavy-voiced, but he was intellectually, if not a weak brother, by no means equal to his physical bulk, with the humor of a buffoon at times and the manner of a tin-peddler. Not perhaps a bad man at heart, but rather slick than decidedly frank and honest. Whatever influence he had was at home — not in the House. And yet I cannot forget that when his State seceded, in January, 1861, he did not leave the House with his colleagues, but lingered until he got the official copy of the ordinance of secession, and then went reluctantly and tearfully away, saying, "God save the country!"

As soon as Mr. Cobb had got through with his speech and the reading of the adverse report, I obtained the floor, and my friends, who had made some motions to tie up the measure against the hostile attacks of the enemies to the bill, not wishing to speak, demanded the previous question upon its passage. There was some filibustering, but at length a second was obtained; then a motion to lay the bill on the table was made and failed by the very decisive vote of 83 ayes and 114 noes. It being late in the day, the bill went over to the 22d when another motion to lay it on the table failed, there being 83 ayes to 105 noes. This was a discouraging falling off among the friends of the bill and showed that the fate of the bill after all was not absolutely certain, but upon the final roll-call it passed, and the 105 stood firm against 100 — the strongest vote the opponents of the bill had been able to muster.

The bill now went to the Senate, where it was referred to a committee and reported back by the Chairman, Senator Stuart of Michigan, May 6, 1858, without any recommendation. But one member of the committee, then absent, subsequently returned and gave in his assent, so that finally it had the support of a majority of the committee. It failed to be acted upon by the Senate, however, until the next session, when it called forth a good deal of discussion. Senator Stuart, Democrat as he was, sustained the bill very handsomely, but Southern Democrats as-

sailed it with much bitterness. Mason of Virginia and Clay of Alabama made long speeches against it. Douglas voted for it, but did not enter into the debate. Judge Collamer made a clear and strong constitutional argument in support of the bill, enlivened by one of his quaint stories of the man who cheated in maple sugar by watering his sap, and Mr. Harlan also made an argumentative speech, crammed with facts in its behalf. His State, Iowa, had instructed their Senators to vote for the bill, as had Vermont and many other States. So the delay of the Senate was perhaps not without some advantage. Mr. Wade at length took charge of the bill and with little talk himself, though that was always pungent, succeeded in obtaining a vote of the Senate, after the most persistent efforts of Mr. Hunter and others to postpone it, by which the bill passed, February 7, 1859, 25 ayes to 22 noes, several members known to be in favor of the bill being temporarily absent and among them Pearce and Collamer.

Two unimportant amendments had been attached by the Senate, and when the bill came back to the House these, upon my motion, and after a vote to lay the bill upon the table had been defeated by a vote of 148 to 95, were at once concurred in without a division, February 16, 1859.

This measure, upon which I had set my heart so long, now only lacked the signature of the President to become a law. For a week the bill was neither signed nor returned by President Buchanan. A veto began to be apprehended. In my speech I had cited the vote of Mr. Buchanan when a Senator in favor of a grant of public land to aid an institution for the deaf and dumb in Kentucky. Toombs of Georgia, though he had voted against the bill, did not hesitate to say that "the bill was not such a one as the President would be justified in vetoing by a d——n sight." On the morning of the 24th of February Daniel E. Sickles, a member from the city of New York, came to me for a copy of my speech, which he wanted to take to the President, to show him his previous record and to urge him not to veto the bill. Sickles was really a man of ability, a ready speaker, and with many generous traits of character, but his support of the bill — and he had voted for it — was wholly unexpected by me and dictated more perhaps by political policy than by any profound interest in the measure itself. He had been the Secretary of Mr. Buchanan while he was our Minister at London, and had the reputation of

having been personally useful to "Old Buck," who lived and died a bachelor, and was still credited with being one of his most potential advisers. At this moment I certainly hoped his influence in that quarter was not on the wane, or that he had not been supplanted by any party hostile to the College Land Bill. Mr. Sickles bore the odium of a fast liver, reckless of sound morals, and as living in expensive style with a wife of remarkable personal beauty. It was during this session that in open day, on the avenue near Lafayette Park in Washington, he shot and killed Philip Barton Key, son of the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," for "dishonoring his bed." His wife had confessed to Sickles and for twenty days he underwent trial, but was acquitted on the ground of temporary insanity which some thought lasted until his wife again returned to his bed and board. In the war which soon followed, he raised a brigade in New York, and was made a Brigadier-General. At Gettysburg he in some sense wiped out the deep shade resting upon his character by the loss of a leg, fighting bravely but rashly in behalf of his country.

Of course I gave Mr. Sickles the speech and he jumped into the saddle and made all haste to the White House. As soon as he returned, he told me he feared he had been too late and that some Democratic Senators had been before him, one of whom possibly might have been Mr. Slidell of Louisiana, who was a skillful manipulator of men and measures and a midnight plotter among the discontented elements of the South.

Before the day closed, the veto of the President was a fixed fact. After being received and read, it was followed by me in some brief comments, not in the best humor, but of course the bill could not be carried by a two-thirds majority over the President's veto, though the 105 stood firmly for the bill, while the negative fell off to 96. The bill was dead, but there yet remained some hope of a resurrection. Nothing more could be done except to wait for a possible change of the administration and certain change of the President.

Thirteen States had instructed their members to support this bill, and petitions from national and state agricultural societies and from large numbers of the people had shown the wide interest the measure had excited. All over the country many gentlemen interested in the subject of education favored me with their correspondence. The name of one, a foremost and influential

friend, Colonel Marshall P. Wilder, must at least be recorded. His sympathy and support were unflagging.

The contest of 1860 came on and Mr. Lincoln was victoriously elected, but then arose the absorbing question as to the life of the Republic. How to save that was the all-engrossing topic before which all else must give way. Armies, leaders, taxes, money in the empty treasury must be had and had right away.

December 16, 1861, amid the throng of subjects then pressing upon the attention of our legislators, I once more ventured to introduce the College Land Bill, which was referred to the Committee on Public Lands, of which John Fox Potter of Wisconsin was Chairman, and after long delay he reported the bill, May 29, 1862, with the recommendation "that it do not pass." An adverse report by a committee often gives what is called a black-eye to a bill from which it is hard to recover. Mr. Potter's action grieved me much.

Being busy day and night — and it was said there are no Sundays in revolutionary times — in preparing a far more comprehensive Internal Revenue Tax Bill than our national exigencies had ever before required, I had some fear that ere that could be accomplished, the session would be so far advanced that the College Land Bill would fail for want of time. To hedge against this, I handed a copy of the bill to my friend Old Ben Wade of Ohio, with the request that he should introduce it in the Senate, to which that sturdy Senator readily assented and there presented the bill on May 2, 1862.

Congress had given to the States millions [of acres] of swamp lands — very swampy while owned by the United States, but not enough swamp to hurt afterwards; — had by the Graduation Act reduced the price of all unsold lands long exposed for sale to a mere pittance; had granted immense subsidies of lands to many States to build railroads — notably to Wisconsin — Potter and Wilkinson's State; had given 1280 acres, one eighteenth part of all the public lands, to each town in the several new States, for the endowment of common schools, and had finally passed the Homestead Act. This would seem to have been rather a liberal policy toward our younger sister States, but this was not all.

It was foreseen that the land was to be given away, and beyond that that the older States would be depleted to some extent to furnish the settlers and their pockets depleted to furnish capital

to complete railroads much in advance of business. Yet Mr. Potter and a few more seem to have regarded all this as a policy of selfishness for the sheer benefit of the older States. To listen to the debates of some of these heated champions of the new States, like Jim Lane of Kansas, most distinguished for killing what was called "border ruffians" — unless the killing of himself while his character was under a cloud should be excepted — it would have been supposed that the Nation had no rights in the public lands and that it was rank usurpation to claim any ownership. But their arguments were so obviously one-sided that they could not prevail, and many of the Western men were more just, being quite ready to admit that the College Land Bill would greatly more benefit them than the people of the North and East.

May 12, 1862, Senator Wade called up the bill, and after some action thereon, Senator Lane wanted to postpone it until he could examine it, and it was postponed accordingly. The Senate always pays great deference to the personal requests of its members.

The bill was again called up by the indefatigable Wade, May 22, 1862, but the morning hour was consumed with no result save the violent speeches of Lane and Wilkinson. On the 24th the morning hour was again lost in fruitless discussion, and once more on the 27th; Wilkinson on the 28th consumed all the time in a bitter onset against the bill; and on the 30th the tax bill had reached the Senate, a measure which could not be second to any other, when the College Land Bill had to give way.

At last, June 10th, the time had arrived for the final action of the Senate and the bill passed by the very large majority of 32 to 7. Senator Grimes, although instructed by his State to support the bill, voted against it because Senator Wade had allowed an amendment to be adopted limiting the amount of lands which might be located in any one State to one million acres, and this he thought would operate to the disadvantage of the Territories.

Before the bill got through the Senate, I asked leave of the House to have printed a substitute which I proposed to offer to the bill pending in the House, embracing about the amendments made in the Senate, but Holman of Indiana objected. On the 6th I succeeded in obtaining the floor to make my second set speech in favor of the measure. Originally the amount asked for in the vetoed bill was for each State, according to the number of

representatives, including Senators, 20,000 acres for each, but now 30,000 acres was asked for.

Of course the bill now came to the House and there, June 17, 1862, I moved to lay on the table all bills until the College Land Bill was reached. This motion was successful against the very persistent opposition of Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, who made all the dilatory motions: for a call of the House, to adjourn, to postpone, to lay on the table, and to refer to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union; but the measure lost nothing by this kind of warfare, all the motions being defeated, and it passed the House by the very large majority of 90 to 25. The representatives of the States in rebellion were absent. Colfax, Julian, Lovejoy, Potter, Windom, and F. A. Conkling, among Republicans, I regretted to see, voted against the bill; yet rarely has any bill of equal importance received a more generous support, and to many Democrats inside of Congress, and more outside, I was much indebted for kindly sympathy and coöperation.

There was now no apprehension of a Presidential veto, and in due time the bill received the formal approval of President Lincoln.

The bill was signed by President Lincoln on July 2, 1862; the grant of lands — thirty thousand acres for each Representative and Senator — was promptly accepted by the Northern States and the act went into operation. The Southern States were included in its terms when they came back into the Union and all were soon enjoying its benefits.

The results were not very notable at first. The lands were as a rule thrown on the market for whatever they would bring, and it is said that most of the States realized less than a dollar an acre from their allotments. Cornell was the great exception. Owing to the rare foresight, generosity, and financial acumen of Ezra Cornell, she was enabled to hold the share of lands allotted to her until their value made her rich.

During the early history of the act the educational results were not more satisfactory. Few students applied for

courses of study in agriculture and hardly more for those in the mechanic arts; even those who did apply were often disappointed, for teachers were few and a curriculum in this field was a long time in forming. This is hardly a reproach to the supporters of the land-grant colleges. Any such change in the customary type of education required time to perfect it, and to create the means for carrying it on. But Morrill never wavered in his conviction that the plan was sound, nor in his support of the colleges that grew out of it. When ten years had passed and the land-grant colleges were struggling to maintain themselves, he came to their aid with a bill to provide additional funds. This he introduced in 1872, and though it was defeated he continued with admirable spirit, bringing forward year after year a new measure, until in 1890, after eighteen years, his seventh bill for the purpose was successful and became law. Thus, thirty-three years from the time of introducing his first measure, he had the profound satisfaction of crowning the work he had begun. He now saw the institutions he had been the means of calling into being — more than fifty in number — firmly established, modestly provided for, and reasonably sure of permanence.

Throughout the long struggle to get the bill enacted into law the measure was regarded as Morrill's bill. His was the laboring oar, and though he had the friendly and helpful cooperation of "Old Ben" Wade of Ohio, of Senator Stuart of Michigan, and Senator Harlan of Iowa, there was never a hint of dividing with the author the responsibility or the credit for the measure. It was not until after the supplementary act of 1890 had increased their resources and put their permanence and prosperity beyond peradventure that claimants arose to divide with Morrill the honors of his achievement. Then, when the land-grant colleges were numerous and strong, some of them rich and crowded with

students, there awoke a desire to share the glory of calling them into being.

Before turning to the claim and claimants to the authorship of the land-grant college acts, it is only just to say that Morrill never posed as a discoverer or inventor in the field of education. He was well aware of the progress being made in the field of agricultural education abroad and this it was which spurred his endeavors. "I will not attempt," he said, in his speech of June 6, 1862, "to enumerate what has been done and is now in progress by European nations to promote agricultural education. It would occupy too much space." But he referred to the notable advance in France where, he said, "Many crops . . . within a few years have been doubled; some have been quintupled." He referred also to improvement in Ireland. "England," he said, "deserves praise for the hearty manner with which she undertook the task of improving Irish farming and Irish farmers; and it is to be noted that no capital was used more effectively than that which has been and is being expended for the establishment of agricultural schools and colleges." He summed up by saying, "All Europe is wisely striving to teach her agriculturists the best means. . . ."

He was certainly not less aware of the conditions at home. "Some of the States," he pointed out, "already have colleges started on the principles here embodied — as Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Maryland, Ohio, and Iowa." He was not, therefore, proposing anything revolutionary, but a moderate, reasonable and practical extension of the educational equipment of the country. His statement of the purpose in view is eminently restrained and conservative:

> This bill proposes to establish at least one college in every State upon a sure and perpetual foundation, accessible to all, but especially to the sons of toil, where all the needful science for the practical avocations of life shall be taught, where neither the

higher graces of classical studies nor that military drill our country now so greatly appreciates will be entirely ignored, and where agriculture, the foundation of all present and future prosperity, may look for troops of earnest friends, studying its familiar and recondite economies, and at last elevating it to that higher level where it may fearlessly invoke comparison with the most advanced standards of the world.

Equally moderate and restrained were the demands upon the national resources. Much of the opposition to the bill had been based upon the prediction that the public lands would be exhausted. He showed that the total requirements of the act would be only about one per cent of the lands then held by the Government:

All the bounty land warrants and scrip issued under different acts of Congress embrace an aggregate of 71,717,172 acres. Of this amount, all the warrants have been located except 7,454,720 acres. If the present bill should pass, it would only about double the quantity now afloat, and scarcely exceed the amount allotted to some single States. The total amount of unsold and unappropriated lands is 1,046,290,093 acres; and, after deducting the proposed donation to these colleges, we could quadruple the amount and still retain over 1,000,000,000 acres to be disposed of under the Homestead Act. Not so much as one per cent will be abstracted.

Without being in any sense a specialist in education, Morrill was far too intelligent a man not to be aware of the main movements in the field. He could hardly be ignorant of the general trend toward Government aid for agricultural and industrial education. As early as 1826 Congress had considered a report favoring the use of public lands for public schools; in 1838 the Senate had before it a plan for establishing an agricultural depository for the collection of seeds and plants; in the same year Congress received the memorial of Charles L. Fleischman for the establishment of agricul-

tural schools, which it ordered printed in 1839 and reprinted in 1840; in 1840 the Kentucky State Agricultural Society recommended that the Smithsonian bequest be used for establishing agricultural schools — a recommendation repeated by the National Agricultural Society in 1841 and again by the New York Agricultural Society in 1848. Vermont responded to the general interest, and in 1840 the Committee on Education of the Legislature reported in favor of facilities for education for the mechanic and the farmer. In 1841 Professor Alden Partridge, the founder of the institution which was afterwards known as Norwich University — the same that in 1848 chose Morrill as one of its Trustees — memorialized Congress to establish a general system of education to be supported from the sale of public lands.

The list of memorials and petitions for agricultural and other schools is a long one, as is also that of bills and projects for legislation to the same end. Of those one of the most interesting is that of Mr. N. K. Hall, member of Congress from New York, who announced in 1848 his intention of introducing a bill "making a donation of public lands to the several States and Territories to be by them appropriated to the encouragement and improvement of agriculture of such States and Territories."

Meantime actual progress was being made in adjusting the means of education to the needs of the time. In 1842 the Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Harvard; in 1847 the Sheffield Scientific School was founded at Yale; in 1853 the State University of Michigan organized an agricultural school as part of the scientific course recently adopted, and in 1854 Pennsylvania established a State agricultural school. In 1855 the Massachusetts Legislature proposed that Congress make a grant of public lands for a "national, normal, agricultural college, which should be to the rural sciences

what West Point is to the military." [1] Finally, it will be remembered that it was in 1856 that Morrill began his work for the land colleges by offering the resolution, "that the Committee on Agriculture be requested to inquire into the expediency of establishing one or more national agricultural schools upon the basis of the naval and military schools." It is clear that up to that time he had neither formed nor accepted any definite plan — a thing to bear in mind when we come to consider the claims of others to his achievement.

What is clear from this brief survey is that the idea of agricultural and industrial colleges, to be supported by the State, either by donations of public lands or other subvention, was in the air. Morrill did not invent it nor discover it, but it was so congenial to his own views, it responded so closely to a need which he had experienced, that he embraced it with conviction; he framed a legislative measure which should give it effect, and he devoted himself to it with such patience, tenacity, skill, and sweet temper that after five years of labor he brought it to pass.

Many years passed by and no one seems to have thought to question Morrill's full title to whatever honor or credit belonged to the legislation. He was everywhere acclaimed the father of the land-grant colleges; his name was carved on their buildings; his portrait hung in their halls. The first intimation of a question about his part in the matter appears in a letter written on February 5, 1894, to President Atherton of the Pennsylvania State College.

Most of the letter refers to the colleges and is worth quoting, notwithstanding some repetition. The sentence which I have put in italics, "I do not remember of any assistance prior to its [the bill of 1857] introduction," was evidently in answer to a question.

[1] Carnegie Foundation Bulletin, no. 10, p. 77.

WASHINGTON, D.C., *Feb.* 5, 1894

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 2d inst. has been received. I have not leisure to fully answer all of your questions, but will briefly touch upon some of them:

My service began in the House of Representatives in 1855. I soon noticed (first) that large grants of lands were made for educational as well as for other purposes, and that the older States were receiving little benefit from this large common property. Second, that the average product of wheat per acre in the Northern and Eastern States was rapidly diminishing, while in England, under more scientific culture, it was doing far better. Some institutions of a high grade for instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, I knew had been established in Europe. Third, the liberal education then offered at our colleges appeared almost exclusively for the instruction of the professional classes, or for ministers, lawyers, and doctors, while a far larger number, engaged in production and industrial employments, would be greatly benefited by appropriate higher education. Few of the then existing colleges surrendered much time to practical sciences, which deserved greater prominence, and offer a larger field to liberal education.

My first bill, under such considerations, was introduced, and passed both houses, in 1858. *I do not remember of any assistance prior to its introduction.* After that Colonel Wilder of Massachusetts, Mr. Brown, President of the People's College, New York, and others, encouraged members of Congress in its support. My own speech was about all it had in its favor, but there was talk as well as a report of a committee against it. Cobb of Alabama and Spinner (?) of New York were opposed to it. In the Senate it had the earnest support of Senators Wade and Crittenden and Pearce.

It was vetoed by Buchanan, who suggested that he might have approved a bill providing for a professor of agriculture in some college of each State. Of course I had then to wait for a change of administration, and in 1862 again pushed through the bill, amended so as to endow the colleges with more land. Senators Harlan and Pomeroy there aided its passage. There was never any doubt about the approval of President Lincoln. Buchanan left Washington at once after March 4, 1861.

The value of the land grant to colleges was considerably di-

minished by the large amount of railroad grants and bounty lands competing in the market at that time.

President Atherton continued to give the subject careful study and six years later published an address, "The Legislative Career of Justin S. Morrill," in which there appears no shadow of doubt as to Morrill's full and complete authorship of the Land-Grant College Act.

The only serious attempt to question Morrill's title to the authorship of his act came after his death and was inspired as much by institutional as personal pride. It took form in a pamphlet written by Edmund J. James, President of the University of Illinois, and was published by the University in the year 1910. Its controversial purpose was conveyed by its title "The Origin of the Land Grant Act of 1862 (The So-called Morrill Act) and some Account of its Author Jonathan B. Turner." The intention was to transfer the credit for the paternity of the land-grant colleges from the East to the West, from Vermont to Illinois, from Morrill to Turner, and the interest of the University of Illinois lay in the fact that Turner had been a teacher in Illinois College, the precursor of the University.

This was more fully stated in the sub-title of the pamphlet which reads: "The State of Illinois and the Land Grant Act of 1862 (the So-called Morrill Act)":

Thesis

It is proposed to prove in this paper that Jonathan B. Turner, at one time professor in Illinois College at Jacksonville, Illinois, was the real father of the so-called Morrill Act of July 2, 1862, and that he deserves the credit of having been the first to formulate clearly and definitely the plan of a national grant of land to each State in the Union for the promotion of education in agriculture and the mechanic arts, and of having inaugurated and continued to a successful issue the agitation that made possible the passage of the bill.

The thesis contains three claims: (1) that Professor Turner was the real father of the Act of July 2, 1862; (2) that he was the first to formulate the land-grant plan; and (3) that he inaugurated and continued the agitation that made possible the passage of the act.

It is only with the first that we have any real concern. The question of invention or discovery does not come within our range, though we think such invention probably long antedated Professor Turner; nor need we discuss the "agitation that made possible the passage of the act," although this also seems to us beyond the power or knowledge of Professor Turner or any individual so circumstanced.

Professor Turner, we learn from the University of Illinois pamphlet, was Jonathan Baldwin Turner, educator, lecturer, and farmer, who was born in Templeton, Massachusetts, in 1805, studied at Salem Academy and Yale College, was Professor in Illinois College, Jacksonville, Illinois, from 1833 to 1848, and died on January 10, 1898, nearly a year before Morrill's death. He was an active, energetic apostle of education, enthusiastic over new ideas and methods, and devoted to a plan for an Industrial University which he had devised and which he urged with great zeal. He had taken a disgust for the classic type of education. "A classical teacher," he wrote, in his plan for a State University, "who has no original, spontaneous power of thought, and knows nothing but Latin and Greek, however perfectly, is enough to stultify a whole generation of boys and make them all pedantic fools like himself." And further he added, "It may do for the man of books to plunge at once amid the catacombs of buried nations and languages, to soar to Greece, or Rome, or Nova-Zembla, Kamstchatka, and the fixed stars, before he knows how to plant his own beans, or harness his own horse, or can tell whether the functions of his own body are performed by a heart, stomach, and lungs,

or with a gizzard and gills. But for the man of work thus to bolt away at once from himself and all his pursuits in after life, contravenes the plainest principles of nature and common sense."

It does not appear that the claim that Turner was the author of Morrill's bill was seriously put forward until both had been dead at least ten years. A tentative suggestion to this effect was, indeed, broached in 1894, but it was quenched when an inquiry about Professor Turner was directed to Senator Morrill, and he replied, "I do not happen now to know Professor Turner, though I do remember when my bills were before Congress a Western professor came to see me and heartily espoused the idea. It may have been Professor Turner. It is so long since, I have forgotten his name, as I saw a large number of professors, some who favored my idea and some who did not."

Enthusiastic and energetic as he was, Professor Turner was only one voice in the chorus of advocates, "practical educators," who between 1840 and 1860 made themselves heard in the East and the West. And if one may hazard a conjecture, it is that a Congressman from Vermont would have been more likely to hear of Professor Partridge of Norwich or Professor Hitchcock of Boston. The number of the reformers and their plans was so great that a plain man might be excused for confusing them and it does not appear that Professor Turner's stood out before the others. In fact, when the Commissioner of Patents included three of these in his Report for 1851, he made Turner's "*Plan for an Industrial University*" the last of the three.[1]

Returning to the University of Illinois bulletin, we find there several specific statements in support of the claim that Professor Turner was "the real father of the so-called Morrill Act": (1) that "he even succeeded in determining the

[1] Carnegie Foundation Bulletin, No. 10, p. 77.

very language of the bill"; [1](2) that "Morrill was selected by Turner and other friends of the measure to introduce the bill"; [2](3) that "Turner and his co-workers had already forwarded to him (Morrill) all their documents and papers and continued to give him all the aid and encouragement that they could. He managed the cause most admirably"; [3] (4) that Morrill's letter of December 30, 1861, to Professor Turner "proves beyond a doubt the more or less intimate acquaintance of Mr. Morrill with Turner's work." [4]

These claims have a formidable sound. Let us examine them. The first rests upon the close resemblance of one sentence in the Morrill Act to a sentence in a petition to Congress supplied as a model for agricultural societies in various States. Copies of this petition may well have been among the many which Morrill said he had received. Such petitions, containing the words which are ascribed to Professor Turner, may have reached him from his own State of Vermont. The full measure of Morrill's offending on this count lies in the resemblance of the words used in the bill, "to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life," to Professor Turner's phrase, "an industrial university for the liberal education of the industrial classes, in their several pursuits and professions in life." What is omitted is, however, quite as important as what is adopted. Morrill said nothing of the Industrial University which was the very core and center of Professor Turner's programme, the thing for which he labored, and to which, as the principal director of the Industrial League, he devoted his efforts in vain for ten years. Had Morrill been the mouthpiece of the Professor, would he have omitted this?

The second claim, that Morrill was selected by Turner to

[1] University of Illinois Bulletin, p. 27.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 32.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 36.
[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 26, 27.

introduce the bill, has even less support. It rests solely on the recollection, in 1907, of Professor Turner's daughter of conversations with her father, who died in 1898, at the age of ninety-three, about the occurrences of 1857. "I have often heard father say that the reason he [Senator Morrill] was selected to present the bill was because he was much interested in agriculture," etc. But little experience of the value of memory over a period of forty years will be necessary to make one chary of such recollections, and when they become recollections of recollections, the thread of proof wears very thin.

The theory that Morrill was the agent of Turner and his co-workers, selected by them to introduce the bill, is difficult to reconcile with the fact that as late as 1856 he evidently had no knowledge of the Professor's plan, but offered a resolution providing that "the Committee on Agriculture be requested to inquire into the expediency of establishing one or more national agricultural schools upon the basis of the naval and military schools." Still less can it be reconciled with the omission from Morrill's bill of any mention of the Industrial University to which Professor Turner had devoted himself and for which he had organized the Industrial League which absorbed the last ten years of his life.

There remains the third claim for Professor Turner's authorship: the statement that "Turner and his co-workers had . . . forwarded to him (Morrill) all their documents and papers, etc." This would be very important if it were capable of support, but it occurs on the closing page of President James's text, without a reference or suggestion as to its source or the evidence for it. Nor have I been able, after long search through the voluminous documents and correspondence left by Senator Morrill, to find a shred of evidence for the statement. There is no sign of any communi-

cation direct or indirect with Professor Turner other than the letter of 1861. In the many fragmentary memoranda, notes of recollection, or reminiscence among Morrill's papers I have not found any mention of Professor Turner. This, in the case of so careful a man, leaves little reason to believe that he ever received any such "documents and papers."

The letter on which Dean Davenport of the University of Illinois [1] was inclined to rest so heavily — the only letter so far as appears that Morrill ever wrote Turner — is a very brief communication which neither in its tone nor its contents warrants any inference of intimacy. On the contrary, if one subtracts the formal courtesy which was so marked a quality in Morrill's daily walk and conversation, there is nothing to show that he and the Professor ever had any other relations before or after. Here it is:

DEAR SIR:

I am delighted to find your fire, by the letter of the 15th inst., had not all burned out. I presume I recognize Professor Turner, an old pioneer in the cause of agricultural education.

I have only to say that amid the fire and smoke and embers I have faith that I shall get my bill into a law at this session.

I thank you for your continued interest, and am

Very sincerely yours.

If, as I am inclined to believe, this was the only letter Morrill ever wrote Turner, we may dismiss the attempt to diminish Morrill's reputation by depriving him of any part of the credit due him for the Land-College Act. Whether inspired by personal regard for Professor Turner or by pride in an institution, it was ill-advised and based on the most flimsy supports. This conclusion is confirmed by the results of other studies: Professor William H. Brewer, of the Sheffield Scientific School, in speaking of the origin of the land grant of 1862, said, "I have no doubt whatever that it orig-

[1] University of Illinois Bulletin, p. 28.

inated with Mr. Morrill in 1857." President Atherton, of the Pennsylvania State College, came to the same conclusion. But perhaps more important than either of these, because more recent and very much more detailed, is Mr. I. L. Kandel's Report to the Carnegie Foundation on "Federal Aid for Vocational Education." This elaborate, minute, and exhaustive study of the Morrill Act and its effects, though written in a spirit decidedly critical and not wholly friendly to the land colleges, leaves no room for doubt as to their origin. The claims of Professor Turner he disposes of in a sentence referring to Morrill's resolution of 1856. "This resolution," he remarks, "does not seem to substantiate the claim of those who insist not merely that Senator Morrill was directly inspired by Professor Turner, but that he was even selected by him, . . . to lead the movement in Congress." [1] The quotation shows that he had the University of Illinois Bulletin before him, yet in a study of the most thorough type, nearly sixty thousand words in length, written in 1917, seven years after that Bulletin appeared, he thus dismisses the Professor Turner claim. There we may let it lie: it is not likely to be revived.

[1] Carnegie Foundation Bulletin, no. 10, p. 79.

CHAPTER XII

THE HAYES, GARFIELD, AND ARTHUR ADMINISTRATIONS

As the Grant régime drew near its close, Morrill, in common with all careful observers, saw the signs of increasing weakness within and the growing power of its enemies without. The Crédit Mobilier, the Whiskey Ring, and Indian Post scandals had sapped the public confidence in the party at the very time when grave industrial and financial problems were making unusual demands upon its wisdom and character. Gravest of all these demands in Morrill's view was that for financial relief. The after effects of the panic of 1873 were still weighing heavily upon tradesmen and farmers who responded readily to the demagogues' cry for cheap money. Under the banners of Greenbackism and Clean Government, with the battle-cries of "The People's Money," and, "Drive the Rascals out," the opposition made deep inroads upon the Republican ranks. In 1875, for the first time in his long term of service, Morrill saw the House of Representatives in the hands of a Democratic majority. For the first time since the Republican Party came into national existence, he saw the chamber swarming with Democrats, many of them Southern "Colonels"; he saw his friends ousted from control of the committees and reduced to the ineffectual rôle of minority members. It was a blow to him; but he was to see worse. Never but twice again in the remaining twenty years of his senatorship was he to see the party of his youth in control of both houses of Congress. Its long rule was broken; it had slighted the counsels of the wise and had lost its opportunity.

As the conflict of 1876 drew on, Morrill perceived that the most dangerous of his party's foes was Greenbackism and directed his chief efforts against it. On January 6, 1876, he delivered one of his ablest and most effective speeches on the Resumption of Specie Payments — a declaration of principle and a vigorous attack on all forms of repudiation. The speech was widely quoted, highly praised in the most intelligent quarters, and influential in forming the policy of his party. In the course of it he said: "I am . . . an inflexible supporter of a speedy return to specie payments, sincerely believing the dearest interests of our country imperatively require it. . . . We cannot afford . . . to create a suspicion as to our ability or integrity." For inconvertible paper money he had no respect. "Paper money not exchangeable for specie at the will of the holder has no right to exist. It is a pretender, disowned by commerce and shunned by solvent states." He appealed to patriotism: "It is not enough that all the delusive witchcraft of inconvertible paper money has long ago been exposed and that the witches and wizards hang gibbeted on every page of history, but we have some later enthusiasts who are ambitious to have a new era of paper money with which to pay all debts, conduct all commerce and trade, and permanently fasten it upon the country as "the American system." But, if this should be the crowning work of American statesmen, who would covet the name? . . . There are many things honest and of good report of which Americans may well be proud, but we ought to protest against having our name attached to that which would forever be cast in our teeth as a national reproach."

While doing his utmost to form party opinion and get a sound platform, he was not less concerned about the party candidates. There had been some talk of Grant running for a third term, but the revolt in the Congressional elections of 1874 had put an end to this; Blaine had been the most talked-

of candidate. Edmunds and Sherman had also been urged, but at the end Hayes of Ohio, a "dark horse," was nominated. The day after, Morrill wrote to his wife from Washington: "The nominations are such as I have predicted for more than six months — that is, other than any of the principal four, although for twenty-four hours it looked as though Blaine would win. He is jubilant and all seem to accept the ticket as destined to succeed. It will take work."

Three days later he alluded to the candidates again: "The Cincinnati ticket on the whole is well and is one that cements our party together, and therefore likely to win. Mr. E[dmunds] and Mr. Fish [Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State] might have suited me better, but Hayes and Wheeler will do."

The Hayes-Tilden election was one in which Republicans could take little pride, and the solution, of throwing the decision into the hands of an Electoral Commission, was the only part of the transaction which reflected credit upon either of the parties. Morrill lent his support to the plan and after Hayes had been inaugurated gave the sorely tried President the most loyal coöperation. Though he declined a place in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, he became one of the President's most trusted advisers; he was a frequent visitor to the White House and the relations between the families were those of informal intimacy. Morrill was one of the first of the old Republicans in the Senate to come out in favor of the President's policy of withdrawing the federal troops from the South and letting the Southern people work out their own salvation. When Sherman became Secretary of the Treasury, thus making Morrill Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, he recognized the heavy responsibilities of his post in maintaining a sound currency. The money question was and continued for twenty years to be the storm center in national politics. Ohio, the President's

State, had shown strong leanings toward Greenbackism and Morrill feared lest the President be "drawn away and enticed." To avert this he took every opportunity in conversation and by letter to present sound doctrine. After Congress had risen, he wrote to Carl Schurz in the summer of 1877 to invoke his aid:

STRAFFORD, VT., *June* 4, 1877

MY DEAR SIR:

You have given the many questions some examination based upon principle. Sherman knows a good deal about them practically if he does not stand in too much fear of the Ohio craze. I rely upon you two to keep the Administration right at all hazards. I always feel that I prefer to go down while holding the right flag, sound principles, than to succeed with any other.

Before I left I had a conversation with the President upon the silver question, but I could only give him my sentiments without the facts and logic upon which they were based. I fear they gained but little foothold, and I have written to him again reiterating my main point that he should not commit himself on this question so as to prevent him from using the veto should any legislative mischief occur requiring it, as I fear there may.

This is a question where demagogues have a fearful advantage, and politicians, in face of such foes, are too frequently cowards. I am not sure that the Senate is any more to be trusted than the House. The correspondents say President Hayes is in favor of "remonetizing" the silver dollar. Charley Foster goes away saying that too. This may mean much or nothing. If it is silver at 15½ or 16 to 1 of gold, it is fatal to the future greatness of our country — worse, if possible, than paper legal tender. Pray bring about a talk with Linderman and the President. He knows a good deal about gold and silver — having studied it full as long as Logan.

When is the Tycoon at the Agricultural Department to give place to a man born in the nineteenth century? This delay is quite too bad.

Of course I do not expect any reply.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Schurz's answer was reassuring:

I do not think [he wrote] the newspapers are right in saying that the President has fully committed himself on the silver question. He is too cautious a man to do such a thing in a direction contrary to the policy followed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Later in the season Morrill had occasion to offer the President advice on the subject of a vacancy in the Supreme Court, for which he proposed his friend and colleague Senator Edmunds, then Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and considered to be the Republican leader in the Senate. Edmunds was not appointed, perhaps because of some frank criticism which he had made of Hayes's civil service reform order. The two letters which follow tell the story:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Aug.* 25, 1877

TO THE PRESIDENT,
DEAR SIR:

Should you fail to find any person in the South, as I think you will fail, competent to fill the vacancy in the Supreme Court and one who can also be trusted on all Constitutional questions that may arise — when we should never be excused if we did not "hold the Fort," you will then, of course, look over the material in the North. In that case it is very certain that there will no one be found with higher qualifications for the place than my colleague, Mr. Edmunds. I do not know, however, that he would accept or that our people would be very willing that he should accept.

General Grant tendered such a place to him; he conferred with me and I strongly objected. Then he declined. Since then he has once barely hinted that he might have made a mistake and on this hint I venture to suggest his name to you, feeling sure that the whole country would recognize his eminent fitness and the wisdom of your choice, and were the nomination to be made, the moment it should be announced to the Senate, I have no doubt it would be unanimously confirmed.

The proper filling of this vacancy, as it seems to me, is of grave importance, and that is my only justification in sending you this note.

If Mr. Edmunds should even decline the position, about which I can give no positive information, it would do no harm to you or to your administration, as it would only show an earnest endeavor to secure that purity of character which would be unimpeachable — that legal learning which would adorn the bench, and a man not inferior to his associates.

I hope it is unnecessary to assure you that my only anxiety is for the service of our Country, which I think will be best promoted by the success of your administration, and

I am, very truly
Your friend and servant
JUSTIN S. MORRILL

BURLINGTON, *Aug.* 27, 1877

MY DEAR MORRILL:

I have received both your most kind and friendly letters. Your feeling of good-will and interest I prize more than any station. I begin to feel, as I think of our senatorial life together and our struggles for honest legislation, that it would be almost unfair to desert you on that stormy sea of affairs where we have so long buffeted the billows together. But then I know you can swim and fight alone, as well as teach a green hand. However, there is very little danger that our paths will at all separate (if we live) before 1881. Your letter to the President is so much more than I deserve that I blush while I thank you for it.

As to the correspondents, their tales are always streaked with lies as in my case, but nevertheless I do think the "reform civil service" order not well calculated to the end sought, and I must presume the liberty of honest speech at whatever cost.

Very truly yours
GEO. F. EDMUNDS

The "civil service reform" order mentioned by Senator Edmunds was part of a problem which troubled President Hayes as it had troubled his predecessors and was to trouble still more seriously his successors, namely, the spoils system in filling offices. The matter came to an issue over the collectorship of the Port of New York — an office of so great importance as to be ranked with a cabinet office. The post

was held by Chester A. Arthur, an appointee of Grant, who had shown himself unfit and whom Hayes had removed, appointing Theodore Roosevelt in his place. The Senate, under the lead of Roscoe Conkling, refused to confirm Roosevelt, and Conkling, in a characteristically pompous and imperious letter, demanded of Secretary Sherman all the papers in the case — a demand which Sherman refused on grounds of public policy and propriety. The issue was drawn and the Administration was involved in a conflict with the "Stalwarts" in the Senate led by Conkling and Platt of New York. To Morrill, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, Sherman appealed for support, and in the contest Conkling's group were defeated and in the outcome Conkling was retired from the Senate.

Meantime the Senator found himself engaged in a struggle to retain his own place. In an earlier chapter has been recounted the story of the contest of 1866, the only real electoral campaign that Morrill had engaged in up to this time, in which he won his seat in the Senate. Now he was to wage a second combat with the same opponent, "Judge" Poland, for the right to retain that seat. There had been rumors during the early months of 1878 that Poland, who had been defeated for reëlection to Congress in 1874, would try to make up for the loss of the lesser prize by winning the greater, and displace Morrill from the Senate. It was an ill-starred adventure; for Morrill had been steadily gaining in public esteem, in national prestige, and in power to serve both the party and the State. He held now, as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, one of the most powerful positions in the country, and intelligent men, with an eye to the influence exerted by Vermont in national affairs, would be little disposed to exchange his weight for the comparative insignificance of a new member in the Senate, be he ever so brilliant. Moreover, while Morrill had been gaining in

power and influence, Poland had been losing. His course in the notorious "salary grab" had been fatal to his prestige. He had not only accepted the so-called "back-pay" which the members of Congress so foolishly voted themselves in 1873, but clung to it until after Congress, whipped into repentance by the lash of general condemnation, had made confession of guilt by repealing the bill. Not until two weeks after the passage of the "restitution act" did the Judge return his share of the "grab" to the Treasury. At the foot of a memorandum noting this fact Morrill added the ironical quotation:

> "His bill . . .
> Would truly pay if a law
> Were passed to that effect."

The comment of the public in the press and at the polls was not so mild. The Judge was unmercifully ridiculed in the newspapers, and when he was defeated for reëlection, the news was greeted with general delight. Mock elegies in verse appeared both in the Washington and the Vermont papers; among them one, entitled "The Burial of Sir Luke Poland," a parody on "The Burial of Sir John Moore" with its allusions to the Crédit Mobilier scandal, the press-gag law which he fathered, and the salary grab, indicates the rather low esteem in which he was held:

THE BURIAL OF SIR LUKE POLAND

Not a tear drop fell, and a very light vote,
As his corse to rabble was hurried;
Constituents made it heavy and hot
As Luke was for evermore buried.

They buried him quickly out of their sight,
With never a chance of returning;
By his odious gag law's misty light,
With a free press brightly burning.

No useless whitewash on his breast,
In a printed sheet they bound him;
And he lay like a flunkey taking his rest,
With the Credit Mobilier around him.

Few and short were the words they said,
And none spoke a word of sorrow,
But contentedly gazed in the face of the dead,
And hopefully thought of the morrow.

But laying him down in his little bed,
They pricked his congressional pillow,
And having cut off his political head,
Next sunk his press-gag bill low.

Lightly all talk of the galoot that has gone,
And o'er his blue coat upbraid him;
But little he'll speak if they let him alone,
In the grave where good Vermont has laid him.

But half the weary task is done,
There's no use now retiring;
For there's many a shyster son of a gun
Must be squelched from further aspiring.

Quickly and gladly they laid him down,
From an odious fame flush and hoary;
For a salary grab — he gave one groan,
And they left him alone with his story.

It may seem surprising that Morrill should have been seriously disturbed by the opposition of a man of Judge Poland's type. It was, however, a year of anxiety for Republicans, and those who were deepest in the secrets of the party had the greatest cause to be anxious, for they realized that power was slipping from their grasp. When the returns for the elections came in, it was seen that not only the House, but the Senate also was lost to them; for the first time since 1861 the party was in a minority in both houses. Some anticipation of this accounted for Morrill's concern and led him to make efforts such as he had never made before in his

political career: "He attended the State Fair at St. Albans," says a newspaper reminiscence, "admired the farmers' stock, kissed the babies, and tempted indigestion by tasting the housewives' bread, cake, and pies in the floral hall." He did not disdain to write letters to his friends appealing for their support, and at the very end of the campaign appeared at Montpelier, where the Legislature was in session, to silence detraction and to strengthen the faith of his supporters. Though his letters to his wife show no serious misgiving — on September 8th, he wrote, "My friends feel confident, but evidently 'Uncle Luke' will make a brisk contest" — at least he did not commit the error of undervaluing his opponent and his dispositions, though perhaps excessive, were well taken. The Judge had spread abroad two canards: one that the Senator was too old for his heavy tasks, that his powers were "on the wane," and that he could not fill out his term; the other, shot off as the final gun, that Morrill and his fellow trustees of the University of Vermont were guilty of breach of trust in the use of the funds of the University. The second charge was effectively disposed of by the prompt and vigorous refutation of the President and other trustees, aided by stout friends in the press. Morrill's comment on this in a letter home is, "My friends are in no panic — but Poland is letting off all sorts of fire-works and is about to blow up the college and bury me in its ruins. I think he will fail."

To the charge of senility, Morrill replied by going to Montpelier and, on the evening after the Legislature assembled, delivering the annual address before the Dairymen's Association in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The Judge had no more shots to fire, and as it became hourly more certain that the Senator would be reëlected by a great majority, on the evening before the balloting began, wrote an ungraceful letter of withdrawal; whereupon Morrill was

reëlected by 108 votes out of a total of 187 cast, receiving practically every Republican vote.

With this expired the last effort to capture his seat in the Senate: so long as he lived no one again had the temerity to contest the place with him; he was by general consent Senator for life.

When he returned to the Senate after the election of 1878, Morrill entered upon a new phase of his career. He found himself surrounded with a heightened prestige and regarded with increased respect, for few and rare are the Senators who achieve a fourth term in that chamber. Of his fellow Senators only three — his colleague Edmunds, Anthony of Rhode Island, and "Zach" Chandler of Michigan, now in the last year of his service — were in the Senate when he became a member of it in 1867. Soon he was to be the sole survivor of the Civil War period and the undisputed Nestor of an assembly in which age, precedence, and old custom play a great part. Such authority and influence as this may give he enjoyed: his counsel was sought by Democrats and Republicans alike, and his opinion carried weight whether his party was in the majority or the minority.

The term which began with the December session of 1879 and closed on March 4, 1885, was comparatively dull. No war convulsed the country and no such dramatic struggles as that over the impeachment of Johnson or the Hayes-Tilden election disturbed the course of Congress. The assassination of Garfield, shocking as it was, had no marked effect on public affairs. The legislation of the period was important and useful, but far from spectacular. The resumption of specie payments, for which Morrill had contended so stoutly, had gone into effect without any of the disturbances which had been feared and the prolonged struggle for free silver had not yet become acute.

Though the period was one without striking or dramatic political contests, it was attended by much anxiety for the Republican leaders. For the first time since 1861 they found themselves outnumbered both in the House and in the Senate, and were deprived of all their posts of honor, including the Chairmanship of the Finance Committee which Morrill had held. Thus he, like his party, for the first time since that party became active in politics, was relieved from responsibility, and placed in the ranks of the opposition. The situation gave rise to serious concern for the future of the party and for the Presidential election of 1880.

Morrill had all a lifelong Republican's interest in the struggle and studied the ground with a shrewd eye to the men and the issues of the day. His letter to Governor Smith, of Vermont, reveals his judgment that neither Blaine nor Grant could be elected:

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER
WASHINGTON, *May* 20, 1880

DEAR GOV.

We have been expecting you here for months, as you intimated you might be, but I regret now to suppose that we shall be disappointed, and yet as you are a delegate to Chicago I want to say a confidential word or two on political affairs. I am not without some apprehensions of the defeat of the Republican Party with any candidate. The conventions for the selection of delegates have engendered much bitterness. With a solid South, and we shall not there obtain a solitary Southern vote, we have no votes in the North to spare. With either Grant or Blaine we are not sure of New York, Ohio, Connecticut, New Jersey, or any part of the Pacific Coast. There may be an open bolt and the number of stay-at-homes could be counted. To Grant there is no personal objection and he is sound upon most financial questions, but the third-term noise cannot be hushed. Blaine has much magnetism, is a better judge of men than Grant, but his financial record is perhaps less satisfactory and he will be assailed with great heat by his enemies. While I shall vote for whoever may be nominated, I regret to believe that neither Grant nor Blaine can suc-

ceed against any of the Democratic candidates save Tilden, and the latter is not likely to be nominated. If Edmunds could secure the nomination, all doubt of his election would be removed. The same might be safely said of Hamilton Fish, and probably of some others. It seems to me most important to select some man that we can elect and we ought not to elect a second-rate man. The President of the United States ought to be a strong man at all points and [one] who, if elected, would command the undivided respect of the country.

I am telling you nothing new as many here and elsewhere entertain similar views. Take what I say for whatever it is worth.

The candidates actually nominated were a surprise to observers in both parties — a thing due in part to the revival of Civil War feeling, which was skillfully fanned into new life for the occasion. Thus it followed that four parties put tickets in the field and every one was headed by a General of the Civil War: General Garfield, General Hancock, General Neal Dow, and General Weaver. General Garfield was elected and carried with him a Republican House, but the Senate was evenly divided, which left the Democrats in control of the committees.

Meantime, finding himself in unwonted freedom from care and labor, Morrill carried out two plans he had been long maturing: he completed and published his book "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons," to which we shall return later, and took his wife, his son James, and Miss Swan to Europe to show them the scenes he had so much enjoyed in 1867. To repeat a journey, and attempt to recapture the earlier delight, is a rash venture, but this seems to have been quite successful. Since the family accompanied him, Morrill had no need to write letters and apparently wrote none, but recorded only the briefest of entries in his diary. On July 3d he notes, "2 o'clock, started on the Celtic, Wife, Louise and James." As closely as possible the party retraced the course of his first journey. At Chester on July 19th he noted,

"Walked all round on top of the Roman wall of the town — about three miles." Two of the few notes are inspired by his interest in farming. On July 31st is the entry, "Wheat and oats unripe; fair growth. Potatoes and turnips very fine — all over Gt. Britain"; and a week later in Paris he notes, "Harvesting wheat and oats in France — fair crops."

During this tour he was able to make the visit to Rome of which he was balked the first time. He was impressed by the extent of the Coliseum and notes that it was built "to seat 40,000 and had standing room for 7000 more." He jotted down notes of the Pantheon, the Borghese Palace, the Baths of Caracalla, the Catacombs, the Appian Way, and a few more of the marvels of that city of historic treasures, and went on, to Turin and back via Geneva and Paris to London, and so home again.

On his return he found the Presidential campaign in full swing and lent what aid he could toward the election of Garfield for whom he seems to have had a genuine regard. So his relations with the new Administration, in which his old friend Blaine was Secretary of State and generally believed to be the dominant influence, were not less cordial and intimate than they had been with its predecessor.

Unfortunately, the new Administration had but a brief course to run before tragedy overtook it. Less than four months from the day he was inaugurated, Garfield was shot and fatally wounded by an assassin's bullet. The country was horrified, and Morrill, who had returned to Strafford, only expressed the general feeling when he telegraphed to Blaine: "Our hearts here are crushed with grief by the cruel crime at Washington. All hope, however, has not wholly vanished that the President may still live. Pray tender to him and to Mrs. Garfield my profoundest sympathy."

Many who are now living can recall how the hope for the President's recovery, sustained by his splendid constitution,

kept burning, and how many a time in the weeks that followed that hope blazed up into confidence, only to sink again. On August 25th, Morrill wrote his wife from Boston where he had been called on business, "The news published here this evening is that the President is sinking. I much fear this may prove true and shall look for the morning's report with great apprehension." The next day saw a turn for the better and Morrill wrote on Sunday the 28th:

The change at four o'clock yesterday in the condition of the President still continues, and though it is not enough to warrant the hope of the complete recovery, it is good while it lasts. I have been out to the bulletin boards several times to-day and you can't think how happy every one appears to feel even on so slight foundations for their hopes.

The foundations were too slight, and Morrill put but little faith in them, as a later passage in the letter shows.

If the President should continue to improve for two or three days more, I may return directly home and not go on to Washington. But however delayed I fear I shall have no escape from that sad journey.

Garfield died on September 19th and was succeeded by Arthur. Within a month the Government was going on as usual under the new President who showed both caution and restraint. Morrill wrote his wife on October 16th at the end of the special session ("Konk," of course, is Conkling who was believed to exercise great influence over the President):

The Senate will adjourn to-morrow until Friday and then the President will begin some of his own work, I expect. So far he has rather been the Executor of the work begun by Garfield. I think he will make some changes of his Cabinet soon, but may leave the most of them in until December. Arthur keeps silent toward all who approach him as to what he actually intends to do. We do not know who he thinks of placing on the bench of the Supreme

Court. Hoar is greatly exercised lest Gray should not get it and most fears Edmunds. I have never thought "Konk" would let Edmunds go into a life office there. But we shall see.

Morrill lent Arthur such aid as he could in his difficult task, particularly in the formation of the Tariff Commission authorized by the Act of 1882. His general plan seems to have been adopted and the chairman and several of those he named were appointed on the commission.

Throughout his career Morrill shrank from enmities and cherished friendships to such good effect that in a long life marked by sturdy adherence to principle he hardly made an enemy, but attached even those of opposite opinions to him by ties of personal regard. One of the few—if not the only, friendship that suffered strain in the course of his political life was that with John Sherman, his predecessor as Chairman of the Finance Committee who resigned from that post to become Secretary of the Treasury in Hayes's Cabinet. They had entered Congress together in 1855 and were among the few who had continued an unbroken career in Washington. Though Sherman had gone to the Senate earlier than Morrill, it was only by a single term, and their relations had been close if not intimate now for a quarter of a century. It was Sherman who, as head of the Ways and Means Committee, had enabled Morrill to get his Land-Grant College Bill through the House in 1839, and it was Morrill on whom Sherman relied while he was Secretary of the Treasury to get the necessary legislation enacted. In the resumption of specie payments, the various funding bills and tax legislation, as well as in so troublesome a matter as the removal of Arthur, he turned naturally and confidently to Morrill for aid and support, which never failed him.

With the election of Garfield, Sherman retired from the Cabinet, and was very properly elected to the seat to which

Garfield had been chosen, but had never occupied, in the Senate. On his return to his old haunts, Sherman wanted to resume his old post of honor at the head of the Finance Committee. This Morrill might have yielded, however reluctantly, had the other members of the committee favored it; but they did not, and Sherman was disappointed. Though he did his best to conceal or cure his chagrin, and though he wrote some years later in friendly terms of Morrill, the sense of being frustrated remained and the earlier feeling of cordiality never returned.

Yet they continued, like sensible men, to coöperate in legislation and in the general policy of the party which they had no small share in shaping. It was not until the Tariff of 1883 came up that they had any serious difference of opinion. This bill, which was passed by the Republicans to anticipate the action of the Democratic majority elected in 1882, was a compromise measure. Although the chief credit for it was given to Senator Morrill and it was often called "the Morrill Tariff of '83," its final form was not satisfactory to him. He would have preferred lower duties on a number of articles, especially on wool which became the center of controversy in committee. Here it was felt that the interests of New England and Vermont in particular were opposed to those of the West, Ohio especially, and Morrill found himself pitted against Sherman on this issue. The difference between them became acute and blazed up into something like an angry explosion. The newspapers of the time reported it in the following terms:

"I insist that the reduction clause shall be stricken out," said Mr. Sherman, finally.

"At all hazards?" inquired Mr. Morrill.

"At all hazards."

"Then I tell you plainly, Mr. Sherman," said the Vermont Senator, "that you will only succeed at the expense of defeating

the bill, for no bill with this clause stricken out will be allowed to pass the Senate."

Sherman yielded, but with a bad grace. He refused to sign the conference report, and after the bill became law criticized with some severity both its terms and its sponsors, in interviews to the press. To these Morrill felt obliged to reply and did so in an interview in the "New York Tribune"[1] and in an open letter which appeared early in 1884.

Two years later Sherman's dissatisfaction still continued and when the committees were announced, with Morrill again Chairman and he second on the Finance Committee, he rose in his place and declined to serve. It was an unusual if not an unprecedented action and tended not at all to restore the old familiarity in their relations.

Throughout the Garfield-Arthur Administration Morrill's family life at Washington and Strafford moved on at its quiet pace. During these years the family was seldom divided, but migrated with the seasons from Washington to the mountains, giving little occasion for correspondence. The summer of 1882, when the session kept the Senator in Washington for a short time after the others had gone, gave rise to a few notes. A jotting from a letter to his wife of June 21st contains an echo of the friction with Sherman: "Yesterday I made my little speech and got my bill for the extension of the White House through almost unanimously — only three, Sherman, Van Wyck, and Conger who wanted but failed to get the ayes and noes."

The tariff discussion of 1883 and the somewhat anxious reconnaissance of the field before the Presidential campaign of 1884 brought Morrill into relations with Whitelaw Reid, the brilliant editor of the "New York Tribune." On May 15th Morrill wrote Reid from Strafford, and after expressing

[1] April 30, 1883.

his regret at missing the editor on whom he had called, continued:

"New York's favorite son" [Conkling?] "turned on the light" at the Saturday evening chat. That he fully intends to have New York Democratic is transparent, and illustrates your article on the "Three renegade New Yorkers," published some time ago, two of them being Burr and Arnold. Still "the favorite" is invulnerable to serious argument, but ridicule and satire he dreads worse than scorpions dread fire. The *406* [1] [306] he parades, not all with medals, might have made his idol [Grant] about as much of a president as Sancho Panza was of a governor, but they represented very little of absolute Republican force. I should say, unmuzzle your funny editor whenever it may be necessary to refer to any of the favorite son's greatest efforts.

General Grant seems to be dazed by his large interests in Mexican railroads, where much money is likely to be lost. His treaty may be adopted, but it will be even more of a jug-handled treaty than any we have ever had, and some act of Mexico — non-payment of subsidies, perhaps — will make further acquisitions of territory inevitable, giving us more of the Latin race than the stomach of Uncle Sam can safely bear. Is it not strange that General Grant should not see that the railroad peeps out in every line of his speech?

As some of my correspondents say, this requires no answer.

Reid replied with great frankness and candor:

We should have made a good deal more fun of Mr. Conkling's last speech than we did excepting that I feared such a course might play into his hands. I believed the motive for his speech to be a desire to thwart the efforts then in progress for the harmonious reorganization of the Republican Party in this city. Such efforts, if successful, could only mean his hopeless exile from the political field. He seems to have absolutely no strength here now excepting as occasional attacks arouse some feeling of sympathy for him among his old followers. For the present,

[1] In the Chicago Convention, Conkling led the Grant forces, where "his [Grant's] average vote was about 306, the exact number that he received on the last ballot, and these 306 have gone down into history as the solid Grant phalanx." (James Ford Rhodes, *History of the United States*, VIII, 124.)

therefore, it seemed to me better that papers which have had less hostility to him might well be allowed to take the lead in ridiculing him.

I suppose General Grant is "hard up." It has been rumored from time to time that his sons were in pecuniary trouble, and that young "Buck" has lately distinguished himself by trading off the house his wife got from her father for supposed orange lands in Florida which turned out to be chiefly pine lumber lands from which the pine had been cut off. On discovering this he tried to get out of the bargain, but the Floridian had been too smart for him and he has been compelled to make title and leave the house. Grant is now body and soul in the Mexican railroad projects — is exceedingly eager to make money, and is sure to be used in these schemes until he is only a squeezed orange.

During these years of comparative calm, Morrill grew steadily in public esteem and regard, gradually becoming one of the notable figures of national life and one whom the people delighted to honor. Pictures of him accompanied by sketches of his life appeared with increasing frequency in newspapers and magazines and a desire for a good portrait of him was often expressed. Mr. Corcoran, the founder of the Corcoran Art Gallery, desired to have a portrait by G. P. A. Healey to hang in the gallery, and prevailed upon Morrill to sit for it. Other artists preferred similar requests, and Cornell University, wishing to commemorate the Father of the Land Grant Colleges, invited him to sit for a portrait by Eastman Johnson which now hangs in the University library. The unveiling of this portrait was made the occasion for a graceful ceremony at the Commencement on June 20, 1883, and Morrill responded to the complimentary address in remarks which had both modesty and humor:

I should [he said] be singularly made up if I were insensible to the honor bestowed upon me here to-day by your Board of Trustees, and it may be well to remember, even though the original of the portrait you have unveiled may have been overestimated, that the acquisition of any work by an artist so eminent

DRAWING-ROOM IN SENATOR MORRILL'S WASHINGTON HOUSE

as Eastman Johnson, will forever remain with its inherent and permanent value.

The sitting for a portrait, if I may be pardoned for saying so, is rather an awkward business for a modest man who can find anything else to do, . . . but I will suggest, if the sitting for a portrait even to the most skillful artist is only "tolerable and not to be endured," that it is infinitely less embarrassing than to stand here to be not only drawn but quartered by a multitude of very competent critics. Some of the young gentlemen present might agree with one of my constituents, not a graduate of the University, however, to whom I was introduced years ago at a stump-meeting. Said he, "I have hearn tell a good deal about you, but you ain't nigh so big as I expected."

A year or two later Johnson painted a second portrait head, one of the best likenesses of him, which since his death has been placed in the corridor of the Senate where for thirty years he passed in and out. In 1894 Mr. Thomas W. Wood, the President of the National Academy of Design, painted what was probably the last portrait of Morrill and presented it to the Vermont Historical Society, in whose rooms it still hangs.

Year by year he became a more familiar and more honored figure, until his tall, bent form crowned with a wealth of gray hair was the accepted type of the ideal Senator. As often as his birthday recurred, the leaders in public life gathered to celebrate it, so that by 1884 his birthday party was like a royal levée, and included the President, all but one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, nearly all the members of the Cabinet, Senators, Members of Congress, Diplomats, Judges, and distinguished men of all walks of life.

This was a Presidential year, and soon after the birthday festivities, Morrill had occasion to give counsel on candidates, as he had so often done before. He repeated his advice against making Blaine the candidate, and did what he could in favor of Edmunds whom he rightly regarded as the abler

man and who he believed would prove stronger before the people. But he thought it unwise to go as a delegate to the convention:

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE
April 26, 1884

MY DEAR SIR,

I have your favor of the 24th inst. and still think it will be sound policy for me to remain here and not to go to Chicago. If I were to go it would at once be claimed that I was there as my colleague's personal organ — that would hurt his position and damage his chances. It is very doubtful, with the Democratic Party united, as it appears to be now, whether any name which could be presented by us can carry New York. It is nearly certain that Arthur, Sherman, Blaine, [Robert] Lincoln, and Logan would be badly beaten. Edmunds I believe would win, but he will not be nominated by any manufactured enthusiasm and will be considered only on his naked sterling merits, or when it is seen that national success hangs upon his name alone. It is nonsense to claim that New York is not our necessity, as some of the Blaine men pretend that it is not for them. The whole South, no matter how the ballots are cast, is nearly sure to be counted by Democrats and we know what that means. . . . Mr. Blaine, I have heard, thinks he has strength enough to defeat Arthur and Edmunds. He is likely to lead as to numbers, and his supporters will claim all the hats in the air, but, saying nothing as to respective personal merits, the coming campaign will not be decided by noise so much as by the cool judgment of the best men throughout the country. I want men nominated who can be supported cordially by every Republican and by every conscientious and intelligent Democrat. It is vastly important that we nominate a ticket that will not seem doomed from the start. Fully believing that my presence would injure Mr. Edmunds, I must, while appreciating your kind suggestions, decline to have my name presented to our convention as a candidate to Chicago. You have plenty of other names capable of doing better service. I think my colleague would not differ from me on this subject.

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

To another correspondent about the same time Morrill wrote in a similar vein and the event was to prove him a true prophet.

> The Republicans are not out of the woods as to a Presidential candidate and our only comfort is that the Democrats are also in the Wilderness. I think it very clear that defeat would follow the nomination of Arthur, Logan, Sherman, or Blaine. New York could not be carried by either one. Hawley is a majestic speaker, but not as cool-headed as his colleague. Harrison, I fear, could not win Indiana against McDonald. Edmunds would carry New York and all of the East, but he so persists in declaring he will not be a candidate that he may convince the public he would not accept if nominated, though I do not see how any man could refuse.
>
> I would rather talk than write upon this subject. Time will help us.

The general, nay almost universal, honor in which he was held left little room for doubt as to his own political fortunes. No one could wrest his post from him or displace him in the affections of his constituents. But his old rival "Judge" Poland could not rest without raising the issue, which he did, with anything but good judgment, on the silver question. It was the last question on which Morrill could be assailed. His thirty years' advocacy of sound money had not only made him the recognized champion of honest finance, but had so rooted and grounded Vermonters in the faith that there was little hope of disseminating free silver, greenback, or any other heresies among them, be they ever so skillfully disguised. No doubt the Judge thought he had a good stalking-horse in the Trade Dollar. He wrote an electioneering letter full of sound and fury about "the gross and palpable fraud" involved in refusing to accept the Trade Dollar as legal tender — a letter which was printed as a handbill and widely distributed; there was a brief furor among those who

hoped this would be an entering wedge for free silver doctrines in Vermont, but Morrill quenched it.

During the summer he made his usual prudent inquiries as to the disposition of his constituents. He wrote to old friends in various parts of the State to learn what were the currents of opinion, and modestly set forth his willingness to retire in favor of the better man, if he should appear. The replies were without exception reassuring.

Though he was disappointed in the nomination of Blaine — as indeed very many of the best men in the party were — he could not bring himself to believe that his brilliant and eloquent friend had been guilty of using his office in Congress for pecuniary gain. So he supported him, both in speeches and in communications to the press. But the utmost efforts were in vain: the weakness of Blaine's public record proved fatal to him.

The Vermont election, which was held on October 14, 1884, was more an ovation than a contest. Morrill was re-elected by 177 votes out of a total of 209, and the event was marked by a spirit of unanimity and friendliness which presented a striking contrast to the national struggle then in progress between Blaine and Cleveland which had never been exceeded for virulence and party passion. Morrill's election, on the other hand, was preceded and followed by showers of adulation which led the editor of the "Burlington Clipper" to remark, "If Senator Morrill's health does not break down now, after reading the various eulogies that are being published of him, it will be conceded that he has more than an iron constitution."

Amid the flood of praise and congratulation, nothing gave Morrill greater pleasure than the note from Edmunds to which he replied with like affection:

BURLINGTON, VT., *Oct.* 20, 1884

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE:

I went to Montpelier last Wednesday expecting to see and hear you and to have the pleasure of congratulating you — or rather the State — on the event. Alas, you had departed. So, now, as we depart, I send you greeting. I should have been disconsolate for the coming two years — if I remain so long — without you. I am happy at what has happened, though it was — as I told you — as sure as anything. Take care of yourself and believe me

Faithfully yours

GEO. F. EDMUNDS

STRAFFORD, VT., *Oct.* 21, 1884

DEAR EDMUNDS:

Among the many kind congratulations, by telegraph and by letter, that my two partial friends have just sent me, none affords me more real pleasure than your favor of the 20th inst. It is true that I had some doubts whether further service on my part might not be regarded as "lagging superfluous on the stage," but your assurance to the contrary stiffened my backbone and mainly pushed me into the field. It is a great satisfaction to feel that for any deficiencies which may be exhibited by me, the State will have full compensation made by my colleague. Should I be alive two years hence and find you missing from the Senate, the "disconsolate" party would be myself. Thanking you for your many favors, I am

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

His election for the fourth time was widely celebrated. There were columns by the journalists on all aspects of his career and on the long procession of men and events that Morrill had seen in Congress, of which that by the "Rutland Herald" is typical:

When he entered Congress . . . the Free State battle was still raging on the Missouri border. Congress contained then men of the splendid stature of Seward, Chase, Fessenden, and Sumner. . . . He was in Congress when Sumner was beaten; he was in Congress when the John Brown raid startled the South; he was in

Congress during the secession sputter that was the South's last debate before the shot at Sumter; he was in Congress all through the trying days of the war; he has seen the great rebels Davis, Toombs, Wigfall, Benjamin, Slidell, Hunter, Breckinridge, Orr, and Stephens go out of Congress to fight the flag, and he has seen some few of them like Lamar and Stephens come back in peace, if not in repentance; he has seen Grant and Lee rise to the acme of military glory; he has seen McClellan rise like a rocket and fall like a stick. He has seen Lincoln the patient, the tender, and the true, with the light of humane joy and victory in his sad eyes, and he has seen him cold, motionless, and dead, the victim of a crazy, drunken actor's fury.

Another journalistic account of the time includes a description of him which has the touch of reality and enables one to form an image of him as he returned to the Senate after his fourth election:

Mr. Morrill is a man over six feet in height. He is slightly round-shouldered. He is very precise in his manner and very neat and careful in his dress, as every old man should be. He has often been described as resembling Charles Sumner to a great degree. There is a resemblance which the lines of time have strengthened. He has the Sumner nose. His gray side whiskers are cut in exactly the same fashion as were Sumner's. The general carriage of his head, the sweep of the soft, iron-gray hair, are the same. The lower part of his face is thinner. The resemblance is so marked, however, in its main peculiarities that a bust of the Senator in the parlor of his house is often taken by strangers for that of Sumner.

One of the duties incident to his place as Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, which it gave him great pleasure to fulfill was to provide for the dedication of the Washington Monument. As was altogether appropriate, the choice to deliver the oration of the day fell upon Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, who had delivered the address at the laying of the cornerstone forty-seven years before. Morrill hoped that there might also be a

poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes and invoked Winthrop's good offices to bring it to pass. Even after Holmes had declined, he persisted and urged Winthrop more than once to use his utmost efforts.

All persuasion failed. Holmes pleaded his age; he was seventy-five years old; he had just finished his "Life of Emerson," and felt unequal to the effort. Winthrop was himself feeling the infirmities of age, for he also was in his seventy-sixth year, and, although he completed his oration, was not able to go to Washington to deliver it and it was read by his friend, John D. Long. It was a notable address, and Morrill had the satisfaction of sending the author such congratulations as orators seldom receive:

Feb. 23, 1885

DEAR MR. WINTHROP:

I could not wait to write and therefore telegraphed at once on Saturday that your oration was greeted with almost continuous applause, and everybody here concedes that the oration was from beginning to end worthy of the grand occasion. If your reputation depended solely on this effort, your name would have won its place in history.

I tender to you my cordial felicitations, and am

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Inspired it may be by his work on the memorial to Washington, Morrill began to collect medals of our early history. Late in 1883 he secured from the Mint at Philadelphia four medals of Washington and his generals; then the full series of Presidential medals from Adams to Hayes. In the following year a full set of the French medals of the Campaigns of Napoleon the First, which was being sent as a gift to the Government, was lost at sea. A new set was then made and thus afforded an opportunity which was seized upon by Senator Morrill, Senator Bayard, and Levi P. Morton, our Min-

ister to France, each to obtain a set for himself. The hope, politely expressed by the Minister in forwarding the medals, was fulfilled; the medals became one of Morrill's most prized possessions:

> It gives me pleasure to transmit herewith one hundred and forty-one French Medals of the Campaigns of Napoleon the First, which have just been received from the Minister of Foreign Affairs.
>
> I hope you will be as much interested in this rare collection of medals as I am in a duplicate set.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST CLEVELAND ADMINISTRATION

Morrill had anticipated Cleveland's election at least in so far as to forecast the defeat of Blaine, but it was a shock to him, as it was to most Republicans, to see a Democrat in the White House. Not since Buchanan had such a thing occurred. Thousands of citizens had been born and grown to manhood without knowing a Democratic President. To many an honest partisan it seemed as if the end of the world had come. Yet when Morrill had time to take account of underlying principles, he found himself in closer agreement with Cleveland than with many of his own party and was able to give hearty support to many of the measures of the new Administration.

The death of General Grant, already imminent when Cleveland entered the White House, came on the 23d of July, and afforded an opportunity which the President seized to cement good feeling between the North and the South, between Republicans and Democrats. The funeral was made the occasion for bringing old enemies together in the unity of common grief over a national hero. Morrill attended as a member of the Senate and wrote his wife about the wonderfully impressive scene which those who saw it can never forget:

> Yesterday was fine for the grand obsequies of General Grant. Each side of the streets for nine miles, from the Battery to place of burial, was lined with an immense and continuous throng — every doorway, window, and housetop were full of people, and at every street-crossing the side streets far-back had sight-seers on stages, lumber wagons, or anything that elevated so that the procession came in sight. All New York, and Jersey City, Brooklyn,

and many other parts of the country turned out to see what I believe will be reckoned the greatest funeral ever accorded to man. Not less than a million of people must have seen the procession, and many estimate it as high as two million.

These and other amenities made it all the easier for high-minded Republicans to coöperate with Cleveland on those questions which rose above the divisions of party. This was especially the case in financial matters, where Morrill found himself in substantial agreement with Cleveland, and was still further facilitated by the fact that with Bayard, Cleveland's distinguished Secretary of State, he had been on friendly terms in the Senate for sixteen years. They had often been on the same side of vexed questions and had exchanged the pleasant amenities of the chamber. One of these was a graceful compliment which Bayard had paid him as long ago as 1874, and which Morrill kept among his papers:

My dear Morrill,

You often (to my great pleasure) send a word in like a shaft to the target — and you supplied my thought with expression in relation to the "fussily" roofed houses of to-day.

Therefore I send you a very cleverly written article, with merits like your own.

T. F. Bayard

So now he wrote Bayard with frankness and cordiality on the silver question. Writing from his country home he made the somewhat natural slip of putting Weaver for Warner. Closing his letter he added one of those practical suggestions born of experience which the Secretary was glad to adopt.

Strafford, Vt., *Sept.* 22, 1885

Dear Mr. Bayard:

As you and I have ever been on the same line about silver — though our associates seldom agreed with us — I know you will pardon me for a word or two about the Weaver Bill, which is

really Senator Jones's idea of years past. I have felt that the President and Secretary of the Treasury could stop the issue of the Bland dollar, now worth less than 81 cents, if they held out on that line, as I believe the President will. This, of course, is the only escape from our silly silver muddle. But the "Weaver compromise" is a gigantic scheme of inflation. It proposes the annual issue of silver certificates for all of our product of silver and all the foreign silver which we may receive; usually half of Mexican silver finds its way here and under the Weaver Bill probably more would come. The United States would offer a dumping place for the surplus silver of the world and the vaults of the Treasury would require constant doubling up, while inflation would proceed at the rate of fifty millions, more or less, a year, and there is to be no way provided by which this enormous accumulation of silver can be got rid of by the Government or if there should be it must be at the loss of the Treasury. Of course I am telling you nothing new, as you understand these questions better than the Speaker of the House, but I have thought it would have a wholesome effect if you would talk ten minutes in your next Cabinet meeting. Lamar, I should expect, would be with you. Pardon my presumption in this intruding, but you know I have always been in accord with the "*Old Line*" Democracy on coin and currency questions.

Let me advise you that your Consular Reports should first be put in wrappers fit to be franked and addressed before they are sent to members of either House — as members do not often have the proper means at hand to fold them nor have they time or inclination for such work. Send one copy less, but have all folded, and twice as many will be distributed by the members.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Bayard replied promptly and with equal candor:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D.C.
Sept. 25, 1885

DEAR MR. MORRILL,

I took the liberty of handing your note to the Secretary of the Treasury and his reply and attitude on the silver coinage questions are, I think, entirely accordant with your views and wishes.

It may be generally outlined in the letter of the President to Mr. Warner and his Congressional associates last February.

In the Weaver (is it not Warner?) proposition to issue certificates of deposit for silver bullion, I can see nothing but redundant volume of currency, discordant in character, irregular in denomination, fluctuating in value, and lacking nearly every essential attribute for the mechanism of advanced commercial exchange.

Your suggestion as to separately wrapping the Consular Reports is a very good one and I will have it followed.

I trust you and your household have enjoyed the summer, and that I may soon see you here in health.

Sincerely yours T. F. BAYARD

The silver question continued to cause anxiety. In his message to Congress in December, 1886, Cleveland repeated his recommendation for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act under which the Government was obliged to buy two million dollars' worth of silver every month. The repeal was vigorously opposed by the "Silver Democrats," and Morrill came to the support of the President, remarking humorously that he did "not mean to encroach upon the privilege . . . of coming to the rescue of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury when attacked by their own party, as I know the fate of those who venture to interfere with family quarrels."[1] He could not let pass the chance, however, afforded by the energy with which Senator Beck had attacked his own side. "The speech reminded me," he said, "of a sermon I heard in my boyhood from an excellent Baptist minister, when, after dwelling in detail upon the great promises of the gospel, continued, 'I now come to the threatenings of the gospel and it gives me great pleasure to dwell upon them.'"

With these mild pleasantries, Morrill addressed himself with his usual serious effectiveness to the question which was, in fact, sufficiently sobering. Silver had depreciated until

[1] Speech in the Senate, January 20, 1886.

the silver dollar was intrinsically worth only seventy-nine cents, and yet the Government was adding to its huge accumulations at the rate of $2,000,000 a month. He stated the problem with the directness of a business man. "With or without the probable deficit in the Treasury next year of $24,000,000, as estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, ought we to continue the expenditure of twenty-four millions for bullion to annually add twenty-eight millions to our present unwieldy pile of silver dollars and to increase our peril of utter divorce from gold?"

The problem of actually disposing of the silver hoard was troublesome, for it did not circulate:

> By the report of the United States Treasurer it appears that there is somewhere in the Treasury $165,535,000 of standard silver dollars, which we are struggling to find how and where to safely store until by some miracle they can find more favor in a wicked world. The percentage of these dollars in actual circulation, outside of the Treasury, it also appears, has been constantly growing less since 1881, being then 30.8 per cent, and now only 18.8 per cent. We have coined over two hundred and fifteen million of silver dollars, and have only been able at any time, through much cost and tribulation, to get not quite fifty million into spasmodic circulation, or a circulation which has no confiding repose, but seems to be disgorged from all pockets with a now-or-never promptitude, much to the dismay of the recipients. People do not like to be compelled by law to carry it. We do not receive it here ourselves with any praiseworthy cordiality. Our condition is somewhat like that of one of our distinguished humorists, who in our late war would not enlist himself, but was very willing that all his wife's relations should. All are willing that everybody else may enjoy the single silver banquet, but as for ourselves individually it has no temptation.

To the proposal brought forward by the silver men that the Government bonds outstanding should be redeemed in silver, he replied by recalling the conditions under which the bonds were issued:

When the United States were striving to obtain in 1863 a loan of one thousand million dollars by the issue of its bonds, subscribers to the loan were assured, by its only authorized agent, that the bonds were payable in gold. The letter of Jay Cooke, as agent of the Secretary of the Treasury, dated March 13, 1863, and everywhere published and distributed, contained the following statement:

"First, these bonds are called five-twenties, because, while they are twenty-year bonds, they may be redeemed by the Government in gold at any time after five years.

"The duties on imports of all articles from abroad must be paid in gold, and this is the way Secretary Chase gets his gold."

This statement by the agent of the Secretary of the Treasury, with his knowledge and approval, was never questioned nor controverted, in Congress or out, for years afterward. All branches of the Government then so understood the contract, and knew the creditors so understood it.

Finally, he pointed out, to adopt the course proposed, and pay our bonds in silver, would be to go over irreparably to a silver basis, but the chief sufferers by the change would be not foreigners, nor bondholders, but the wage-earners:

Whatever loss might be suffered by those who are now our public creditors by a sudden change to payment in silver instead of gold, it would be the merest bagatelle, unworthy of consideration, comparatively, with the loss which would be suffered by the wage-earning portion of the people. Creeping upon them imperceptibly, they would find their means of subsistence, month by month, growing less and less, and not until every one else had looked out for himself would these sons of toil, at all times our largest creditor class, if ever, find any redress.

Morrill was able to give his support to a Democratic President on such issues as sound money and civil service reform, but he abated no jot of his partisanship and as soon as the tariff cry was raised, he hoisted the old flag of Protection and loaded every gun. Nothing could have been

more uncompromising than his reply to the President's Tariff Reform Message of 1887. In fact it touched him nearly and he may well have felt that the President's scathing references to the tariff laws had almost a personal bearing since he had been the sponsor for a great part of them. After quoting from Washington's last annual message, he continued:

> The contrast in the tone and temper of this message of Washington, as to the encouragement of manufactures, with that of the extraordinary unfriendly and denunciatory message recently transmitted to Congress by President Cleveland, I regret to say, is painfully revealed. To avoid all injustice let me quote from the latter these words: "But our present tariff laws, the vicious, inequitable, and illogical source of unnecessary taxation, ought to be at once revised and amended."
>
> Subsequently to these bitter epithets applied to laws, the main features of which have for many years secured both great revenue and great prosperity to our country, much argumentation, based apparently on novel or newly invented statistics, is presented. . . . The statistics and the conclusions thereon are, however, likely to be unanimously rejected . . . by the farmers.

Morrill felt that the tariff was the real issue during this period and was delighted when Cleveland made it the issue in the campaign of 1888. "I want," he said, "to see a fair test made of public sentiment on the tariff. I would like it tried disencumbered of every side issue, a distinctively tariff campaign. . . . I am quite willing to go before the people on our position on that subject." [1]

Looking forward to the campaign, he devoted his principal speeches in 1887 and 1888 to the tariff and thus supplied the party speakers and the party press with ammunition. He adduced no new arguments, but set forth with firm conviction the doctrine of home markets, of higher standards of wages, of free trade as a weapon for foreign aggrandizement

[1] *Philadelphia Times*, August 18, 1877.

and a means of breaking into these favored fields of commerce.

With the established and familiar issue of protection, Morrill combined the related issues of reciprocity and foreign policy. Reciprocity he denounced with especial vigor, as a disguised and insidious invasion of the protective system. As he wrote to his friend Charles M. Sheldon:

> I suppose you know that I have always fought the so-called reciprocity treaties tooth and nail, as utterly unconstitutional, and they were unanimously so held by every member of the United States Senate only a few years ago. It is a hodge-podge of free trade, undermining all stable protective Tariffs. . . . I have made not less than a half-dozen speeches against the whole theory.

Yet he began to realize that the tide was turning, for he added:

> I fear, however, that I am in a minority in the Senate, two-thirds of which I think are dazed with the humbug of reciprocity and support even the outrageously unequal treaty with Mexico, as does my colleague [Edmunds].

It was a significant thing that Edmunds, the leading authority on the Constitution and as convinced a protectionist as Morrill himself, turned in favor of reciprocity, which later Blaine and at a still later time Taft were to make orthodox Republican doctrine. But Morrill remained consistent and immovable, for reasons which have appeared at earlier stages in his career. He had in his youth, perhaps as early as 1838, when he had a store at Derby Line on the Canadian border, made up his mind that manifest destiny designed Canada to be absorbed into the United States. It was a conviction which he had never given up and which constantly reappears in his speeches. He considered it the greatest goal of American foreign policy and to such absorption or annexation he counted reciprocity a hindrance. In

his speech in the Senate on December 9, 1886, he said, "A union with our northern brethren, however remote, is as inevitable, in the fullness of time, as the southern trend of a polar glacier." And he began his article in the "Forum" for January, 1889, with the words, "I have long supposed that a political union of Canada with the United States might be only a question of time." It was because he expected and desired annexation that he would have nothing of reciprocity, which, he went on to say, "as understood in the Dominion, gives all that is wanted and gives no twist to the tail of the British lion." It would not lead to political union, since "Marriage seldom follows seduction."

The article is an interesting argument in favor of annexation, based on geography, race, and history, but with a large emphasis on the element of destiny. "But to-day the plea of nature is as potential as it was a hundred years ago. We feel that there should be no divided empire on the Great Lakes, and we are not insensible to the grandeur of a continental boundary."

Both vision and prophecy were largely conceived and worthy of a statesman, but it can hardly be said that time has brought them any nearer realization.

The division of power in Congress during Cleveland's term — the Democrats controlling the House and the Republicans the Senate — prevented any partisan legislation, but was favorable to some excellent non-partisan measures. Among these was Morrill's bill for the Library of Congress for which he had been laboring for fourteen years. It had met with much opposition because of the inertia and the inability of the average member of the House and the Senate to realize the supreme importance of an adequate library. But Morrill had persisted in his determination to have a worthy building, had successfully opposed all inferior and makeshift substitutes, and now, when he saw his bill tri-

umphantly passed by both houses, he was overjoyed. Many of his fellow Senators knew how dear the measure was to his heart and the announcement of its passage gave rise to a pleasing little scene on the floor which the reporters described with evident delight. "In his excitement and joy at the realization of his hopes [Morrill] forgot the dignity that is his most conspicuous characteristic and tossed a kiss across the chamber to Senator Voorhees; . . . who kissed his hand in return." Senators waved their hands to the reporters' gallery. "A page was hurried off with the news to Librarian Spofford, who came ambling in and the three men embraced each other warmly"; there were general congratulations and handshakings, "and then the little love feast ended."

The same session witnessed another tribute to Morrill's influence and to the regard of his fellow Senators. While he was absent in July on account of illness, the matter of the appropriation of $50,000 for a federal building in Montpelier, Vermont, came up. The Senate had voted to omit such appropriations from the bill before them, but would not disappoint Morrill. Senator Spooner presented the matter:

> The Senator from Vermont [he said] was anxious about this, and it has seemed to me that it would be a graceful and handsome compliment to that Senator, who for the first time in twenty years of service here, is absent from the Senate during its session, and who may justly be called the father of the Senate, if in his enforced absence this amendment is by common consent placed upon the bill, and I sincerely hope it may be done.
>
> Mr. Beck — I do not want to violate the rule, but if the Chair will ask unanimous consent to have the amendment put in, I hope it will be done by unanimous consent.
>
> Mr. Allison — I hope that unanimous consent will be asked and given.
>
> Mr. Spooner — I ask unanimous consent.
>
> The President — The Senator from Wisconsin asks unanimous consent to insert the amendment. Is there objection? The Chair hears none, and it is accordingly inserted.

CHAPTER XIV

LITERARY WORK

The Democratic Administration relieved Morrill of many responsibilities and gave him leisure for a congenial and agreeable task — the revision and publication of his volume on "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons." The earlier interim of Democratic control from 1879 to 1881 had given him leisure to sift and arrange the garnerings of his reading for half a century and he had printed the book privately for his friends. The welcome which it had received had encouraged him to revise the collection, and he now issued it to the general public.

Though it was his only book, it marked no break or departure from his usual way of life. He was always potentially a man of letters, as all his speeches showed, and if he had not turned to public life, it is a moral certainty that he would have given his mature years to literary work. There was the making of a competent author hidden under his senatorial toga. From his boyhood he had felt the ambition to write: before he was twenty-one he had begun to contribute articles and sketches to the local papers; while he was a clerk in Portland in 1828 he kept a journal avowedly to improve himself in writing; after his return to Strafford and while he was a busy store-keeper, he maintained his habit of writing by means of a commonplace book to which he confided his chance thoughts, brief essays and verses; his account of his journey to the West in 1841 we have already laid under tribute; his rough notes of this tour he copied into a leather-covered book which he dignified by a conventional title-page with colophon, poetic quotation, place, and year complete.

Finally, he kept until his latest years, a pocket diary in which he jotted down phrases that pleased his ear, anecdotes or apt quotations, and notes for his speeches.

His diaries from 1879 onward contained many jottings for his book which he intended at first as a kind of memento for his friends, but when he saw it seriously and respectfully reviewed as it was in a number of papers, he resolved to enlarge it, and publish it regularly. The first edition (1882) consisted of only 81 pages and contained only 116 "noted persons"; the second edition (1887) had 187 pages and contained examples of the self-consciousness of 171 notables. This was so well received and met with such generous praise both from the reviewers and from his friends that he was inspired to prepare a third edition for which he left many notes, a revised Preface, Introduction, and Conclusion. All three of the prefaces or introductions are modest: "I have taken," says the first, "some leaves from my scrap-book, with extracts from various authors, showing both well-founded and ill-founded ambition to be held in remembrance by posterity." And the notes for the third say, these "examples . . . have been compiled with less labor than amusement, for which no more credit is asked than was called for by old Montaigne, who said, 'I have only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.'"

Those who turn to the book to-day will find it, as the readers of the first edition did forty years ago, a diverting and entertaining compilation which runs over a wide range of human history. The first edition began with Montaigne and ended with Sir Walter Scott, but the second followed in the main a chronological order, beginning with the ancients, but giving Saint Paul the place of honor, before Demosthenes and the rest of the great Greeks. A taste of the quality of the book may be had by his paragraphs on Ethan Allen,

Owen Lovejoy, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Burke, and George IV of England. As a Vermonter he could hardly fail to include the man who took Fort Ticonderoga of whom he says:

On the Sunday following the capture, Parson Dewey, in his long prayer, thanked the Lord for the great deliverance. "Parson Dewey! Parson Dewey!" was heard in a whisper by those sitting near Allen; but the clergyman was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice interruptions, and only continued to thank the "Great Deliverer." "Parson Dewey!" was then heard all over the church by every one except the preacher. Allen could stand it no longer, and shouted in his stentorian voice, "Parson Dewey, just mention that I was there!"

Morrill's inclusion of Owen Lovejoy, the Abolitionist, in this list is a tribute to one of the friends and causes of his youth:

Owen Lovejoy once told me, before he was in Congress, that when he preached a poor sermon he never let it out; for as likely as not half his congregation might call it very good.

To Dr. Johnson he gave more space in the book than to almost any other of the "noted persons" and conveyed a kindly view of the brusque old lexicographer:

The hold that Johnson has on the esteem of mankind, after the lapse of a century, proves that he was no unreal giant, but a hater of shams, and ever striving after the eternal verities, although unquestionably indebted to Boswell for his highest fame. He could not endure undeserved praise, and knew well enough that his tragedy of "Irene" added neither to his literary fame nor to the sum of his real merits. When a gentleman by the name of Pot was reported as having said that it "was the finest tragedy of modern times," Johnson at once replied, "If Pot says so, Pot lies"; and that verdict the public has never reversed. Goldsmith really touched Johnson in his most vulnerable point when he said, "He makes his little fishes talk like whales."

The closing paragraph about Burke, whom Morrill considered the most eminent of British statesmen, has the brevity of wit:

Single-speech Hamilton once had Burke for his private secretary and afterwards twitted him of being taken from a garret. "In that way," proudly retorted Burke, "I let myself down to you."

And one can conceive the satisfaction which the Vermont Republican found in his brief, epitaph-like passage about George IV:

George the Fourth was dissolute, and false in all things, and having nothing upon which even personal vanity could be truthfully supported, he strangely claimed to have been present at the Battle of Waterloo. This claim often taxed the politeness of the Duke of Wellington, who could only say in reply to his recollections, "I have often heard Your Majesty say so."

The volume ends with a brief Conclusion full of the mild and tolerant philosophy which Morrill had applied for forty years to public and private affairs:

Vanity is very closely allied to the virtues, since a vain or proud man may be often kept on a high moral plane, above doing a mean thing, because it elevates his reputation among those whose good opinion is most to be valued. The spur to acquire a good name often keeps the work of men at their best, mindful of the upright and downright; pushing the pulpit and the bar to higher effort and eloquence; making the soldier brave in battle, the politician more of a patriot, and the statesman less willing "to give up to party what was meant for mankind."

The book brought him many gratifying letters both from friends and strangers and led to a pleasant exchange of compliments with Miss Kate Sanborn, the clever daughter of his old friend Professor Sanborn, of Dartmouth. In his first edition he had used the phrase "Laurence Sterne, the Beecher of his day," and Miss Sanborn took him to task for it:

Oct. 15, 1883

DEAR MR. MORRILL,

I send my talk on Conceited People to you to-day. It is very incomplete because I had used it as half of a lecture on Vanity

and Insanity as Shadows of Genius. I do not quite like your title. It seems to me that Self-Consciousness is more a studying of one's thoughts and weighing constantly the effect of one's words and actions on the public. A lady is self-conscious as she prinks up a church aisle, but a really *great* person would hardly do that. I do not see the least similarity between Sterne and Beecher whom you call the American Sterne. Sterne was a scambling(?), coarse-minded parson, hypocritical and affected and over-sentimental. Beecher is so bluff and outspoken like an impulsive giant and with a woman's tenderness. Where do you see the likeness?

Now I honestly desire you to criticize my humble effort. I have no copy and could never scrape these items together again, so please be sure to return it to me. . . .

With best regards to all

Your admiring friend

KATE SANBORN

He took the correction in good part, and in the second edition marked the reference to Beecher for omission.

STRAFFORD, *Oct.* 16, 1883

DEAR MISS SANBORN:

Many thanks for your unexpected favor of yesterday. I have read the whole of your unpublished notes and had an hour of thorough enjoyment, such as I get in hearing one of Sheridan's comedies, that is, I laughed, not at you, but with you. After your quotation of Sir Fretful from The Critic, you certainly could not sincerely advise me to criticize, could you? And I confess that I do not feel competent to find fault with what has given me so much pleasure. A lecture by you with these notes must be acceptable anywhere. Perhaps I might not agree with you wholly as to the merits of old Sam Johnson. Some of his Lives of the Poets appear to me excellent, and even the ponderous paragraphs of The Rambler, which I read more than fifty years ago, contain some nuggets of pure gold. Some lines also of his London are very quotable. I have a little kindness for the youth who would not accept charity and flung the shoes left at his door, out of the window. But his stilted style, always in cumbrous, mist-clad armor, is atrocious.

You do not like my title [Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons]. I am sorry for that, because I cannot change it. My idea was to represent each character in his own words. Looking them all over, it appeared to me that most of them had distinguished ability or genius and had actually won the fame they thought themselves entitled to. It would not do to deny to Cicero, Bonaparte, and Byron great ability, though they were fully conscious of it — and vanity mainly adheres to those who would pass for more than they are worth. If they were vain it was chiefly an honest vanity. Conceit is also usually founded on empty brains. Both vanity and conceit are allied to small matters, something perhaps ridiculous, but do not rise to the dignity of anything great. I stick to "Self-Consciousness" and appeal to your father, even at the expense of showing *my* conceit. Let me add that I do like your title, the "Shadows of Genius"; if that is it, it is capital.

As to Beecher you are quite right. It was an inadvertence. For the moment I was thinking of Dean Swift's love affairs. Wrong, I confess. I have little time to browse through libraries and I sincerely thank you for giving me so much instruction upon a subject that amused some leisure hours of mine following an adjournment of Congress. I know you must have enjoyed the gathering of so many nuts.

James has gone to Brattleboro and we all leave home in about a week. Mrs. Morrill and Miss Swan send their regards to your father and yourself, and in this do not fail to have me *consciously* included. The Notes will go back by express.

Very sincerely yours

J. S. M.

His was a modest literary talent. He possessed neither "the devouring eye and the portraying hand"; neither the torrent of ideas, the wealth of imagery, nor the power of words that marks the master; but he had the love of the suitable phrase, the care for the appropriate epithet, and the willingness to polish his periods that is the stamp of the true artistic spirit. His speeches set no crowds aflame with their eloquence, but they were both listened to and read with a grave and quiet satisfaction by intelligent people. They won the praise of the judicious, and men like President An-

gell, of the University of Michigan, Hugh McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, Senator Hoar, Henry L. Dawes, and his colleague Senator Edmunds, who were unaccustomed to pay idle compliments, wrote him in unaffected admiration for his speeches on finance. But Morrill maintained his modest appraisal of them, and replied in 1890 to one of his constituents who praised his speeches:

> I never speak in the Senate without feeling afterwards that I ought to have done better and am only comforted by the reflection that such contributions there all have an unmortal oblivion in the "Congressional Record," read by nobody, but, stored away voluminously, will there abide until the crack of doom.
>
> I do not [he wrote another correspondent] set a high value upon Congressional speeches, except so far as they go to make up the history of the legislation of the country. Mine, few of them were made for Buncombe, but made when action was pending upon the measures of which they treat. They are consequently embroidered more with facts than with rhetoric. In point of fact those who have much to do with the business of important committees are usually more solicitous to carry their measures than to make fine speeches. Such as they are, I suppose I have made my full share, but I have never found time to revise and correct them, as I should if I had had any faith in their immortality, which I have not.

It is in his brief eulogies, such as that on "Thad" Stevens in the House and that on Sumner or Collamer in the Senate, and in his letters of condolence, that he appears at his best. Here the sobriety and restraint and that deep sense of the solemnity of life and the nearness of the other world, so characteristic of the older New England stock, revealed their power over him.

Yet he was not a long-faced man: on the contrary, he was an agreeable companion, cheerful and ready in the conduct of business, a genial host, and a blithe and welcome addition to dinner parties. He had a pleasant, dry wit, and his speeches were lighted by a glow of mild, ironic humor. From

his youth he had written verses, chiefly to amuse his friends; his commonplace book contains a number of experiments, for the most part gay, including a parody on Hamlet's soliloquy turned to celibacy, a hymn on the hard times, verses on a "Bachelor's Ride with a Coquette," and on having a "Bump for Poetry." As evidence that he could be playful, he closes some lines written on Saint Valentine's Day with

> "No; I can't be your valentine
> But, with one quill,
> Your Porcupine"

— and is not above writing, to end another set of rhymes — to another lady,

> "— have no distrust in
> Your old friend Justin."

During the latter part of his life he was constantly besieged by editors for interviews or articles or books. To most of these requests he returned a courteous negative, as he did to the invitation sent him in 1893 by Walter Hines Page, then editor of the "Forum" and afterwards our distinguished Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, whose proposal shows that he was already an adept in the art of letter-writing of which he later showed himself so great a master:

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg pardon for troubling you at so inopportune a time, but I hope to get your consent to prepare a very brief article for the forthcoming number of The Forum on The Duty of the Republican Party now that it has become the party of the Opposition. A group of short papers on this subject has been suggested to me from several sources, and I have asked Senator Lodge and Senator Walcott also to write brief articles. They have come into the Senate in the last days in the long period of almost unbroken Republican control and they ought to speak for the future; but what you will write, I beg you will permit me to say, I shall value and the readers of The Forum will value more highly than what

any other man would say, your public career having, I believe, spanned the whole period of the party's dominance.

When articles on one subject must be grouped, I am obliged to ask that each be very brief — how brief, I do not care, the main purpose being to sound a clear note in a foggy time. I sincerely hope that you will be able to dictate such a brief paper this week so that it may reach me not later than Monday.

I am with sincere respect
Yours very truly

WALTER H. PAGE

To this graceful invitation Morrill sent a graceful reply:

MY DEAR SIR:

In response to your favor of the 6th inst. I have to say that I do nothing of value without labor, and nothing unless in harmony with my convictions. When about such work it is not easily dismissed from my brain, and frets me now and then with insomnia. At my time of life it may be best to shirk extra labor. My recent tariff remarks absorbed the chief part of three weeks of the late vacation of Congress in their preparation, and I had determined to have a rest, perhaps at the Theater or at Whist. Notwithstanding my appreciation of the winning way of your invitation to give you something for the Forum, I feel obliged to say, I can do nothing for you at present, if ever.

It is true when I began the article on the tariff I was in doubt whether to make it for some of the magazines or for the Senate. Duty carried the day, and I made it for the Senate. I had also reached the conclusion last year that I would hereafter contribute to no periodical without the best honorarium for like work offered to any one. Not that my work would be equal to the best, but, unless thus tempted, that I had other personal use for my time not less attractive.

Thanking you for the kind words with which you clothed your courteous invitation, I am, with much respect

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

It was not for want of inclination that he declined, for writing was always tempting to him, and during the last

decade he wrote nearly if not quite a score of articles on topics that ranged from "Union with Canada" to the "Erratic Platforms of the Democratic Party." Probably nothing that he wrote then or at any time gave him more concern than his article for the "North American Review" in reply to an article which the "Review" had printed by Gladstone on "Free Trade or Protection." It was already becoming the fashion in a certain class of papers to refer to Morrill as "the Gladstone of America," the "Grand Old Man of the Republican Party," and a comparison was natural, though not entirely warranted. The two men had been born within a year of each other; each had been in public life so long as to become the Nestor of his party; both had been identified with tariff and finance. One feels that Morrill enjoyed the opportunity of crossing swords with the foremost public man of England.

The article appeared in the "Review" for March, 1890, where it can be found and read by the curious, but political controversy so soon becomes obsolete that, although only thirty-three years have passed since it saw the light, the paper has already an antiquated air. Morrill was never at his best in controversy and was content to score points rather than traverse the main thesis of Gladstone's argument. When Gladstone wrote, "If America shall frankly adopt and steadily maintain a system of free trade, she will by degrees, perhaps not slow degrees, outstrip us in the race, and will probably take the place which at present belongs to us; but . . . she will not injure us by the operation," Morrill replied, "How is it possible that the United States would not, as a rival, injure British trade by coming to the front and taking the place and primacy which at present belong to Great Britain? Their government is making ambitious efforts in every quarter of the globe to obtain an increase of its foreign trade, and, if that is now diminishing, or insufficient

for one, how can it be enough for two, or for both England and America?"[1]

There was, of course, no question of Gladstone's candor or sincerity. The difference between them lay in their different views of trade and industry, Gladstone holding that the total of trade possible, whether local, national, or international, is not a fixed quantity, but indefinitely expansible, and that exchange of goods rightly conducted should benefit both parties.

Though Morrill wrote no book, but rejected several very flattering proposals for a volume of Memories or Reminiscences, he often dallied with the idea as he admitted in his speech to the Legislature of Vermont upon his sixth election to the Senate in 1896. After referring to his age, he said:

> You will forgive me, I hope, for acknowledging that I have sometimes thought that, in the evening of my days and in the sweetness of leisure, I might be able, for the benefit of dear and long-cherished friends, to put together a snug volume of personal recollections concerning the men whom I have met, and perhaps edit and publish some of their characteristic letters among a considerable number that were once held to be worthy of preservation. Pleasant dreams of this kind now, I fear, must be shoved aside for the higher duties to which you have assigned me.

The dream persisted and led him not long afterwards to propose to the editor of the "Forum" a series consisting of selected letters with notes and comments to hold them together:

> I have [he wrote] a multitudinous number of letters received within the last forty years from men of more or less prominence, which were at their date reckoned worth preserving, either on account of the authors as autographs, or that of the subject treated, and it has been my intention at some time, rather than to leave such recreation to my executors, to give the reason very briefly

[1] *North American Review*, no. CCCC, p. 291 (March, 1890).

of their origin and enough of a historical or biographical interest to hold small parcels together in monthly or quarterly publications. Among these are letters from Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Anthony, Blaine, Henry C. Carey, James S. Orr, Erastus Corning, Henry Winter Davis, George P. Marsh, Samuel Bowles, and many more from persons now living which would not be published without permission. The letters of some of the writers ought to be reproduced in facsimile, for instance those of Greeley, Davis, and Blaine.

Were you here I should be glad to show you a few specimens. Of course I could not on this line do much while Congress is in session.

This enterprise may not be attractive to you for the Forum, and perhaps you would be unable to make it sufficiently attractive to me to assume the labor of it, but I open the subject for your consideration, and shall be glad to hear from you.

The suggestion was eagerly snapped at, and the result was the series of "Notable Letters from my Political Friends" which ran in three numbers of the "Forum" in the early months of 1897. They have been freely drawn upon for the earlier chapters of this book, for they were full of light upon persons and events. Had Morrill's strength permitted, he would have extended them and moulded them into a book; as it is they remain a pleasing capstone to his literary labors.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST DECADE

The last decade of Morrill's life was marked by great and stormy changes in national politics. It witnessed the return to power of the Republicans led by Harrison, the willful extension of Protection in the McKinley Bill followed by a second defeat at the hands of the Democrats under Cleveland. Then followed the long-drawn struggles over the currency, the Venezuela explosion, the outburst of Populism and Free Silver; and the victory in the sound-money campaign led by McKinley and skillfully directed by Mark Hanna. Finally the excited decade closed with the Cuban imbroglio, the Spanish War, and the annexation of Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Morrill's part in these turbulent years was that of counselor rather than leader. He was counted one of the elder statesmen when they opened; before they closed, he was the eldest that had sat among the Senators. Through all the shifts and changes Vermont stood stanchly by her Republican principles and her trusted leader. Through all the vicissitudes until almost the end he stood as stanchly by his old associates. It was not until the question of annexation arose that he felt forced to take issue with his party, though here, too, he was faithful to his earliest principles. But of that in due course.

The first Cleveland Administration had been a shock to Morrill as well as to the rank and file of Republicans, and when it came to an end in 1888 and they returned to power, there was a natural feeling that the full penalty for past errors had been paid and the party had been restored to per-

manent favor. Something of this Morrill seems to have felt and expressed in his article on "Republican Party Prospects" in the "Forum" for December, 1888, where he wrote in a fine spirit of victorious partisanship, "The defeat of the Democratic Party, after it had been tried and found wanting in nearly every point of public policy, foreign and domestic, indicates that it has been not only overthrown, but left destitute of further claims on public confidence."

In something of this spirit Morrill and his fellow Republicans entered upon the Harrison régime and enacted the McKinley Tariff which was destined to bring in its train disastrous consequences. Meantime the skies were bright and Morrill's fortunes were at flood. As the end of his term approached in 1890, he wrote as he had always done a few letters of inquiry to his friends, such as that of September 22d to Benedict:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Sept.* 22, 1890

DEAR BENEDICT:

The Legislature will meet in about a week, and I must decide whether or not to permit my name to be used for longer service. But few of the members am I able to recognize as familiar acquaintances. Many assurances have been tendered to me personally that my Republican friends desire me to retain my present position. I should not like to weary the patience of those who have so long given me their support.

Of course I know nothing about what the present members of the Legislature may do, as I have been unwilling to take any part in the matter, except to determine whether or not to permit my name to be used as a candidate for reëlection. This I may do if I learn that the feeling of the Republicans is unanimous or nearly so in that direction.

You, of course, know a good deal about the sentiment of the people on your side of the State, and I should be glad to hear from you on this point.

Very truly yours J. S. M.

The reply to this and to his other letters was easy to fore-

cast. His friends with one accord assured him that there would be no opposition. In fact, the whole country expected and took it for granted that he would be reëlected and it would have been a bold man who had opposed him. He took a natural pride in his length of service and the day after his letter to Benedict wrote, in reply to another correspondent:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Sept.* 23, 1890

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 22d inst. has been received, and you will please accept my cordial thanks for your very kind expressions. I shall not accept of further service without the most ample assurance that it would be in full accord with the sentiments of the great body of the Republicans of the State. If I have earned any favor, I should not like to lose it by lingering in the way of those who would be more acceptable. However, if our best men appear to favor it, as many have done without any asking on my part, I may take the risk.

As to your inquiry about the length of the service of others, there is no one now in Congress, reckoning service in both House and Senate, whose continuous service is equal to mine, of twelve years in the House and twenty-three in the Senate. Senator Sherman was in the House six years and has served twenty-five years in the Senate and was Secretary of the Treasury four years. Senator Dawes was in the House eighteen years and fifteen in the Senate. His term will expire 1893.

Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina served in the House twenty-four years and twelve in the Senate. Wm. B. Archer of Virginia served in the House fifteen years and six in the Senate. Honest John Davis of Massachusetts served eight years in the House and twelve years in the Senate. My colleague, Senator Edmunds, has been in the Senate since April, 1866, and his term expires 1893.

These are instances of long service that occur to me at the present time.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

P.S. Senator Benton did not serve quite thirty years in the Senate, but served two years afterwards in the House, and John

Q. Adams served sixteen years in the House after he had been President, having been a Senator before for five years.

Though he took no step that could be described as electioneering, the imminence of the election may well have quickened his interest in the Maple Sugar Bounty Clause in the tariff bill then pending. He could ill afford to have it said that he had neglected the interests of Vermont farmers. So he wrote somewhat urgently to each of his colleagues on the Senate Finance Committee, and the clause was inserted. To Aldrich he wrote more briefly than to some of the others, but with point:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Sept.* 16, 1890

DEAR MR. ALDRICH,

I shall be more than grieved if the bounty on maple sugar is not retained. There are not many items in the bill which directly interest larger numbers. If it shall be refused, the responsibility will be a grave one, as it would put a club in the hands of the Free Traders to drive great numbers of farmers out of the ranks of our friends. It may look like a small matter, but you may depend upon it that it will cut a large figure in the future. This is about the only thing in which I have felt a personal interest. I shall feel that I have neglected a great interest of Vermont as well as of all our Northern States if this is not retained. It will sweeten the bill in many thousand households to have maple sugar not discriminated against.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

The election was a genial formality. At the last minute the Democrats, for reasons of party regularity, nominated the Honorable E. J. Phelps, who had been Minister to England, and he received the Democratic votes, 56 out of 240 in the House, and 1 out of 28 in the Senate. The result and the vote gave occasion for an exchange of such notes as are rare between candidates for office. Phelps wrote congratulating Morrill:

New York, *Oct.* 16, 1890

My dear Senator —

I cannot deny that I am greatly disappointed at the result of the senatorial election. I had expected to succeed you. I still think that if I had lived on the right side of the mountain the result would have been different. As it was, it was a close thing, though you had a very fair vote in the House. I observe that your majority in the Senate was only 27, which was a very narrow margin. But now that the heat and excitements of the contest are over, candor compels me to admit that the result is for the best. It is much better that you should be Senator than I. . . . You will be glad to hear that I now retire from the field, and at the next election shall not run against you. I hope the protracted service has not affected you unfavorably. Believe me, dear Mr. Morrill

Always sincerely yours

E. J. Phelps

Morrill replied in kind:

Strafford, Vt., *Oct.* 18, 1890

My Dear Mr. Phelps —

Your esteemed and witty favor of the 16th inst. has been received. Considering the strategy and deep-laid plot for my defeat, the reëlection was a marvel. Some astute Democrats circulated the splendid fiction that the vote would be unanimous and without opposition. I had at no time sought support in any quarter, and my friends, indulging in the dream that no vigilance was necessary, when the name of the best-equipped man in our country came out as a combatant against me, were as suddenly surprised as were the Florentine soldiers bathing in the river Arno by the assault of the enemy. Armorless and sedentary as were my friends, the flank attack from the other side of the mountain looked dangerous, and finally the contest turned in my favor only for the reason that you and I were both absent, so that you derived no benefit from a personal contrast. I am delighted with your promise not to run against me at the next election, and with equal forbearance, though quite ambitious myself of the honor, I shall not appear in the field when you are reappointed Ambassador to the Court of London. Be assured that the era of good feeling has not been disturbed between us, though you must par-

don me some additional pride in defeating so formidable a competitor.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

When Morrill entered the Senate in March, 1891, to begin his fifth term as Senator, he found the McKinley Tariff, passed in the previous October, the center of fierce attack, and as a loyal protectionist came to its defense. He issued one of the few open letters he ever wrote in reply to the question, "Why am I a Protectionist," and addressed to the American Protective Tariff League. Some of the assertions have a somewhat swollen aspect and sound very like planks from a political platform, but there never was any doubt about Morrill's sincerity in uttering or defending them:

WASHINGTON, D.C., *March* 21, 1891

DEAR SIR:

In reply to your favor of the 16 inst., asking "Why am I a protectionist," I answer first, it brings together diversified industries which never fail to vastly increase the personal intelligence, industry, and wage-earnings of the people.

2d. It adds prodigiously to the power of increasing by machinery and steam and water power the necessaries of life and advanced civilization and also greatly cheapens the cost of subsistence.

3d. It furnishes an opportunity for every person to find the employment adapted to his or her genius and capacity, that will secure the largest income or the greatest happiness.

4th. It creates a home market, without which the cultivators of land in America would be but little better off than our aborigines.

5th. It is the bulwark of National Independence in peace or war.

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Protection and sound money had been the twin bases of his political faith and he never wavered in his support of them.

The general bent of his mind was conservative and led him to oppose innovations of whatever form or color. His opposition to the Eight-Hour Bill sprang from his memory and experience of long hours and he questioned the wisdom of prescribing shorter hours; he would have resented such restrictions in his youth and he doubted whether workingmen would benefit. His opposition to Woman's Suffrage was largely temperamental and traditional. When the Vermont Legislature passed a suffrage bill, he wrote in protest to the Lieutenant-Governor:

STRAFFORD, VT., *Nov.* 6, 1892

MY DEAR SIR:

I know how difficult it is for old men to resist the eloquence of the few of the sex who go around to tease Representatives to favor the passage of Female Suffrage bills, but I hardly believe our gallant young men of the Vermont House of Representatives were quite serious in rushing such a bill through the other day. And yet the measure is too serious to be tossed off as a joke. It appears to me that the Legislature might well afford to postpone even its consideration until a majority of the good women ask for it and avow willingness to undertake its duties. Undoubtedly there would appear at our town meetings here and there "a bright particular star" in a bonnet, but they would be overshadowed by a larger class, not of the rare women of whom we are so proud as Vermont mothers, but of a class of whom we might not have so high an appreciation. In other words, I cannot believe that the best women of Vermont could be persuaded to attend our town meetings. A large majority would prefer the very potential influence which they now enjoy while staying at home.

No argument is here intended by me, but I could not refrain from avowing very frankly, and perhaps needlessly, my hope and wish that the Senate might let the House bill sleep, at least for the next two years.

With much respect

Very truly yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Though Morrill and the Old Guard might defend it, as he, with his incurable loyalty to old friends, the old party, and the tenets of his lifelong political creed, was bound to do, the McKinley Tariff was the party's undoing and turned the tide for the Democrats in 1892. The result was to lighten his work in the Senate and leave him a larger measure of leisure which he employed among his books in such light literary labor as revising his "Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons" with a view to a third edition, and in preparing for publication in the "Forum" the collection of letters to which we have already referred.

His comparative freedom from legislative care and labor allowed him to make visits like that to the unveiling of his portrait at the Vermont Historical Society, where he had the pleasure of the company of his old friend Henry O. Houghton, the founder of the famous Boston publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company. The two friends spoke from the same platform and afterwards rode together through the pleasant stretch of country that lies between Strafford and Burlington, everywhere greeted with signs of affectionate regard. He had become by then the most loved and admired of all Vermonters and Mr. Houghton often recalled the ride. "The visit to Strafford," he wrote, "and the journey to Burlington in the company of yourself and Miss Swan, was in a sense a royal progress."

The Cleveland Administration had not been long in being before it became plain that the real issue, overshadowing even the tariff, was to be the maintenance of a sound currency. On this question Morrill's conservative instincts, his political convictions, and the utmost strength of his patriotism were all enlisted. He felt the approaching peril and faced it with energy. To a friend in Vermont he wrote in July, 1894:

MY DEAR SIR:

. . . We are on the perilous edge of the silver standard. It may come by design of legislature or by some blunder of the Secretary of the Treasury. But, if it comes, it will come without any of my help. I am for a sound currency, sink or swim, and would not favor the policy of bidding for votes on silver against parties ready to outbid the world as are the Democratic and Populist parties. The cranks who claim that the United States can maintain the parity of gold and silver and open its mints alone to the free coinage of both are mainly knaves and the rest weak brethren, repudiators and political gamblers. I would have our Nation and our money equal to any other. Working-men should be paid in as good money as the banker. The pensioners should not have a nominal pension at a just rate and then suddenly find it reduced one half by a cheaper standard of money.

Foreseeing that the campaign of 1896 would be critical and hard-fought, he exhorted the Republicans of Vermont to put their house in order, practice severe economy, and give no room for criticism. He bent his utmost efforts to convince and persuade the public of the dangers of free silver and the obligation to keep the standards of sound money. His speeches on the floor of the Senate won wide praise for their clearness and vigor. The scathing irony of such speeches as that on "Quack Panaceas" was effective and widely appreciated. It dealt summarily with nine bills which called for the issue of ninety-three and a half billions more paper money:

It is hardly necessary to say that these hungry bills, big, bigger, and biggest, nine of them, asking for nine or ten times more money than there is now in use by the whole world, were unanimously reported adversely by the Committee on Finance. Nothing more, as the committee conceived, could have been expected, saving brief post-mortem obituaries. . . . With no reasons offered for the introduction of these multitudinous billion-dollar bills, a sufficient reason for the adverse report would appear to have been that they were all death-stricken from an overdose of the legal-tender nostrum at their birth, administered by the ac-

coucheur. One of these bills proposed an issue of legal-tender money forty times greater per capita than any we have ever had. Another, to purchase all the silver bullion that may be offered at one dollar and twenty-nine one-hundredths cents per ounce, though it fetches now in any market only sixty-two cents per ounce. Figuratively speaking the bills were all of one brood and of the same feather, birds of inflation, none game, none worth a charge of powder, but legislative dodos, unlikely ever to be seen on the earth again.

The measures were the work of the Populist Party, of which he remarked, "And we must not forget that this party had not presented its measures anywhere as bashful jests, but has paraded them as the crowning wisdom of modern statesmanship, for which those like Governor Waite are ready to ride up to their bridle-bits in blood."

Against such vagaries and against the whole free-silver heresy ridicule was the most deadly weapon and Morrill used it with skill. As the campaign came on, he made more speeches and seized every opportunity to combat the false doctrines which ran like a disease through the country. There was much talk, as some of my readers will remember, of "The Crime of '73," to which Morrill replied:

> The bold allegation has often been made that silver was slyly demonetized by Congress in 1873, but made by those who are mistaken in supposing all of the world to be as densely ignorant of the facts as themselves. . . . Its exclusion from our coinage was not swift, but very elaborate. The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, recommended the measure, and it was also presented twice with great ability in the annual reports of the Controller of the Currency. The suspension of silver coinage by Germany and also by all of the Latin nations, in whole or in part, preceded our action. Its public discussion fills nearly two hundred pages of the "Congressional Record," and the bill was many times reprinted.
>
> And yet, with no possible reason for doing anything secretly or on the sly, the Act of 1873 is denounced because indolent Tom,

careless Dick, and officious Harry, do not recollect anything about it.

For Bryan and his dangerous buncombe he had little respect.

> I have [he said] long been largely stocked with the pride planted in all of our breasts by American achievements and laudable demonstrations of power, and can tolerate, without a shrug, a stiff breeze of Fourth-of-July audacity, but when it is merely swagger, or vanity, the sneering rejection of all the financial wisdom and experience of Europe, as well as that of nearly every commercial man in America, with a silly declaration that we are big enough — being bigger than Mexico — for the free coinage of silver alone, and can do the job, sixteen to one, for all the world, it sounds hardly worthy of a great people; not worthy of a leader who would have our people believe him old enough to be the President of the United States.

It was his last campaign, and he bore himself well, for all his eighty-six years, contributing his full share to the success of his party and the overthrow of a positive menace to the country. No one rejoiced more whole-heartedly than Morrill over the election of McKinley. And rightly. It was not only a triumph for the Republican Party, a great victory for sound finance over the misguided friends of "cheap money," but it put an end for a generation to the agitation for debasing the currency. More than that, by giving confidence to men of affairs, it opened an era of prosperity. All this Morrill saw and celebrated.

But the election of McKinley opened also another era, the advent of which gave Morrill and other old-fashioned Republicans of New England, like Senator Hoar and Charles Francis Adams, grave misgivings. This was the era of expansion, or, as some called it, Imperialism which came as a result of the Spanish War. Morrill foresaw the approach of the war and resisted it. He opposed the Cuban Belligerency Resolution in 1897 and, when war came nearer, opposed the

war itself as unnecessary and wasteful. But it came, and, as he feared, brought in its train demands for territorial expansion.

He had been opposed to the annexation of territory to the south all his life. He had fought against the annexation of San Domingo as far back as 1870; he had opposed every step looking toward the acquisition of Cuba; he had opposed the annexation of Hawaii. And now, when the end of his career could not be far off, and the ties that bound him to his party and his party's principles were dearer to him than ever, he felt obliged to take issue with his friends and associates on a question which was unhappily interwoven with national pride and the popular desire for national aggrandizement. It was immensely to his credit as a man of principle that, feeling as he did, he had the courage to stand out against his party and his friends. And it was to the credit of his party and his friends that they recognized and honored his stand as an act of principle and courage.

He had the reward of a lifetime of integrity. As he had moved on past the milestones that mark age and reach toward the venerable, the general regard for him grew deeper and he began to be a sort of institution. His reëlection to the Senate in 1896 was an ovation and when he came to take the oath in the following March, the Vice-President, departing from the fixed custom of calling the newly elected members in their alphabetical order, called Morrill first, to the general delight and satisfaction of the Senate. One of the most engaging passages in Senator Hoar's "Autobiography" is that in which he tells with what respect and deference President McKinley regarded the aged Senator from Vermont, although his course in opposing the annexation of Hawaii was a source of embarrassment to the administration:

> President McKinley sent for me to come to the White House, as was his not infrequent habit. He said he wanted to consult me

upon the question whether it would be wise for him to have a personal interview with Senator Morrill, of Vermont. He had been told that Mr. Morrill was opposed to the treaty. The President said: "I do not quite like to try to influence the action of an old gentleman like Mr. Morrill, so excellent, and of such great experience. It seems to me that it might be thought presumptuous, if I were to do so. But it is very important to us to have his vote, if we can." [1]

Though Morrill and Hoar had long been friends and allies, for they were among the veterans of the party, singularly enough, their opposition to the party programme drew them closer together than ever their action in support had done. The importance of having their votes to which McKinley had alluded, inspired the ingenuity of political management which was directed first to one and then to the other to win them over. Hoar was offered the splendid post of Ambassador to London, which he declined and gave occasion to Morrill for a letter in which one feels that friendship outweighs compliment:

STRAFFORD, *Sept.* 21, 1898

MY DEAR MR. HOAR:

Knowing that you lacked nothing of ample equipment for diplomatic service, I feel sure you would decline the position even of Ambassador to "Great Britain," rather than to bid a final adieu to the U.S. Senate, where there are now, and will be for some years, I fear, questions pending of the utmost gravity. At the Court of St. James's few questions hereafter are likely to arise of any considerable importance, and none but the Secretary of State, whoever he may be, would feel it to be *his* high duty to furnish the whole argument for.

The most laborious functions of an Ambassador in London seem to be in after-dinner speeches, made to run John Bull in debt by rare-bits of flattery.

Pray accept my congratulations — no, permit me rather to congratulate our country that you prefer America to Great

[1] George F. Hoar, *Autobiography of Seventy Years*, II, 307.

Britain, and that we are still to retain your ripe experience in the Senate.

Very sincerely yours

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Within a week it was Morrill's turn to face the machinations of partisan strategy. The rumor was widely disseminated that he was about to resign from the Senate, and Hoar wrote anxiously to deplore it and to beg him to stay. "You were," he said, "never a greater influence . . . I hoped and expected to stand with you shoulder to shoulder next winter in the contest that is before us."

Morrill had already expressed his attachment for the Senate. He now denied the rumor with energy:

STRAFFORD, VERMONT
Sept. 28, 1898

MY DEAR MR. HOAR:

Last evening I received your favor of the 26th inst. Of course I cannot fail to appreciate very highly your flattering estimate of my services, but I feel that it could hardly be accepted by the public without more than one grain of salt. There are several things in the world of whose manner of creation scientists and theologians are not agreed. I do not know how or where the rumor started that I was to resign, but I must deny its fatherhood.

I said a dozen years ago that the people of Vermont had treated me far too kindly for me ever to abuse their trust, and that I hoped before I became "superfluous on the stage" that I might know enough to resign. I do not remember to have said even that recently.

Thanking you cordially for the unexpected honor of your attention, I am, very sincerely

Your friend

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

CHAPTER XVI

CHARACTERISTICS

It was the fashion during the last decade of Senator Morrill's life and for a brief period after his death to compare him to Gladstone. The outer circumstances of their lives did in fact tempt writers to draw a parallel. The two men were born within half a year of each other; both served for a long period in their country's parliaments; both won renown in the problems of finance; both alike were incorruptible; both grew old in public service and went down to their graves full of years and honors.

It were as easy to draw a contrast as a comparison, and perhaps more enticing, for the differences between the two in estate, equipment, and attainments were many and great. There is, therefore, no need to force the parallel; yet within limits the comparison may serve to bring Morrill's figure and personality more clearly into vision.

Morley attributes Gladstone's achievements very largely to his splendid physical endowment and extraordinary vitality which made him seemingly tireless. Something of the sort might be said of Morrill, for though he could not match the great Englishman in physique and fell short of his tremendous energy, he resembled him in the capacity for sustained attention and continuous labor. Both possessed the rare endurance that enabled them to work smoothly and imperturbably for long hours in conference and committee. Both spent toilsome hours daily at the task of correspondence, for both had the old-fashioned habit of replying to letters personally and by hand. To the prejudice of an earlier day in favor of letters in the hand of the sender, which he never out-

grew, but which led him until the last to note on the envelope of such "autograph," Morrill added the predilection for the quill pen of his youth and never willingly used the steel pens, which offended his taste. Both men cultivated economy in small things as in large and hated waste as a thing of Satan. In Morrill's case, his means, though ample for his modest needs, were never large, and he practiced, from necessity no less than breeding, a careful economy.

Neither of them was ever beguiled by contact with great affairs or responsibility for national revenues into condoning the slightest carelessness in public expenditure, or the most trifling waste of public means. Morley relates of Gladstone that even on his mission to Greece, amid the balmy and seductive airs of the Mediterranean, his habit of rigorous economy held him to such trivial savings as erasing the writing on the address slips so as to use them again. And it was told of Morrill that he was so careful of the quill pens which were supplied new every morning on the Senators' desks that he accumulated a large collection of them. Similarly with the red tape used then for government packages, he was never known to throw it away, but preserved and used it scrupulously, so that his committee never had occasion to make a requisition for a single yard of tape, but was unique among Senate committees in this as well as in larger economies.

Both were assiduous in attendance on public duty, and it may be doubted whether the chronicles of Parliament in their long array of volumes contain another record equal to the one, or those of Congress a rival to the other. Morrill carried no such weight of learning as made Gladstone so formidable in controversy or debate, nor wore the academic distinctions which were appropriate to him who represented Oxford for sixteen years in the House. But Gladstone was no more sincere a lover of learning or of books than the modest student from the Vermont valley. Though the volumes in

the narrow library at Strafford were not a tithe of the accumulation at Hawarden, they were fairly representative of the world's literature and were well conned. Both found in books a lifelong resource; the return to his library and to the physical presence and handling of his books was to each of them a rest and a recreation.

It would do him an injustice to imply that Morrill was a scholar in any strict or severe sense; for that his early lack of academic training was too great an obstacle, but he lived much with books and found in his library, whether at Strafford or at Washington, both a work-room and a retreat. The sunny room at Strafford opened directly into the garden and so brought together his flowers and his books, the two great delights of his life. He had begun to collect books as early as 1828 and they were the only objects that ever kept alive in him the zeal of the collector. His early acquisitions were volumes of information, but as he went on his interest in public life asserted itself, and political biography, especially American and British, became the most notable section. After he went to Washington, where there were splendid libraries at his elbow, the rate of accumulation slackened, but as long as he lived he continued to add to the collection at Strafford and to the smaller working library which he built up in Washington. He was never restricted to a mere specialist's choice, but showed a catholic taste.

The first entry in the printed catalogue which he made in 1880 is "Abbeychurch; or Self-Control and Self-Conceit" (London: James Burnes, 1844), and is followed by Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," the "Life and Works of John Adams," comprising fifteen volumes in all, and Addison's "Works" in four volumes. The second page contains, along with various works in agriculture, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection"; Hobhouse's "A Journey Through Albania"; the "Autobiography" of Alfieri; the "Life of Alfred the

Great"; "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes of '76"; and two volumes on the exploration of the Amazon. It is evident from the catalogue that he was never led off by collectors' hobbies; first editions, limited editions, sumptuous bindings, uncut copies, possessed no attraction for him; he sought the book for its contents, not its form.

In one of the dull eulogies pronounced in Congress after his death, a speaker, thinking to praise him, declared, "He never read works of fiction." But this was merely an extravagance of funereal oratory. As his library testifies, he had a healthy interest in fiction. Here are the works of Dickens, Scott, Smollett, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot, besides odd volumes of Fielding, Cervantes, Thackeray, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Reade, Kingsley, Victor Hugo, Cooper, Lew Wallace, Disraeli, Madame de Staël, Hawthorne, Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and G. P. R. James. To one of so tolerant a taste as he it would have been extraordinary if, in his sixty years of reading, he had eschewed the great feast of prose fiction. Yet he seldom drew an illustration from a novel, and there is hardly a reference to fiction in his letters, where, in fact, books appear all too seldom. When he does touch a literary topic, he shows a firm grasp. One of his rare letters on a question of the sort was written to President Buckham, of the University of Vermont, who had dismissed an opinion of Milton on the ground that he was a poet. Morrill replied:

> . . . By no means should I presume to place my opinions upon any literary point against yours, for mine are based upon too scanty and too desultory reading for that, though it is true when employed in that direction I find my highest enjoyment.
>
> You object to any opinion of Milton on the historian Sallust because he had, as you think, an undue admiration of the Greek poet, "The effeminate Euripides," and thereby start me on the defense of Milton. I have little knowledge of Euripides save what I have acquired from the judgment of others . . . but I have re-

garded him as among the first in merits and perhaps in faults. The anecdote given by Plutarch, when such Athenian prisoners as could repeat any verses of Euripides gained their liberty, shows he had won a wide fame, even away from his own country, in ancient times, and in modern, Rachel made her great reputation by portraying Phædra according to the Greek conception rather than that of Racine. To be sure, Aristophanes hated and ridiculed Euripides, and German critics have followed in the track of Aristophanes, but Milton had rare authority for his partiality, whether expressed in prose or in his sonnets, in such names as those of Aristotle, Quintillian, Socrates, and Cicero. These surely are not mere poets, and they are all recorded very heartily for Euripides, and even Tacitus mentions his name as only second to Æschylus. Poets, it is true, belong to the irritable genus, ever envious, and are rarely able to classify even their own productions according to obvious merit, but, like parents with weak or deformed children, most esteem their unhealthiest offspring. Still, Milton was a giant not only among poets, but exerted a powerful influence in the times in which he lived. He was a scholar, traveling and mixing with the world as a red-hot Republican in the days when such principles were rare. Of course he had faults, but his opinions on literary or classic questions were as good as those of any of his contemporaries.

More of the plays of Euripides have endured than of any of the writers of that period — a fact worth something. Of course tragedies are made for the age. The fables of Grecian mythology, though not reverently accepted by the authors, were relished by their audience, but only as fables. The plays where they appear would now be ridiculed. But I only proposed to stand up for that old Puritan Milton, and must crave your pardon for taking up so much of your time with this long yarn.

In another respect, not the least surprising, Morrill bore comparison with his contemporary across the sea. He had an unusual charm of manner. That Gladstone, the pride of Christ Church, the favorite of great houses, the associate of statesmen and rulers, should have had distinguished manners is no matter of surprise, but that the son of a Vermont blacksmith, who never entered the halls of a university as a

student and spent his youth as a storekeeper, should have cultivated manners of such urbanity and charm as to mark him out as the ideal of senatorial courtesy and give him the sobriquet of the "Courtly Morrill" deserves more than a passing notice. Though he was constant in attendance and frequent in debate, it is a legend in Congress that during his nearly forty-four years of service in the two houses, he never engaged in angry controversy or had any altercation on the floor, so that his name became synonymous with courtesy. Yet, as the episode of the Pennsylvania Railroad showed, it was for no lack of ardor in his blood, but he had schooled himself from his youth to control and subdue his anger. One of the entries in a journal which he kept when he was twenty reads, "It is an irreparable loss of time to get angry. Unless it be thought not a waste of time to sharpen the deadliest animal passion of the human breast. It takes some time to be worked up into a wrathful excitement and none cool down —not to consider the moments of actual raving—but by the slow process. I believe none can think of anything else to advantage while their veins are absorbed with angry blood."

While neither was convivial but rather restrained in manner, both loved the society of cultivated men, and from their youth were welcome guests at the tables of the first people; Morrill was as much at home at the White House as Gladstone at Windsor or Balmoral. Both, too, were genuinely hospitable. Readers of Morley's volumes will recall how constant was the stream of visitors at Hawarden, and there is a passage in a letter from Redfield Proctor that shows what a friendly hearth was kept at the Morrills' Washington home: "I always enjoy going to your house, and feel, as I think all other Vermonters do, that a trip to Washington is not complete without it."

In both men the springs of courtesy lay deep in their nature and convictions. Both had a profound sense of per-

sonal dignity and a conviction of public duty that raised their daily performance even of routine tasks to the level of a solemn ritual. What Lord Morley wrote of Gladstone, when he spoke of the "arduous aim to reconcile greetings in the market-place and occupation of high seats, with the spiritual glow of the soul within its own sanctuary," [1] applies with equal justice to Morrill. Both were men who had an inner guidance and marched to the music of moral causes.

With all the differences between them, they were alike in being, far beyond the lot of common men, fortunate and blest in their domestic lives. Happy in the choice of their wives, they were happy in the length of days that gave them unbroken companionship for many years, so that throughout a period of public service extraordinarily prolonged, each found in his home a haven of refuge from the noise of conflict and the cares of office. There is an entry in one of Mrs. Morrill's journals that gives a key to the serenity and contentment which reigned in that home:

> Have read an interesting biographical sketch of William Wordsworth, the great poet. His social relations were very pleasant, especially with his sister Dorothy who was his housekeeper for several years before his marriage, and continued with him afterwards. The biographer says, "This house was of his own choosing, in the spot he loved best in the world; and two women, kind and sweet and beloved, were his companions and worshippers. No happier lot could have been." He experienced a great sorrow in the death of his beloved daughter Dora, from which it is said he never entirely recovered, but "He was a happy, prosperous, and successful man, as well as a great and famous poet."

Both were religious men, the product of pious homes and habituated to religious usages. In the family letters of both, as well as in their diaries, one meets constant references to preachers and sermons. Beyond this the parallel hardly holds. The type and form of the religion of Morrill differed

[1] Vol. II, 460.

widely from that of Gladstone with its orderly and monumental theology, its wealth of historic creed and formula, its range of controversial background. Morrill had grown up in a New England stirred by the great liberalizing and solvent sweep of the Unitarian movement of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. He had seen the traditional creeds shaken if not overthrown; for him the classical theology had lost its authority; the ancient dogma had no grandeur; he was prepared to think for himself, to "try all things and hold fast that which is good," on the sole authority of his own intellect. Some suggestion of whither this was to lead him appears in a letter written to his wife on January 10, 1862, in which he remarks, "If Jimmy under your one hour's Sabbath instruction got a clear apprehension of the birth of Jesus Christ, I should be glad to have him explain it to me. With entire reverence, I say the clergy are not very satisfactory in their unfoldings of this mystery."

He emerged a Unitarian and for the last thirty years of his life attended the Unitarian Church in Washington. At home in Strafford he continued the family custom of attendance at the Congregational Church where his father had gone before him, but did not always find it edifying, as the following letter to his wife shows, and sympathized with his son's restiveness under the discipline of sitting through two services on Sunday:

WASHINGTON, *June* 11, 1868

MY DEAR RUTH:

I was glad to hear that you were well enough to go through with two services at church under the ministration of our old and Distinguished Dominie. It argues considerable strength of body and more of will — exceeding, I fear, all that I could command. Jimmy is mistaken in holding that I gave him permission to stay at home after attending service a half-day on the Sabbath for all time. My permission was only for a particular day and he has expanded for all time. Still, if he goes to school every day, sitting

on hard benches, it seems rather tough on the little fellow to force him to go and sit on the church seats all day on Sunday.

The preaching, although well enough, is certainly not very attractive either for matter or manner, and I cannot forget that in all the years of war there was not one prayer, one heart-felt emotion by Mr. D. for the Success of the Union Cause. I believe he was favorable to the continuance of Slavery. I feel kindly to the old man, but I am not extremely anxious that my child should be indoctrinated by him. I should go and hear him a half-day every Sabbath for example's sake. You can do more if you like. When they get a more useful as well as attractive minister I may do more too. But you know that the congregation cannot be increased under the lead of Mr. D., however good a man he may be. But I will not occupy quite so large a share of my letter as you have done with theological subjects.

He was no theologian and carried into the field of religion the same calm and equable disposition that he bore in affairs and in politics, as if he had taken for his motto that great admonition of the Greeks, *μηδέν ἄγαν*, "nothing too much."

CHAPTER XVII

THE END

In September, 1898, as we have seen, Morrill had written to his friend Senator Hoar denying any intention of resigning from the Senate. He had made public a similar denial, and there were those who spoke and wrote of his completing his term and even living to round out a full half-century in Washington. But the time was drawing near when a summons for his retirement would be presented by one who will not take no for an answer.

It was not merely that the weight of years rested heavily on him. A grief still heavier had sapped his strength, and, though he bore up bravely, putting forth great efforts to play the man, he was aware at every turn of a haunting and irreparable loss. The birthday party at No. 1 Thomas Circle had been a brilliant success that spring. Everywhere it had been described as the social event of the season. Statesmen, jurists, diplomats, travelers, men of letters, and famous folk of all types had crowded the Senator's home to pay homage to him and Mrs. Morrill on his eighty-eighth birthday. And his wife, though she had never been strong and had lately been far from well, had mustered up her spirits to meet the occasion and bravely played her part as hostess. But it had exhausted her vitality. On the 13th of May, scarcely a month after the splendid party, she died.

For forty and seven years they had lived in a companionship serene and happy as a fairy tale, so that her presence had become a part of life to him and her death a visitation almost unrealizable. It was like blindness; he could not adjust himself to it. Though he might busy himself more than ever with the Senate, Hawaii, the Philippine question, the

Party, the house at Strafford, and any or all of a thousand matters large or small, the zest had gone out of life for him. He might have said with Wordsworth:

> "And yet I know, where'er I go
> That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

When winter approached, he returned to Washington and resumed his place in the Senate. There he took up his usual duties and gave his invariable, assiduous care to the routine of committees and bills and motions. On the 13th of December, he delivered a speech in support of a measure which he had urged several times before — authorizing the purchase of a site for a building for the Supreme Court — and he had the satisfaction of seeing it pass the Senate. A few days later, he fell ill of a cold such as he had many a time thrown off. But this time he could not overcome it. His friends and the general public alike felt a prescient apprehension. As soon as it was known that he was ill, every one caught the alarm. The papers recorded the progress of his illness, from edition to edition, from hour to hour. Soon it was pronounced pneumonia and hope died. He lingered a day or two, but the inevitable end came on the 28th of December.

Of the general mourning; of the impressive memorial service in the Senate Chamber attended by President and Vice-President, justices of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, diplomats, fellow Senators, Congressmen, and a great throng of famous and notable persons, what avails it to prolong the record? The solemn pomp of the obsequies of those whom a nation honors stirs the senses like the ceremonial of the stage, but the heart remains sad. Senator Morril had been and was not. His memory was honored as a faithful servant of his State and his Country; his body was carried in a stately cortège to the Capital of Vermont so that

his fellow citizens and neighbors might pay their tribute of honor and of tears; in due course there were eulogies in the Senate, the House, in the State Capitol at Montpelier, in many churches and colleges and universities, until the tide of honor for his labors and grief for his loss had swept by successive waves across the continent. It was well and seemly, and to the credit of his Country may be said that his memory still lives in many a college founded under his Land-Grant Act. Until this day not a few of them recall him by annual commemorations of his birthday.

With that carefulness of such matters which was one of the special marks of an earlier day, he had planned and provided for a burial-place in the little cemetery at Strafford where lies the dust of many of his race. Long before, he had chosen the place — the top of a knoll from which there is a noble view along the valley and across many hills. It is a beautiful spot. There his tomb stands, solid and durable, of the granite of Vermont, dominating the place.

Below in full view lies the village. There is the spot where he went to school and the pond where he slid in winter. There is the store where he began his course in business. There stretches the road that was familiar to his feet for eighty years, the road he followed when he went out to see the world and took contentedly on his return. There are the descendants of his friends and of his father's friends who climb the slope on Sundays to his grave and bring visitors who know of his life and honor his record. And there it is not difficult to imagine him repeating the words of Stevenson's epitaph,

"Here I lie where I longed to be."

For, after a life well lived, he is gathered to his fathers in the place that he loved, in sight of the spot where he was born, and of the home where he spent his later life, and is at rest.

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